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FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POPE'S COLLECTION BOUGHT BY THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK

AT MARY'S BISHOP'S SALE & PRESENTED BY HER TO HUDACE WALDOE

THE LETTERS
OF
HORACE WALPOLE,
EARL OF ORFORD.

EDITED BY

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

NOW FIRST CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED.



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STRAWBERRY HILL—ROAD BETWEEN TWICKENHAM AND TEDDINGTON

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THE LETTERS
OF
HORACE WALPOLE.

205. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 17, 1746.

IT is a very good symptom, I can tell you, that I write to you seldom: it is a fortnight since my last; and nothing material has happened in this interval. The rebels are intrenching and fortifying themselves in Scotland; and what a despicable affair is a rebellion upon the defensive! General Hawley is marched from Edinburgh, to put it quite out. I must give you some idea of this man, who will give a mortal blow to the pride of the Scotch nobility. He is called *Lord Chief Justice*;¹ frequent and sudden executions are his passion. Last winter he had intelligence of a spy to come from the French army: the first notice our army had of his arrival, was by seeing him dangle on a gallows in his muff and boots. One of the surgeons of the army begged the body of a soldier who was hanged for desertion, to dissect: "Well," said Hawley, "but then you shall give me the skeleton to hang up in the guard-room." He is very brave and able; with no small bias to the brutal. Two years ago, when he arrived at Ghent, the magistrates, according to custom, sent a gentleman, with the offer of a sum of money to engage his

¹ See Vol. i. p. 414. "First, I direct and order that (as there is now a peace, and I may die the common way) my carcase may be put any where; 'tis equal to me; but I will have no more expense or ridiculous show, than if a poor soldier (who is as good a man) was to be buried from the hospital. The priest, I conclude, will have the fee; let the puppy have it. Pay the carpenter for the carcase-box."—*General Hawley's Will.*—CUNNINGHAM.

favour. He told the gentleman, in great wrath, that the King's master paid him, and that he should go tell the magistrates so; at the same time dragging him to the head of the stairs, and kicking him down. He then went to the town-hall; on their refusing him entrance, he burst open the door with his foot, and seated himself abruptly: told them how he had been affronted, was persuaded they had no hand in it, and demanded to have the gentleman given up to him, who never dared to appear in the town while he stayed in it. Now I am telling you anecdotes of him, you shall hear two more. When the Prince of Hesse, *our* son-in-law, arrived at Brussels, and found Hawley did not wait on him, the Prince sent to know if he expected the first visit? He replied, "He always expected that inferior officers should wait on their commanders; and not only that, but he gave his Highness but half an hour to consider of it." The Prince went to him. I believe I told you of Lord John Drummond sending a drum to Wade to propose a cartel. Wade returned a civil answer, which had the King's and Council's approbation. When the drummer arrived with it at Edinburgh, Hawley opened it and threw it into the fire, would not let the drummer go back, but made him write to Lord J. Drummond, "That rebels were not to be treated with." If you don't think that spirit like this will do—do you see, I would not give a farthing for your presumption.¹

The French invasion is laid aside; we are turning our hands to war again upon the continent. The House of Commons is something of which I can give you no description: Mr. Pitt, the meteor of it, is neither yet in place, nor his friends out. Some Tories oppose: Mr. Pelham is distressed, and has vast majorities. When the scene clears a little, I will tell you more of it.

The two last letters I have had from you, are of Dec. 21 and Jan. 4. You was then still in uneasiness; by this time I hope you have no other distresses than are naturally incident to your *Minyness*.

I never hear any thing of the Countess [of Orford] except just now, that she is grown tired of sublunary affairs, and willing to come to a composition with her lord: I believe the price will be two thousand a-year. The other day, his and her lawyers were talking over the affair before *her* and several other people: her counsel, in

¹ Glover, in his Memoirs, speaks of Hawley with great contempt, and talks of "his beastly ignorance and negligence," which occasioned the loss of the battle of Falkirk.
—DOVER.

the heat of the dispute, said to my lord's lawyers, "Sir, Sir, we shall be able to prove that her ladyship was denied nuptial rights and conjugal enjoyments for seven years." It was excellent! My lord must have had matrimonial talents indeed, to have reached to Italy; besides, you know, she made it a point after her son was born, not to sleep with her husband.

Thank you for the little medal. I am glad I have nothing more to tell you—you little expected that we should so soon recover our tranquillity. Adieu!

206. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1746.

Do they send you the gazettes as they used to do? If you have them, you will find there an account of *another* battle lost in Scotland. Our arms cannot succeed there. Hawley, of whom I said so much to you in my last, has been as unsuccessful as Cope, and by almost every circumstance the same, except that Hawley had less want of skill and much more presumption. The very same dragoons ran away at Falkirk, that ran away at Preston Pans.¹ Though we had seven thousand men, and the rebels but five, we had scarce three regiments that behaved well. General Huske and Brigadier Cholmondeley,² my lord's brother, shone extremely: the former beat the enemy's right wing; and the latter, by rallying two regiments, prevented the pursuit. Our loss is trifling; for many of the rebels fled as fast as the glorious dragoons: but we have lost some good officers, particularly Sir Robert Monroe; and seven pieces of cannon. A worse loss is apprehended, Stirling Castle, which could hold out but ten days; and that term expires to-morrow. The Duke [of Cumberland] is gone post to Edinburgh, where he hoped to arrive to-night; if possible, to relieve Stirling. Another battle will certainly be fought before you receive this: I hope with the Hessians in it, who are every hour expected to land in Scotland. With many other glories, the English courage seems

¹ Hawley was never seen in the field during the battle; and every thing would have gone to wreck, in a worse manner than at Preston, if General Huske had not acted with judgment and courage, and appeared everywhere.—*Culloden Papers*, p. 267.—WAGONT.

² The Hon. James Cholmondeley, second son of George, second Earl of Cholmondeley. He served with distinction both in Flanders and Scotland. In 1750, he became colonel of the Inniskillen regiment of dragoons, and died in 1775.—DOVER.

gone too! The great dependence is upon the Duke; the soldiers adore him, and with reason: he has a lion's courage, vast vigilance and activity, and, I am told, great military genius. For my own particular, I am uneasy that he is gone; Lord Bury and Mr. Conway, two of his aides-de-camp, and brave as he, are gone with him. The ill behaviour of the soldiers lays a double obligation on the officers to set them examples of running on danger. The Ministry would have kept back Mr. Conway, as being in Parliament; which when the Duke told him, he burst into tears, and protested that nothing should hinder his going—and he is gone! Judge, if I have not reason to be alarmed!

Some of our prisoners in Scotland (the former prisoners) are released. They had the privilege of walking about the town, where they were confined, upon their parole: the militia of the country rose and set them at liberty. General Hawley is so strict as to think they should be sent back; but nobody here comprehends such refinement: they could not give their parole that the town should not be taken. There are two or three others, who will lay the government under difficulties, when we have got over the Rebellion. They were come to England on their parole; and when the executions begin, they must in honour be given up—the question indeed will be, to whom?

Adieu! my dear Sir! I write you this short letter, rather than be taxed with negligence on such an event; though, you perceive, I know nothing but what you will see in the printed papers.

P.S. The Hessians would not act, because we would not settle a cartel with rebels!

207. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 7, 1746.

TILL yesterday that I received your last of Jan. 27, I was very uneasy at finding you still remained under the same anxiety about the Rebellion, when it had so long ceased to be formidable with us: but you have got all my letters, and are out of your pain. Hawley's defeat (or at least what was called so, for I am persuaded that the victory was ours as far as there was any fighting, which indeed lay in a very small compass, the great body of each army running away) will have thrown you back into your terrors; but here is a letter to

calm you again. All Monday and Tuesday we were concluding that the battle between the Duke and the rebels must be fought, and nothing was talked of but the expectation of the courier. He did arrive indeed on Wednesday morning, but with no battle; for the moment the rebel army saw the Duke's, they turned back with the utmost precipitation; spiked their cannon, blew up their magazine, and left behind them their wounded and our prisoners. They crossed the Forth, and in one day fled four-and-thirty miles to Perth, where, as they have strong intrenchments, some imagine they will wait to fight; but their desertion is too great: the whole clan of the Macdonalds, one of their best, has retired on the accidental death of their chief. In short, it looks exceedingly like the conclusion of this business, though the French have embarked Fitz-James's regiment at Ostend for Scotland. The Duke's name disperses armies, as the Pretender's raised them.

The French seem to be at the eve of taking Antwerp and Brussels, the latter of which is actually besieged. In this case I don't see how we can send an army abroad this summer, for there will be no considerable towns in Flanders left in the possession of the Empress-Queen.

The *new* regiments, of which I told you so much, have again been in dispute: as their term was near expired, the ministry proposed to continue them for four months longer. This was last Friday, when, as we every hour expected the news of a conclusive battle, which, if favourable, would render them useless, Mr. Fox, the general against the new regiments, begged it might only be postponed till the following Wednesday, but 170 against 89 voted them that very day. On the very Wednesday came the news of the flight of the rebels; and two days before that, news from Chester of Lord Gower's *new* regiment having mutinied, on hearing that they were to be continued beyond the term for which they had listed.

At court all is confusion: the King, at Lord Bath's instigation, has absolutely refused to make Pitt Secretary at War.¹ How this

¹ Lord Marchmont, in his Diary of Feb. 9, says, "My brother told me, that on the ministry insisting on Mr. Pitt being secretary at war, and the King having said he should not be his secretary, Lord Bath had gone to the King and told him, though he had resolved never to take a place, yet now, finding his ministers would force a servant on him, rather than he should be so used, he would undertake to get him his money. The King said, the ministers had the Parliament; Lord Bath said, his Majesty had it, and not they: and that hereupon the King thanked him; and it was expected the ministers would all be out."—*Whig*. I ordered Mr. Stone to acquaint you that we had prevailed with the King to make Mr. Pitt paymaster. His Majesty was

will end, I don't know, but I don't believe in bloodshed; neither side is famous for being incapable of yielding.

I wish you joy of having the Chutes again, though I am a little sorry that their bravery was not rewarded by staying at Rome till they could triumph in their turn: however, I don't believe that at Florence you want opportunities of exulting. That Monro¹ you mention was made travelling physician by my father's interest, who had great regard for the old doctor: if he has any skill in quacking madmen, his art may perhaps be of service now in the Pretender's court.

I beg my Eagle may not come till it has the opportunity of a man-of-war: we have lost so many merchantmen lately, that I should never expect to receive it that way.

I can say nothing to your opinion of the young Pretender being a cheat; nor, as the Rebellion is near at an end, do I see what end it would answer to prove him original or spurious. However, as you seem to dwell upon it, I will mention it again to my uncle.

I hear that my sister-Countess [of Orford] is projecting her return, being quite sick of England, where nobody visits her. She says there is not one woman of sense in England. Her journey, however, will have turned to account, and, I believe, end in almost doubling her allowance. Adieu! my dear child; love the Chutes for me as well as for yourself.

208. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 14, 1746.

By the relation I am going to make, you will think that I am describing Turkish, not English revolutions; and will cast your eye upwards to see if my letter is not dated from Constantinople. Indeed, violent as the changes have been, there has been no bloodshed; no Grand Vizier has had a cravat made of a bowstring, no Janizaries have taken upon them to alter the succession, no Grand Signior is deposed—only his Sublime Highness's dignity has been a little impaired. Oh! I forgot; I ought not to frighten you; you will interpret all these fine allusions, and think on the Rebellion—pho! we are such considerable proficients in politics, that we can

determined not to give him the War Office.—*Duke of Newcastle to Duke of Bedford, 23th April, 1746.*—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ Dr. John Monro, son of Dr. James Monro. See vol. i., p. 243.—CUNNINGHAM.

form rebellions within rebellions, and turn a government topsy-turvy at London, while we are engaged in a civil war in Scotland. In short, I gave you a hint last week of an insurrection in the closet, and of Lord Bath having prevented Pitt from being Secretary at War. The Ministry gave up that point; but finding that a change had been made in a scheme of foreign politics, which they had laid before the King, and for which he had thanked them; and perceiving some symptoms of a resolution to dismiss them at the end of the session, they came to a sudden determination not to do Lord Granville's business by carrying the supplies, and then to be turned out: so on Monday morning, to the astonishment of every body, the two Secretaries of State threw up the seals; and the next day Mr. Pelham, with the rest of the Treasury, the Duke of Bedford with the Admiralty, Lord Gower, Privy Seal, and Lord Pembroke, Groom of the Stole, gave up too: the Dukes of Devonshire, Grafton, and Richmond, the Lord Chancellor, Winnington, (Paymaster), and almost all the other great officers and offices, declaring they would do the same. Lord Granville immediately received both seals, one for himself, and the other to give to whom he pleased. Lord Bath was named first commissioner of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Carlisle, Privy Seal, and Lord Winchelsea reinstated in the Admiralty. Thus far all went swimmingly; they had only forgot one little point, which was, to secure a majority in both Houses: in the Commons they unluckily found that they had no better man to take the lead than poor Sir John Rushout, for Sir John Barnard refused to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; so did Lord Chief Justice Willes to be Lord Chancellor; and the wildness of the scheme soon prevented others, who did not wish ill to Lord Granville, or well to the Pelhams, from giving in to it. Hop, the Dutch minister, did not a little increase the confusion by declaring that he had immediately dispatched a courier to Holland, and did not doubt but the States would directly send to accept the terms of France.

I should tell you too, that Lord Bath's being of the enterprise contributed hugely to poison the success of it. In short, his lordship, whose politics were never characterised by steadiness, found that he had not courage enough to take the Treasury. You may guess how ill laid his schemes were, when he durst not indulge both his ambition and avarice! In short, on Wednesday morning

¹ Henry Herbert, ninth Earl of Pembroke, the architect Earl; died 9th January, 1750-51. See p. 188.—CUNNINGHAM.

(pray mind, this was the very Wednesday after the Monday on which the change had happened) he went to the King, and told him he had tried the House of Commons, and found *it would not do!*¹ Bounce! went all the project into shivers, like the vessels in Ben Jonson's Alchemist, when they are on the brink of the philosopher's stone. The poor King, who, from being fatigued with the Duke of Newcastle, and sick of Pelham's timidity and compromises, had given in to this mad hurly-burly of alterations, was confounded with having floundered to no purpose, and to find himself more than ever in the power of men he hated, shut himself up in his closet, and refused to admit any more of the persons who were pouring in upon him with white sticks, and golden keys, and commissions, &c. At last he sent for Winnington, and told him, he was the only honest man about him, and he should have the honour of a reconciliation, and sent him to Mr. Pelham to desire they would all return to their employments.²

Lord Granville is as jolly as ever; laughs and drinks, and owns it was mad, and owns he would do it again to-morrow. It would not be quite so safe, indeed, to try it soon again, for the triumphant party are not at all in the humour to be turned out every time his lordship has drunk a bottle too much; and that House of Commons that he could not make do for him, would do to send him to the Tower till he was sober. This was the very worst period he could have selected, when the fears of men had made them throw themselves absolutely into all measures of government to secure the government itself; and that temporary strength of Pelham has my Lord Granville contrived to fix to him; and people will be glad to ascribe to the merit and virtue of the ministry, what they would be ashamed to own, but was really the effect of their own apprehensions. It was a good idea of

¹ 1746, "Feb. 13. Lord Bolingbroke told me, that Bath had resigned, and all was now over. He approved of what had been done, though he owned that Walpole's faction had done what he had wrote every King must expect who nurses up a faction by governing by a party; and that it was a most indecent thing, and must render the King contemptible. Lord Cobham told me, that the King had yesterday sent Winnington to stop the resignations; that he had offered Winnington the seal of Exchequer, after Bath had resigned it; but Winnington said, it would not do. At court I met Lord Granville, who is still secretary, but declared to be ready to resign when the King pleases."—*Marchmont Diary*.—WRIGHT.

² In a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, of the 18th, Lord Chesterfield says, "Your victory is complete: for God's sake pursue it. Good policy, still more than resentment, requires that Granville and Bath should be marked out, and all their people cut off. Everybody now sees and knows that you have the power; let them see and know too, that you will use it. A general run ought to be made upon Bath by all your followers and writers."—WRIGHT.

somebody, when no man would accept a place under the new system, that Granville and Bath were met going about the streets, calling *odd man!* as the hackney chairmen do when they want a partner. This little faction of Lord Granville goes by the name of the *Grand-villains*.

There! who would think that I had written you an entire history in the compass of three sides of paper. Vertot would have composed a volume on this event, and entitled it, *the Revolutions of England*. You will wonder at not having it notified to you by Lord Granville himself, as is customary for new Secretaries of State: when they mentioned to him writing to Italy, he said—"To Italy! no: before the courier can get thither, I shall be out again." It absolutely makes one laugh: as serious as the consequences might be, it is impossible to hate a politician of such jovial good-humour. I am told that he ordered the packet-boat to be stopped at Harwich till Saturday, till he should have time to determine what he would write to Holland. This will make the Dutch receive the news of the double revolution at the same instant.

The Duke and his name are pursuing the scattered rebels into their very mountains, determined to root out sedition entirely. It is believed, and we expect to hear, that the young Pretender is embarked and gone. Wish the Chutes joy of the happy conclusion of this affair!

Adieu! my dear child! After describing two revolutions, and announcing the termination of a rebellion, it would be below the dignity of my letter to talk of any thing of less moment. Next post I may possibly descend out of my historical buskins, and converse with you more familiarly—*en attendant*, gentle reader, I am, your sincere well-wisher,

HORACE WALPOLE,

Historiographer to the high and mighty Lord John,
Earl Granville.

209. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 6, 1746.

I KNOW I have missed two or three posts, but you have lost nothing: you perhaps expected that our mighty commotions did not subside at once, and that you should still hear of struggles and more shocks: but it all ended at once; with only some removals and pro-

motions which you saw in the Gazette. I should have written, however, but I have been hurried with my sister's' wedding; but all the ceremony of that too is over now, and the dinners and the visits, &c.

The Rebellion has fetched breath; the dispersed clans have re-united and marched to Inverness, from whence Lord Loudon was forced to retreat, leaving a garrison in the castle, which has since yielded without firing a gun. Their numbers are now reckoned at seven thousand: old Lord Lovat² has carried them a thousand Frasers. The French continually drop them a ship or two: we took two, with the Duke of Berwick's brother on board: it seems evident that they design to keep up our disturbances as long as possible, to prevent our sending any troops to Flanders. Upon the prospect of the Rebellion being at an end, the Hessians were ordered back, but luckily were not gone; and now are quartered to prevent the rebels slipping the Duke, (who is marching to them,) and returning into England. This counter-order was given in the morning, and in the evening came out the Gazette, and said the Hessians are to go away. This doubling style in the ministry is grown so characteristic, that the French are actually playing a farce, in which harlequin enters, as an English courier, with two bundles of dispatches fastened to his belly and his back; they ask him what the one is? "Eh! ces sont mes ordres."—And what the other? "Mais elles sont mes contre-ordres."

We have been a little disturbed in some other of our politics, by the news of the King of Sardinia having made his peace: I think it comes out now that he absolutely had concluded one with France, but that the haughty court of Spain rejected it: what the Austrian pride had driven him to, the Spanish pride drove him from. You will allow that our affairs are critically bad, when all our hopes centre in that *honest* monarch, the King of Prussia—but so it is; and I own I see nothing that can restore us to being a great nation but his interposition. Many schemes are framed, of making him Stadtholder of Holland, or Duke of Burgundy in Flanders, in lieu of the Silesias, or altogether, and that I think would follow—but I don't know how far any of these have been carried into propositions.

¹ Lady Maria Walpole [vol. i., p. 82] married to Charles Churchill, Esq.—WALPOLE.

² Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, a man of parts, but of infamous character. He had the folly, at the age of eighty, to enter into the Rebellion, upon a promise from the Pretender that he would make him Duke of Fraser. He was taken, tried, and beheaded.—DOVER.

I see by your letters that our fomentations of the Corsican rebellion have had no better success than the French tampering in ours—for ours, I don't expect it will be quite at an end, till it is made one of the conditions of peace, that they shall give it no assistance.

The small-pox has been making great havoc in London; the new Lord Rockingham,¹ whom I believe you knew when only Thomas Watson, is dead of it, and the title extinct. My Lady Conway has had it, but escaped.

My brother [Orford] is on the point of finishing all his affairs with his Countess; she is to have fifteen hundred per year; and her mother gives her two thousand pounds. I suppose this will send her back to you, added to her disappointments in politics, in which it appears she has been tampering. Don't you remember a very foolish knight, one Sir Bouchier Wrey?² Well, you do: the day Lord Bath was in the Treasury, that one day! she wrote to Sir Bouchier at Exeter, to tell him that now their friends were coming into power, and it was a brave opportunity for him to come up and make his own terms. He came, and is lodged in her house, and sends about cards to invite people to come and see him at the Countess of Orford's. There is a little fracas I hear in their domestic; the Abbé-Secretary has got one of the maids with child. I have seen the dame herself but once these two months, when she came into the Opera at the end of the first act, fierce as an incensed turkey-cock, you know her look, and towing after her Sir Francis Dashwood's new wife,³ a poor forlorn Presbyterian prude, whom he obliges to consort with her.

Adieu! for I think I have now told you all I know. I am very sorry that you are so near losing the good Chutes, but I cannot help having an eye to myself in their coming to England.

¹ The barony of Rockingham devolved on his kinsman, Thomas Watson Wentworth, Earl of Malton, created, 19th April, 1746, Marquis of Rockingham; died 1750.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Sir Bouchier Wrey, of Tawstock, in Devonshire, the fifth baronet of the family. He was member of parliament for Barnstaple, and died in 1784.—DOVER.

³ I wish you would inform me who Sir Francis Dashwood has married. I knew him at Florence; he seemed so nice in the choice of a wife, I had some curiosity to know who it is that has had charms enough to make him enter into an engagement he used to speak of with fear and trembling.—*Lady M. W. Montagu to her daughter Lady Bute.* Sir Francis Dashwood married Sarah, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Gould, Esq., of Ivor, Bucks, and widow of Sir Richard Ellis, Bart.—CUNNINGHAM.

210. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 21, 1746.

I HAVE no new triumphs of the Duke to send you : he has been detained a great while at Aberdeen by the snows. The rebels have gathered numbers again, and have taken Fort Augustus, and are marching to Fort William. The Duke complains extremely of the *loyal Scotch* ; says he can get no intelligence, and reckons himself more in an enemy's country than when he was warring with the French in Flanders. They profess the big professions wherever he comes, but before he is out of sight of any town, beat up for volunteers for rebels. We see no prospect of his return, for he must stay in Scotland while the Rebellion lasts ; and the existence of that seems too intimately connected with the being of Scotland, to expect it should soon be annihilated.

We rejoice at the victories of the King of Sardinia, whom we thought lost to our cause. To-day we are to vote subsidies to the Electors of Cologne and Mentz. I don't know whether they will be opposed by the *Electoral Prince* [the Prince of Wales] ; but he has lately erected a new opposition, by the councils of Lord Bath, who has got him from Lord Granville : the latter and his faction act with the court.

I have told you to the utmost extent of my political knowledge ; of private history there is nothing new. Don't think, my dear child, that I hurry over my letters, or neglect writing to you ; I assure you I never do, when I have the least grain to lap up in a letter : but consider how many chapters of correspondence are extinct : Pope and poetry are dead ! Patriotism has kissed hands on accepting a place : the Ladies O[rford] and T[ownshend] have exhausted scandal both in their persons and conversations : divinity and controversy are grown good Christians, say their prayers and spare their neighbours ; and I think even self-murder is out of fashion. Now judge whether a correspondent can furnish matter for the common intercourse of the post !

Pray what luxurious debauch has Mr. Chute been guilty of, that he is laid up with the gout ? I mean, that he was, for I hope his fit has not lasted till now. If you are ever so angry, I must say, I flatter myself I shall see him before my Eagle, which I beg may repose itself still at Leghorn, for the French privateers have taken such

numbers of our merchantmen, that I cannot think of suffering it to come that way. If you should meet with a good opportunity of a man-of-war, let it come—or I will postpone my impatience. Adieu!

P. S. I had sealed my letter, but break it open, to tell you that an account is just arrived of two of our privateers having met eight-and-twenty transports going with supplies to the Brest fleet, and sunk ten, taken four, and driven the rest on shore.

211. TO SIR HORACE MANN

Arlington Street, March 28, 1746.

I DON'T at all recollect what was in those two letters of mine, which I find you have lost: for your sake, as you must be impatient for English news, I am sorry you grow subject to these miscarriages; but in general, I believe there is little of consequence in my correspondence.

The Duke has not yet left Aberdeen, for want of his supplies; but by a party which he sent out, and in which Mr. Conway was, the rebels do not seem to have recovered their spirits, though they have recruited their numbers; for eight hundred of them fled on the first appearance of our detachment, and quitted an advantageous post. As much as you know, and as much as you have lately heard of Scotch *finesse*, you will yet be startled at the refinements that nation have made upon their own *policy*. Lord Fortrose,¹ whose father was in the last Rebellion, and who has himself been restored to his fortune, is in Parliament and in the army: he is with the Duke—his wife and his clan with the Rebels. The head of the Mackintosh's is acting just the same part. The clan of the Grants, always esteemed the most Whig tribe, have literally in all the forms signed a *neutrality* with the rebels. The most honest instance I have heard, is in the town of Forfar, where they have chosen their annual magistrates; but at the same time entered a memorandum

¹ William Mackenzie, fifth Earl of Seaforth, the father of Kenneth Lord Fortrose, had been engaged in the Rebellion of 1715, and was attainted. He died in 1740. In consequence of his attainder, his son never assumed the title of Seaforth, but continued to be called Lord Fortrose, the second title of the family. He was member of parliament in 1741 for the burghs of Fortrose, &c., and in 1747 and 1754, for the county of Ross. He died in 1762. His only son, Kenneth, was created Viscount Fortrose, and Earl of Seaforth in Ireland.—DOVER.

in their town-book, that they shall not execute their office "till it is decided which King is to reign."

The Parliament is adjourned for the Easter holidays. Princess Caroline is going to the Bath for a rheumatism. The Countess [of Orford], whose return you seem so much to dread, has entertained the town with an excellent vulgarism. She happened one night at the Opera to sit by Peggy Banks,¹ a celebrated beauty, and asked her several questions about the singers and dancers, which the other naturally answered, as one woman of fashion answers another. The next morning Sir Bouchier Wrey sent Miss Banks an opera-ticket, and my lady sent her a card, to thank her for her civilities to her the night before, and that she intended to wait on her very soon. Do but think of Sir B. Wrey's paying a woman of fashion for being civil to my Lady O. ! Sure no apothecary's wife in a market-town could know less of the world than these two people! The Operas flourish more than in any latter years; the composer is Gluck, a German: he is to have a benefit, at which he is to play on a set of drinking-glasses, which he modulates with water: I think I have heard you speak of having seen some such thing.

You will see in the papers long accounts of a most shocking murder, that has been committed by a lad² on his mistress, who was found dead in her bedchamber, with an hundred wounds; her brains beaten out, stabbed, her face, back, and breasts slashed in twenty places—one hears of nothing else wherever one goes. But adieu! it is time to finish a letter, when one is reduced for news to the casualties of the week.

212. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 15, 1746.

YOUR triumphs in Italy are in high fashion: till very lately, Italy was scarce ever mentioned as part of the scene of war. The apprehensions of your great King making his peace began to alarm us; and when we just believed it finished, we have received nothing but torrents of good news. The King of Sardinia³ has not only carried

¹ Margaret, sister of John Hodgkinson Banks, Esq.; married, in 1757, to the Hon. Henry Grenville (fifth son of the Countess Temple); appointed governor of Barbadoes in 1746; and ambassador to the Ottoman Porte in 1761. [See p. 205.]—DOVER.

² One Henderson, hanged for murdering Mrs. Dalrymple.—WALPOLE.

³ Charles Emanuel the Third, an able sovereign, and the last of the House of Savoy who possessed any portion of that talent for which the race had previously been so celebrated.—DOVER.

his own character and success to the highest pitch, but seems to have given a turn to the general face of the war, which has a much more favourable aspect than was to be expected three months ago. He has made himself as considerable in the scale as the Prussian, but with real valour, and as great abilities, and without the infamy of the other's politics.

The Rebellion seems once more at its last gasp; the Duke is marched, and the rebels fly before him, in the utmost want of money.

The famous Hazard sloop is taken, with two hundred men and officers, and about eight thousand pounds in money, from France. In the midst of such good news from thence, Mr. Conway has got a regiment, for which, I am sure, you will take part in my joy. In Flanders we propose to make another great effort, with an army of above ninety thousand men; that is, forty Dutch, above thirty Austrians, eighteen Hanoverians, the Hessians, who are to return; and we propose twelve thousand Saxons, but no English; though, if the Rebellion is at all suppressed in any time, I imagine some of our troops will go, and the Duke command the whole: in the mean time, the army will be under Prince Waldeck and Bathiani. You will wonder at my running so glibly over eighteen thousand Hanoverians, especially as they are all to be in our pay, but the nation's digestion has been much facilitated by the pill given to Pitt, of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. Last Friday was the debate on this subject, when we carried these troops by 255 against 122: Pitt, Lyttelton, three Grenvilles, and Lord Barrington, all voting roundly for them, though the eldest Grenville, two years ago, had declared in the House, that he would seal it with his blood that he never would give his vote for a Hanoverian. Don't you shudder at such perjury? and this in a republic, and where there is no religion that dispenses with oaths! Pitt was the only one of this *ominous* band that opened his mouth,¹ and it was to add impudence to profligacy; but no criminal at the Place de Grève was ever so racked as he was by Dr. Lee, a friend of Lord Granville, who gave him the question both ordinary and extraordinary.

General Hawley has been tried (not in person, you may believe) and condemned by a Scotch jury for murder, on hanging a spy.

¹ In a letter to the Duke of Cumberland, of the 17th, the Duke of Newcastle says, "Mr. Pitt spoke so well, that the Premier told me he had the dignity of Sir William Wyndham, the wit of Mr. Pulteney, and the knowledge and judgment of Sir Robert Walpole: in short, he said all that was right for the King, kind and respectful to the *old corps*, and resolute and contemptuous of the Tory opposition."—WARGENT.

What do you say to this? or what will you say when I tell you, that Mr. Ratchiffe, who has been so long confined in the Tower, and supposed the Pretender's youngest son, is not only suffered to return to France, but was entertained at a great dinner by the Duke of Richmond as a relation!¹ The same Duke has refused his beautiful Lady Emily [Lenox] to Lord Kildare,² the richest and the first peer of Ireland, on a ridiculous notion of the King's evil being in the family—but sure that ought to be no objection: a very little grain more of pride and Stuartism might persuade all the royal bastards that they have a faculty of curing that distemper.

The other day, an odd accidental discovery was made; some of the Duke's baggage, which he did not want, was sent back from Scotland, with a bill of the contents. Soon after, another large parcel, but not specified in the bill, was brought to the captain, directed like the rest. When they came to the Custom-house here, it was observed, and they sent to Mr. Poyntz,³ to know what they should do: he bade them open it, suspecting some trick; but when they did, they found a large crucifix, copes, rich vestments, beads, and heaps of such like trumpery, consigned from the titular primate of Scotland, who is with the rebels: they imagine, with the privy of some of the vessels, to be conveyed to somebody here in town.

Now I am telling you odd events, I must relate one of the strangest I ever heard. Last week, an elderly woman gave information against her maid for coining, and the trial came on at the Old Bailey. The mistress deposed, that having been left a widow several years ago, with four children, and no possibility of maintaining them, she had taken to coining: that she used to buy old pewter-pots, out of each of which she made as many shillings, &c. as she could put off for three pounds, and that by this practice she had bred up her children, bound them out apprentices, and set herself up in a little shop, by which she got a comfortable livelihood; that she had now given over coining, and indicted her maid as accomplice. The maid in her defence said, "That when her mistress hired her, she told her that she did something up in a garret into which she must never

¹ He was related to the Duke's mother by the Countess of Newburgh, his mother.
—WALPOLE.

² Lady Amelia Lenox married (1747) James Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, afterwards (1766) Duke of Leinster. The Duke died in 1776, and his widow (the Lady Emily of the letter) re-married, in 1774, William Ogilvie, Esq., and died in 1814.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Stephen Poyntz, treasurer and formerly governor to the Duke.—WALPOLE.

inquire : that all she knew of the matter was, that her mistress had often given her moulds to clean, which she did, as it was her duty : that, indeed, she had sometimes seen pieces of pewter-pots cut, and did suspect her mistress of coining ; but that she never had had, or put off, one single piece of bad money." The judge asked the mistress if this was true ; she answered, " Yes ; and that she believed her maid was as honest a creature as ever lived ; but that, knowing herself in her power, she never could be at peace ; that she knew, by informing, she should secure herself ; and not doubting but the maid's real innocence would appear, she concluded the poor girl would come to no harm." The judge flew into the greatest rage ; told her he wished he could stretch the law to hang her, and feared he could not bring off the maid for having concealed the crime ; but, however, the jury did bring her in *not guilty*. I think I never heard a more particular instance of parts and villainy.

I inclose a letter for Stosch, which was left here with a scrap of paper, with these words ; " Mr. Natter is desired to send the letters for Baron de Stosch, in Florence, by Mr. H. W." I don't know who Mr. Natter¹ is, nor who makes him this request, but I desire Mr. Stosch will immediately put an end to this method of correspondence ; for I shall not risk my letters to you by containing his, nor will I be post to such a dirty fellow.

Your last was of March 22nd, and you mention Madame Suares' illness ; I hope she is better, and Mr. Chute's gout better. I love to hear of my Florentine acquaintance, though they all seem to have forgot me ; especially the Princess, whom you never mention. Does she never ask after me ? Tell me a little of the state of her *state*, her amours, devotions, and appetite. I must transcribe a paragraph out of an old book of Letters,² printed in 1660, which I met with the other day : " My thoughts upon the reading your letter made me stop in Florence, and go no farther, than to consider the happiness of them who live in that town, where the people come so near to angels in knowledge, that they can counterfeit Heaven well enough to give their friends a taste of it in this life." I agree to the happiness of living in Florence, but I am sure knowledge was not one of its recommendations, which never was anywhere at a lower ebb—I had forgot ; I beg Dr. Cocchi's pardon, who is much an exception ; how does he do ? Adieu !

¹ He was an engraver of seals.—WALPOLE.

² A Collection of Letters made by Sir Toby Matthews.—WALPOLE. Walpole has given some account of Sir Toby in his 'Anecdotes of Painting.'—CUNNINGHAM.

P.S. Lord Malton, who is the nearest heir-male to the extinct earldom of Rockingham, and has succeeded to a barony belonging to it, is to have his own earldom erected into a marquissate, with the title of Rockingham. Vernon is struck off the list of admirals.

213. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 25, 1746.

You have bid me for some time send you good news—well! I think I will. How good would you have it? must it be a total victory over the rebels; with not only the Boy, that is here, killed, but the other, that is not here, too; their whole army put to the sword, *besides* an infinite number of prisoners; all the Jacobite estates in England confiscated, and all those in Scotland—what would you have done with them?—or could you be content with something much under this? how much will you abate? will you compound for Lord John Drummond, taken by accident? or for three Presbyterian parsons, who have very poor livings, stoutly refusing to pay a large contribution to the rebels? Come, I will deal as well with you as I can, and for once, but not to make a practice of it, will let you have a victory! My friend, Lord Bury,¹ arrived this morning from the Duke, though the news was got here before him; for, with all our victory, it was not thought safe to send him through the heart of Scotland; so he was shipped at Inverness, within an hour after the Duke entered the town, kept beating at sea five days, and then put on shore at North Berwick, from whence he came post in less than three days to London; but with a fever upon him, for which he had been twice blooded but the day before the battle; but he is young, and high in spirits, and I flatter myself will not suffer from this kindness of the Duke: the King has immediately ordered him a thousand pound, and I hear will make him his own aide-de-camp. My dear Mr. Chute, I beg your pardon; I had forgot you have the gout, and consequently not the same patience to wait for the battle, with which I, knowing the particulars, postpone it.

On the 16th, the Duke, by forced marches, came up with the rebels, a little on this side Inverness—by the way, the battle is not

¹ George Keppel, eldest son of William Anne, Earl of Albemarle, whom he succeeded in the title.—WALPOLE.

christened yet; I only know that neither Prestonpans¹ nor Falkirk² are to be godfathers. The rebels, who fled from him after their victory, and durst not attack him, when so much exposed to them at his passage³ of the Spey, now stood him, they seven thousand, he ten. They broke through Barril's regiment, and killed Lord Robert Kerr,⁴ a handsome young gentleman, who was cut to pieces with above thirty wounds; but they were soon repulsed, and fled; the whole engagement not lasting above a quarter of an hour. The young Pretender escaped; Mr. Conway says, he hears, wounded: he certainly was in the rear. They have lost above a thousand men in the engagement and pursuit; and six hundred were already taken; among which latter are their French ambassador and Earl Kilmarnock.⁵ The Duke of Perth and Lord Ogilvie⁶ are said to be slain; Lord Elcho⁷ was in a salivation, and not there. Except Lord Robert Kerr, we lost nobody of note: Sir Robert Rich's eldest son has lost his hand, and about a hundred and thirty private men fell. The defeat is reckoned total, and the dispersion general; and all their artillery is taken. It is a brave young Duke! The town is all blazing round me, as I write, with fireworks and illuminations: I have some inclination to wrap up half-a-dozen skyrockets, to make you drink the Duke's health. Mr. Dodington, on the first report, came out with a very pretty illumination; so pretty, that I believe he had it by him, ready for *any* occasion.

I now come to a more melancholy theme, though your joy will still be pure, except from what part you take in a private grief of mine. It is the death of Mr. Winnington,⁸ whom you only knew as one of the first men in England, from his parts and from his employment. But I was familiarly acquainted with him, loved and admired him, for he had great good-nature, and a quickness of wit most peculiar to himself: and for his public talents, he has left nobody

^{1, 2} Where the King's troops had been beaten by the rebels. This was called the battle of Culloden.—WALPOLE.

³ The letter, relating that event, was one of those that were lost.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Second son of the Marquis of Lothian.—WALPOLE.

⁵ William Boyd, fourth Earl of Kilmarnock in Scotland. He was tried by the House of Lords for high treason, condemned, and beheaded on Tower Hill, August 18, 1746.—WALPOLE. He was the direct male ancestor of the present [1833] Earl of Erroll.—DOVER. Compare vol. ii. p. 51, and p. 81.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁶ James, Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of David, third Earl of Airlie. He had been attainted for the part he took in the Rebellion of 1715.—DOVER.

⁷ David, Lord Elcho, eldest son of James, fourth Earl of Wemyss. He was attainted in 1746; but the family honours were restored, as were those of Lord Airlie, by act of parliament, in 1826.—DOVER.

⁸ Thomas Winnington, Paymaster of the Forces.—WALPOLE.

equal to him, as before, nobody was superior to him but my father. The history of his death is a cruel tragedy, but what, to indulge me who am full of it, and want to vent the narration, you must hear. He was not quite fifty, extremely temperate and regular, and of a constitution remarkably strong, hale, and healthy. A little above a fortnight ago he was seized with an inflammatory rheumatism, a common and known case, dangerous, but scarce ever remembered to be fatal. He had a strong aversion to all physicians, and lately had put himself into the hands of one Thompson,¹ a quack, whose foundation of method could not be guessed, but by a general contradiction to all received practice. This man was the oracle of Mrs. Masham,² sister, and what one ought to hope she did not think of, co-heiress to Mr. Winnington: his other sister is as mad in methodism as this in physic, and never saw him. This ignorant wretch, supported by the influence of the sister, soon made such progress in fatal absurdities, as purging, bleeding, and starving him, and checking all perspiration, that his friends Mr. Fox and Sir Charles Williams³ absolutely insisted on calling in a physician. Whom could they call, but Dr. Bloxholme,⁴ an intimate old friend of Mr. Winnington, and to whose house he always went once a year? This doctor, grown paralytic and indolent, gave in to everything the quack advised; Mrs. Masham all the while ranting and raving. At last, which *at last* came very speedily, they had reduced him to a total dissolution, by a diabetes and a thrush; his friends all the time distracted for him, but hindered from assisting him; so far, that the night before he died, Thompson gave him another purge, though he could not get it all down. Mr. Fox by force brought Dr. Hulse, but it was too late; and even then, when Thompson owned him lost, Mrs. Masham was against trying Hulse's assistance. In short, madly or wickedly, they have murdered⁵ a man to whom nature would have allotted a far longer period, and had given a degree of

¹ See vol. i., p. 308. Thompson was family physician to Bubb Dodington.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Harriet, daughter of Salway Winnington, Esq., of Stanford Court, in the county of Worcester: married to the Hon. Samuel Masham, afterwards second Lord Masham. She died in 1761.—DOVER.

³ His epitaph was written by Sir C. H. Williams:

"Near his paternal seat here buried lies,
The grave, the gay, the witty, and the wise," &c.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ The same, I suppose, mentioned by Lady M. W. Montagu as Dr. Broxholme. (Works by Wharnclyffe, vol. ii., p. 391.)—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ There were several pamphlets published on this case, on both sides.—WALPOLE.

abilities that were carrying that period to so great a height of lustre, as perhaps would have excelled most ministers, who in this country have owed their greatness to the greatness of their merit.

Adieu! my dear Sir; excuse what I have written to indulge my own concern, in consideration of what I have written to give you joy.

P. S. Thank you for Mr. Oxenden; but don't put yourself to any great trouble, for I desired you before not to mind formal letters much, which I am obliged to give: I write to you separately, when I wish you to be particularly kind to my recommendations.

214. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 16, 1746.

I HAVE had nothing new to tell you since the victory, relative to it, but that it has entirely put an end to the Rebellion. The number slain is generally believed much greater than is given out. Old Tullybardine¹ has surrendered himself; the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino,² and Ogilvie,³ are prisoners, and coming up to their trials. The Pretender is not openly taken, but many people think he is in their power; however, I dare say he will be allowed to escape; and some French ships are hovering about the coast to receive him. The Duke is not yet returned, but we have amply prepared for his reception, by settling on him immediately and for ever twenty-five thousand pounds a-year, besides the fifteen which he is to have on the King's death. It was imagined that the Prince would have opposed this, on the reflection that fifteen thousand was thought enough for him, though heir of the Crown, and abounding in issue: but he has wisely *reflected forwards*, and likes the precedent, as it will be easy to find victories in his sons to reward, when once they have a precedent to fight with.

You must live upon domestic news, for our foreign is exceedingly unwholesome. Antwerp is gone,⁴ and Bathiani with the allied army retired under the cannon of Breda; the junction of the

¹ Elder brother of the Duke of Athol; he was outlawed for the former Rebellion.—WALPOLE.

² Arthur Elphinstone, sixth Lord Balmerino in Scotland. He was beheaded at the same time and place with Lord Kilmarnock; and on the scaffold distinguished himself by his boldness, fortitude, and even cheerfulness.—DOVER.

³ This was a mistake; it was not Lord Ogilvie, but Lord Cromarty.—WALPOLE.

⁴ It was taken by the French.—DOVER.

Hanoverians cut off, and that of the Saxons put off. We are now, I suppose, at the eve of a bad peace; though, as Cape Breton must be a condition, I don't know who will dare to part with it. Little Æolus (the Duke of Bedford) says they shall not have it, that they shall have Woburn¹ as soon—and I suppose they will! much such positive *patriot* politics have brought on all this ruin upon us! All Flanders is gone, and all our money, and half our men, and half our navy, because we would have *no search*. Well! but we ought to think on what we have got too!—we have got Admiral Vernon's head on our signs,² and we are going to have Mr. Pitt at the head of our affairs. Do you remember the physician in Molière, who wishes the man dead that he may have the greater honour from recovering him? Mr. Pitt is Paymaster; Sir W. Yonge, Vice-Treasurer of Ireland; Mr. Fox, Secretary-at-War; Mr. Arundel,³ Treasurer of the Chambers, (in the room of Sir John Cotton, who is turned out;) Mr. Campbell (one of my father's Admiralty) and Mr. Legge in the Treasury, and Lord Duncannon⁴ succeeds Legge in the Admiralty.

Your two last were of April 19th and 26th. I wrote one to Mr. Chute, inclosed to you, with farther particulars of the battle; and I hope you received it. I am entirely against your sending my Eagle while there is any danger. Adieu! my dear child! I wrote to-day, merely because I had not written very lately; but you see I had little to say.

215. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE:

Arlington Street, May 22, 1746.

AFTER all your goodness to me, don't be angry that I am glad I am got into brave old London again; though my cats don't purr like Goldwin, yet one of them has as good a heart as old Reynolds, and the tranquillity of my own closet makes me some amends for the loss of the library and *toute la belle compagnie célestine*. I don't

¹ The seat of the Duke of Bedford.—WALPOLE.

² The Head of Admiral Vernon is still (1857) a London public-house sign.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The Hon. Richard Arundel, youngest son of John, second Lord Arundel of Trerice. He had been Master of the Mint under Sir Robert Walpole's administration.—DOVER. He married, in 1732, Lady Frances Manners, daughter of John, second Duke of Rutland.—WRIGHT. Portraits of both at Serlby, Notts, the seat of Lord Galway.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ William Ponsonby, Viscount Duncannon, afterwards second Earl of Besborough.—DOVER.

know whether that expression will do for the azure ceilings ; but I found it at my fingers' ends, and so it slipped through my pen. We called at Langley,¹ but did not like it, nor the Grecian temple at all ; it is by no means gracious.

I forgot to take your orders about your poultry ; the partlets have not laid since I went, for little chanticleer

Is true to love, and all for recreation,
And does not mind the work of propagation.

But I trust you will come yourself in a few days, and then you may settle their route.

I am got deep into the Sidney Papers :² there are old wills full of bequeathed *owches* and *goblets with fair enamel*, that will delight you ; and there is a little pamphlet of Sir Philip Sidney's in defence of his uncle Leicester, that gives me a much better opinion of his parts than his dolorous Arcadia, though it almost recommended him to the crown of Poland ; at least I have never been able to discover what other great merit he had. In this little tract he is very vehement in clearing up the honour of his lineage ; I don't think he could have been warmer about his family, if he had been of the blood of the *Cucs*.³ I have diverted myself with reflecting how it would have entertained the town a few years ago, if my cousin Richard Hammond had wrote a treatise to clear up my father's pedigree, when the Craftsman used to treat him so roundly with being Nobody's son. Adieu ! dear George ! Yours ever,

THE GRANDSON OF NOBODY.

216. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE :

Arlington Street, June 5, 1746.

YOU may perhaps fancy that you are very happy in the country, and that because you commend every thing you see, you like every thing : you may fancy that London is a desert, and *that grass grows now where Troy stood* ; but it does not, except just before my Lord Bath's door, whom nobody will visit. So far from being empty, and dull, and dusty, the town is full of people, full of water, for it

¹ A seat of the Duke of Marlborough.—WALPOLE.

² 'Letters and Memorials of State,' &c. (better known as the 'Sidney Papers'), published this year (1746), in two volumes folio, by Arthur Collins. See p. 56.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Mr. Montagu used to call his own family the *Cucs*.—WALPOLE.

has rained this week, and as gay as a new German Prince must make any place. Why, it rains princes: though some people are disappointed of the arrival of the Pretender, yet the Duke is just coming, and the Prince of Hesse come.¹ He is tall, lusty, and handsome; extremely like Lord Elcho in person, and to Mr. Hussey,² in what entitles him more to his freedom in Ireland, than the resemblance of the former does to Scotland. By seeing him with the Prince of Wales, people think he looks stupid; but I dare say in his own country he is reckoned very lively, for though he don't speak much, he opens his mouth very often. The King has given him a fine sword, and the Prince a ball. He dined with the former the first day, and since with the great officers. Monday he went to Ranelagh, and supped in the house; Tuesday at the Opera he sat with his court in the box on the stage next the Prince, and went into theirs to see the last dance; and after it was over to the Venetian ambassadress, who is the only woman he has yet noticed. To-night there is a masquerade at Ranelagh for him, a play at Covent Garden on Monday, and a *ridotto* at the Haymarket; and then he is to go. His amours are generally very humble, and very frequent; for he does not much affect *our* daughter. [The Princess Mary.] A little apt to be boisterous when he has drank. I have not heard, but I hope he was not rampant last night with Lady Middlesex or Charlotte Dives.³ Men go to see him in the morning, before he goes to see the lions.⁴

The talk of peace is blown over; nine or ten battalions were ordered for Flanders the day before yesterday, but they are again countermanded; and the operations of this campaign again likely to be confined within the precincts of Covent Garden, where the army-surgeons give constant attendance. Major Johnston's commands

¹ The Prince of Hesse arrived at Somerset House, *from Scotland*, 2nd June, 1746.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Edward Hussey, afterwards [1762] Earl of Beaulieu.—WALPOLE. *The Irish Hussey*, with whom Sir Charles Hanbury Williams made himself so merry in verse. He died in 1802. See vol. ii. p. 33.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Charlotte Dives, afterwards married to Samuel, second and last Lord Masham, who died in 1776.—WRIGHT.

⁴ In the Tower of London.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Major James Johnston, of the 1st or Royal Dragoons, was the only son of Captain George Johnston (of the 33rd, or Hawley's Regiment), whose father, Sir Patrick Johnston, younger son of Archibald Johnston, of Hilton-in-the-Merse, had been four times lord provost of Edinburgh, represented that city in the last six sessions of the Scots Parliament, and in the first of the United Parliament, and was one of the Scots commissioners for the union between Scotland and England, A.D. 1707. Major Johnston obtained his first commission in the 13th Dragoons, then,

(I can't call it) the corps de *reserve* in Grosvenor Street. I wish you had seen the goddess [Lady Caroline Fitzroy] of those purlieus with him t'other night at Ranelagh; you would have sworn it had been the divine Cucumber¹ in person.

The fame of the Violetta² increases daily; the sister-Countesses of Burlington and Talbot exert all their stores of sullen partiality in competition for her: the former visits her, and is having her picture, and carries her to Chiswick; and she sups at Lady Carlisle's, and lies—indeed I have not heard where, but I know not at Leicester House, where she is in great disgrace, for not going once or twice a week to take lessons of Denoyer,³ as he⁴ bid her: you know, that is politics in a court where dancing-masters are ministers.

Adieu! dear George: my compliments to all at the farm. Your

1736, called from its Colonel, Hawley's; and on his being appointed colonel of the Royals in 1739, he had young Johnston transferred to that regiment, and he served with it at Dettingen and Fontenoy; and having distinguished himself in several cavalry affairs during the campaign of 1743-4-5, was, at this time, recently returned with his regiment from the continent, where he had been considered the handsomest man, and best swordsman, in the army. Colonel Johnston commanded the Royals during the seven years' war in Germany, and was particularly distinguished at the battles of Warburgh, Campen (where he was wounded), and many minor combats. He married in 1762 the Lady H. Cecilia West, eldest daughter of John, Earl De la Ware, and in 1763 was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Minorea, which command he retained till 1774. He died, December, 1797, General in the Army, commanding the eastern district, and Colonel of the Inniskillen Dragoons. Many stories are told of his prowess during his youth; and in those days, when gentlemen never appeared without a sword, any little difference was instantly settled on the spot, and in these he was always victorious. He was a great favourite with the fair sex, and was indeed so handsome and fashionable at this time, that Gainsborough requested him, as a great favour, to sit to him for his portrait, in order to bring himself into vogue—which he did—and after the picture had been exhibited the usual time, the artist made Major Johnston a present of it, and it is now in the possession of Sir Alexander Johnston. Although considered a very good-natured man, yet, when all gentlemen wore swords, on the slightest difference, appeal was too frequently made to this weapon, and Major Johnston had been engaged in many encounters of this sort—indeed, was sometimes known by the name of the fighting Johnston. In later life, both he and Lady Cecilia lived in the greatest intimacy with Horace Walpole, whose print, given by himself to my grandmother, as what he considered the best likeness, and some manuscript notes are at this time in my possession.—*Colonel Frederick Johnston* (MS.). He was called Irish Johnston, to distinguish him from his relation of the same name, who died a General in the Army and Colonel of the Greys or N. B. Dragoons. See *Letter to Montagu*, April 29, 1762.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ This I cannot explain. See the "fairy Cucumber," p. 27, and p. 163.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Eva Maria Violetta, a dancer, married, 18th May, 1749, to David Garrick.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Monsieur Danoyer, the dancing-master, was the Prince and Princess's constant companion . . . was a sort of licensed spy on both sides.—*Lord Hervey's Memoirs*, vol. ii., p. 407. He figures in one of Hogarth's prints.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ The Prince of Wales; with whom the dancing-master was a great favourite.—WALPOLE.

cocks and hens would write to you, but they are dressing in haste for the masquerade: mind, I don't say that Ashton is doing any thing like that; but he is putting on an odd sort of a black gown: but, as Di Bertie says on her message cards, *mum for that*. Yours ever.

217. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 6, 1746.

It was a very unpleasant reason for my not hearing from you last post, that you was ill; but I have had a letter from you since of May 24th, that has made me easy again for your health: if you was not losing the good Chutes, I should have been quite satisfied; but that is a loss you will not easily repair, though I were to recommend you Hobarts¹ every day. Sure you must have had flights of strange awkward animals, if you can be so taken with him! I shall begin to look about me, to see the merits of England: he was no curiosity here; and yet Heaven knows there are many better, with whom I hope I shall never be acquainted. As I have cautioned you more than once against minding my recommendatory letters, (which one gives because one can't refuse them), unless I write to you separately, I have no scruple in giving them. You are extremely good to give so much credit to my bills at first sight; but don't put down Hobart to my account; I used to call him the *Clearcake*; fat, fair, sweet, and seen through in a moment. By what you tell me, I should conclude the Countess [of Orford] was not returning; for Hobart is not a morsel that she can afford to lose.

I am much obliged to you for the care you take in sending my Eagle by my commodore-cousin [Townshend], but I hope it will not be till after his expedition. I know the extent of his genius; he would hoist it overboard on the prospect of an engagement, and think he could buy me another at Hyde Park Corner² with the prize-money; like the Roman tar that told his crew, that if they broke the antique Corinthian statues, they should find new ones.

We have been making peace lately, but I think it is off again; there is come an unpleasant sort of a letter, transmitted from Van

¹ The Hon. John Hobart, afterwards second Earl of Buckinghamshire. Walpole had given him a letter of introduction to Sir Horace Mann.—WRIGHT.

² Then, and for fifty years later, inhabited by stonemasons and sculptors, just as the New Road in London is now (1857).—CUNNINGHAM.

Hoey¹ at Paris; it talks something of rebels not to be treated as rebels, and of a Prince Charles that is somebody's cousin and friend—but as nobody knows anything of this—why, I know nothing of it neither. There are battalions ordered for Flanders, and countermanded, and a few less ordered again: if I knew exactly what day this would reach you, I could tell you more certainly, because the determination for or against is only of every other day. The Duke is coming: I don't find it certain, however, that the Pretender is got off.

We are in the height of festivities for the Serenity of Hesse, our son-in-law, who passes a few days here on his return to Germany. If you recollect Lord Elcho, you have a perfect idea of his person and parts. The great officers banquet him at dinner; in the evenings there are plays, operas, *ridottos*, and masquerades.

You ask me to pity you for losing the Chutes: indeed I do; and I pity them for losing you. They will often miss Florence, and its tranquillity and happy air. Adieu! Comfort yourself with what you do not lose.

218. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

MY DEAR GEORGE:

Arlington Street, June 12, 1746.

DON'T commend me: you don't know what hurt it will do me; you will make me a pains-taking man, and I had rather be dull without any trouble. From partiality to me you won't allow my letters to be letters. If you have a mind I should write you news, don't make me think about it; I shall be so long turning my periods, that what I tell you will cease to be news.

The Prince of Hesse had a most ridiculous tumble t'other night at the Opera; they had not pegged up his box tight after the *ridotto*, and down he came on all four; George Selwyn says he carried it off with an *unembarrassed* countenance. He was to go this morning; I don't know whether he did or not. The Duke is expected to-night by all the tallow candles and faggots in town.

Lady Caroline Fitzroy's match² is settled to the content of all parties; they are taking Lady Abergavenny's house in Brook Street. The fairy Cucumber houses all Lady Caroline's out-pensioners; Mr.

¹ The Dutch minister at Paris.—WALPOLE.

² With Viscount Petersham, afterwards (1756) Earl of Harrington. Mr. Conway had been in love with her. See vol. i., p. 312.—CUNNINGHAM.

Montgomery¹ is now on half-pay with her. Her Major Johnston² is chosen at White's, to the great terror of the society. When he was introduced, Sir Charles Williams presented Dick Edgumbe³ to him, and said, "I have three favours to beg of you for Mr. Edgumbe: the first is that you would not lie with Mrs. Day; the second, that you would not poison his cards; the third, that you would not kill him;" the fool answered gravely, "Indeed I will not."

The Good has borrowed old Bowman's house in Kent, and is retiring thither for six weeks: I tell her, she has lived so rakish a life, that she is obliged to go and take up. I hope you don't know any more of it, and that Major Montagu is not to cross the country to her. There—I think you can't commend me for this letter; it shall not even have the merit of being long. My compliments to all your contented family.

Yours ever.

P.S. I forgot to tell you, that Lord Lonsdale had summoned the peers to-day to address the King not to send the troops abroad in the present conjuncture. I hear he made a fine speech, and the Duke of Newcastle a very long one in answer, and then they rose without a division.⁵ Lord Baltimore is to bring the same motion into our House.⁶

219. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE:

Arlington Street, June 17, 1746.

I WROTE to you on Friday night as soon as I could after receiving your letter, with a list of the regiments to go abroad;

¹ The Hon. Archibald Montgomery. He succeeded his brother, as eleventh Earl of Eglinton, in 1769, and died in 1796.—WRIGHT.

² See p. 24.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Richard Edgumbe, second Lord Edgumbe.—WALPOLE. See vol. i., p. 156.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ In March, 1761, I was appointed trustee for Mrs. Day, by Richard Lord Edgumbe in his will.—*Walpole's Short Notes*, vol. i. p. lxxvii.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ "There was a debate," writes Mr. Pelham to Horatio Walpole on the 12th, "in the House of Lords this day, upon a motion of Lord Lonsdale, who would have addressed the King, to defer the sending abroad any troops till it was more clear that we are in no danger at home; which he would by no means allow to be the case at present. The Duke of Newcastle spoke well for one that was determined to carry on the war. Granville was present, but said nothing; flattered the Duke of Newcastle when the debate was over, and gave a strong negative to the motion."—WRIGHT.

⁶ Lord Baltimore made his motion in the House of Commons, on the 18th; when it was negatived by the great majority of 103 against 12.—WRIGHT.

one of which, I hear since, is your brother's. I am extremely sorry it is his fortune, as I know the distress it will occasion in your family.

For the politics which you inquire after, and which may have given motion to this step, I can give you no satisfactory answer. I have heard that it is in consequence of an impertinent letter sent over by Van Hoey in favour of the rebels, though at the same time I hear we are making steps towards a peace. There centre all my politics, all in peace. Whatever your cousin¹ may think, I am neither busy about what does happen, nor making parties for what may. If he knew how happy I am, his intriguing nature would envy my tranquillity more than his suspicions can make him jealous of my practices. My books, my *virtu*, and my other follies and amusements take up too much of my time to leave me much leisure to think of other people's affairs; and of all affairs, those of the public are least my concern. You will be sorry to hear of Augustus Townshend's² death. I lament it extremely, not much for his sake, for I did not honour him, but for his poor sister Molly's,³ whose little heart, that is all tenderness, and gratitude, and friendship, will be broke with the shock. I really dread it, considering how delicate her health is. My Lady Townshend has a son with him. I went to tell it her. Instead of thinking of her child's distress, she kept me half an hour with a thousand histories of Lady Caroline Fitzroy and Major Johnston, and the new Paymaster's [Pitt's] *ménage*, and twenty other things, nothing to me, nor to her, if she could drop the idea of the Pay-Office.

The Serene Hessian is gone. Little Brooke is to be an earl.⁴ I went to bespeak him a Lilliputian coronet at Chenevix's.⁵ Adieu! dear George.

220. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

DEAR SIR :

Arlington Street, June 20, 1746.

WE are impatient for letters from Italy, to confirm the news of a

¹ George Dunk, Earl of Halifax.—WALPOLE.

² Son of Viscount Townshend and Dorothy, sister of Sir Robert Walpole. He was a captain in the service of the East India Company, and died at Batavia, having at that time the command of the *Augusta*.—WRIGHT.

³ Mary Townshend, wife of Lieutenant-General Edward Cornwallis, M.P. for Westminster, &c.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Earl of Warwick. See vol. i., p. 154.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ A celebrated toy-shop.—WALPOLE. See vol. i., p. 284.—CUNNINGHAM.

victory over the French and Spaniards.¹ The time is critical, and every triumph or defeat material, as they may raise or fall the terms of peace. The wonderful letters of Van Hoey and M. d'Argenson, in favour of the rebels, but which, if the ministry have any spirit, must turn to their harm, you will see in all the papers. They have rather put off the negotiations, and caused the sending five thousand men this week to Flanders. The Duke is not yet returned from Scotland, nor is anything certainly known of the Pretender. I don't find any period fixed for the trial of the Lords; yet the Parliament sits on, doing nothing, few days having enough to make a House. Old Marquis Tullibardine, with another set of rebels are come, amongst whom is Lord Macleod, son of Lord Cromarty,² already in the Tower. Lady Cromarty went down *incog.* to Woolwich to see her son pass by, without the power of speaking to him: I never heard a more melancholy instance of affection! Lord Elcho³ has written from Paris to Lord Lincoln to solicit his pardon; but as he has distinguished himself beyond all the rebel commanders by brutality and insults and cruelty to our prisoners, I think he is likely to remain where he is.

Jack Spencer,⁴ old Marlborough's grandson and heir, is just dead, at the age of six or seven and thirty, and in possession of near 30,000*l.* a-year, merely because he would not be abridged of those invaluable blessings of an English subject, brandy, small-beer, and tobacco.

Your last letter was of May 31st. Since you have effectually lost the good Chutes, I may be permitted to lay out all my impatience for seeing them. There are no endeavours I shall not use to show how much I love them for all their friendship to you. You are very kind in telling me how much I am honoured by their Highnesses of Modena; but how can I return it? would it be civil to send them a compliment through a letter of yours? Do what you think properest for me.

I have nothing to say to Marquis Riccardi about his trumpery

¹ The battle of Placentia, which took place on the 15th of May.—WRIGHT.

² George Mackenzie, third Earl of Cromartie, and his eldest son John, Lord Macleod. They had been deeply engaged in the Rebellion, were taken prisoners at Dunrobin Castle in Sutherland, and from thence conveyed to the Tower. They were, upon trial, found guilty of high treason; but their lives were granted to them. Lord Macleod afterwards entered the Swedish service. Lady Cromarty was Isabel, daughter of Sir William Gordon, of Invergordon, Bart.—DOVER.

³ Eldest son of the Earl of Wemyss.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Brother of Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland and Duke of Marlborough.—WALPOLE. See vol. i., p. 191, and p. cxxxix.—CUNNINGHAM.

gems, but what I have already said ; that nobody here will buy them together ; that if he will think better, and let them be sold by auction, he may do it most advantageously, for, with all our distress, we have not at all lost the rage of expense : but that for sending them to Lisbon, I will by no means do it, as his impertinent sending them to me without my leave, shall in no manner draw me into the risk of paying for them. That, in short, if he will send anybody to me with full authority to receive them, and to give me the most ample discharge for them, I will deliver them, and shall be happy so to get rid of them. There they lie in a corner of my closet, and will probably come to light at last with excellent antique mould about them ! Adieu !

221. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE :

Arlington Street, June 24, 1746.

YOU have got a very bad person to tell you news ; for I hear nothing before all the world has talked it over, and done with it. Till twelve o'clock last night I knew nothing of all the kissing hands that had graced yesterday morning ; Arundel, for Treasurer of the Chambers ; Legge, and your friend Welsh Campbell, for the Treasury ; Lord Duncannon for the Admiralty ; and your cousin Halifax (who is succeeded by his predecessor in the Buck Hounds) for Chief Justice in Eyre, in the room of Lord Jersey. They talk of new earls, Lord Chancellor, Lord Gower, Lord Brooke, and Lord Clinton ; but I don't know that this will be, because it is not past.

Tidings are every minute expected of a great sea-fight ; Martin has got between the coast and the French fleet, which has sailed from Brest. The victory in Italy is extremely big ; but as none of my friends are aide-de-camps there, I know nothing of the particulars, except that the French and Spaniards have lost ten thousand men.

All the inns about town are crowded with rebel prisoners, and people are making parties of pleasure, which you know is the English genius, to hear their trials. The Scotch, which you know is the Scotch genius, are loud in censuring the Duke for his severities in the Highlands.

The great business of the town is Jack Spencer's will, who has left Althorp and the Sunderland estate in reversion to Pitt ; after

more obligations and more pretended friendship for his brother, the Duke [of Marlborough], than is conceivable. The Duke is in the utmost uneasiness about it, having left the drawing of the writings for the estate to his brother and his grandmother, and without having any idea that himself was cut out of the entail.

I have heard nothing of Augustus Townshend's will: my Lady [Townshend], who you know hated him, came from the Opera t'other night, and on pulling off her gloves, and finding her hands all black, said immediately, "My hands are guilty, but my heart is free."¹ Another good thing she said to the Duchess of Bedford,² who told her the Duke [of Bedford] was wind-bound at Yarmouth, "Lord! he will hate Norfolk as much as I do."³

I wish, my dear George, you could meet with any man that could copy the Beauties in the Castle: I did not care if it were even in Indian ink. Will you inquire? Eckardt has done your picture excellently well. What shall I do with the original? Leave it with him till you come?

Lord Bath and Lord Sandys have had their pockets picked at Cuper's Gardens.⁴ I fancy it was no bad scene, the avarice and jealousy of their peeresses on their return. A terrible disgrace happened to Earl Cholmondeley t'other night at Ranelagh. You know all the history of his letters to borrow money to pay for damask for his fine room at Richmond.⁵ As he was going in, in the crowd, a woman offered him roses—"Right damask, my lord!" He concluded she had been put upon it. I was told, *a-propos*, a *bon-mot* on the scene in the Opera, where there is a view of his new room, and the farmer comes dancing out and shaking his purse. Somebody said there was a tradesman had unexpectedly got his money.

I think I deal in *bon-mots* to-day. I'll tell you now another, but don't print my letter in a new edition of Joe Miller's jests. The Duke has given Brigadier Mordaunt the Pretender's coach, on condition he rode up to London in it. "That I will, Sir," said he, "and drive till it stops of its own accord at the Cocoa Tree."⁷

¹ Compare p. 69.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Daughter of John, Earl Gower.—WALPOLE.

³ Your grace has been wind-bound, and I have, in consequence, been ink-bound. *Mr. Legge to the Duke of Bedford, June 17, 1746.*—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ The Windsor beauties of Sir Peter Lely.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ On the banks of the Thames, at Lambeth. See 'Cunningham's Handbook of London,' art. Cuper's Gardens.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁶ Cholmondeley Walk, on the banks of the Thames at Richmond, still remains.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁷ A Tory chocolate-house, or Club, in St. James's-street.—CUNNINGHAM.

222. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

MY DEAR GEORGE :

Arlington Street, July 3, 1746.

I WISH extremely to accept your invitation, but I can't bring myself to it. If I have the pleasure of meeting Lord North¹ oftener at your house next winter, I do not know but another summer I may have courage enough to make him a visit; but I have no notion of going to anybody's house, and have the servants look on the arms of the chaise to find out one's name, and learn one's face from the Saracen's head. You did not tell me how long you stayed at Wroxton [in Oxfordshire], and so I direct this thither. I have wrote one to Windsor since you left it.

The new earls have kissed hands, and kept their own titles. The world reckon Earl Clinton obliged for his new honour to Lord Granville, though they made the Duke of Newcastle go in to ask for it.

Yesterday Mr. Hussey's friends declared his marriage with her grace of Manchester,² and said he was gone down to Englefield Green [near Windsor] to take possession.

I can tell you another wedding more certain, and fifty times more extraordinary; it is Lord Coke³ with Lady Mary Campbell, the Dowager of Argyll's youngest daughter. It is all agreed, and was negotiated by the Countess of Gower and Leicester. I don't know why they skipped over Lady Betty,⁴ who, if there were any question of beauty, is, I think, as well as her sister. They drew the girl in to give her consent, when they first proposed it to her; but now *la Belle n'aime pas trop le Sieur Léandre*. She cries her eyes to scarlet. He has made her four visits, and is so in love, that he writes to her every other day. 'Tis a strange match. After offering him to all the great lumps of gold in all the alleys of the city, they fish out a woman of quality at last with a mere twelve thousand pound. She objects his loving none of her sex but the four queens in a pack of

¹ Francis, Lord North and Grey; in 1752 created Earl of Guilford. His lordship died in 1790, at the age of eighty-six.—WRIGHT.

² Isabella, eldest daughter of John, Duke of Montagu, married in 1723 to William, second Duke of Manchester, who died in 1739. She married afterwards Edward Hussey, Esq., who was created Baron Beaulieu in 1762, and Earl Beaulieu in 1784.—WALPOLE. See vol. ii., p. 24.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ See vol. i., p. 57, 102, and 347.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Lady Elizabeth Campbell, afterwards married to Mr. Mackenzie, brother of the minister Earl of Bute. (See vol. i. p. 347.)—CUNNINGHAM.

cards, but he promises to abandon White's and both clubs for her sake.

A-propos to White's and cards, Dick Edgumbe is shut up with the itch. The ungenerous world ascribe it to Mrs. Day:¹ but he denies it; owning, however, that he is very well contented to have it, as nobody will venture on her. Don't you like being pleased to have the itch, as a new way to keep one's mistress to one's self?

You will be in town to be sure for the eight-and-twentieth. London will be as full as at a Coronation. The whole form is settled for the trials, and they are actually building scaffolds in Westminster-hall.

I have not seen poor Miss Townshend² yet; she is in town, and better, but most unhappy.

223. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 7, 1746.

I HAVE been looking at the dates of my letters, and find that I have not written to you since the 20th of last month. As long as it seems, I am not in fault; I now write merely lest you should think me forgetful of you, and not because I have anything to say. Nothing great has happened; and for little politics, I live a good deal out of the way of them. I have no manner of connection with any ministry, or opposition to ministry; and their merits and their faults are equally a secret to me. The Parliament sitting so long has worn itself to a skeleton; and almost everybody takes the opportunity of shortening their stay in the country, which I believe in their hearts most are glad to do, by going down, and returning for the Trials, which are to be on the 28th of this month. I am of the number; so don't expect to hear from me again till that æra.

The Duke is still in Scotland, doing his family the only service that has been done for them there since their accession. He daily picks up notable prisoners, and has lately taken Lord Lovat, and Murray the secretary. There are flying reports of the Boy being killed, but I think not certain enough for the father [the Old Pretender] to faint away again—I blame myself for speaking lightly

¹ See vol. ii., p. 28.—CUNNINGHAM.

² See vol. ii., p. 29.—CUNNINGHAM.

of the old man's distress ; but a swoon is so natural to his character, that one smiles at it at first, without considering when it proceeds from cowardice, and when from misery. I heard yesterday that we are to expect a battle in Flanders soon : I expect it with all the tranquillity that the love of one's country admits, when one's heart is entirely out of the question, as, thank God ! mine is : not one of my friends will be in it. I wish it may be as magnificent a victory for us, as your giornata di San Lazaro !

I am in great pain for my Eagle, now the Brest fleet is thought to be upon the coast of Spain : but what do you mean by him and his pedestal filling three cases ? is he like the Irishman's bird, in two places at once ?

Adieu ! my dear child ; don't believe my love for you in the least abridged, whenever my letters are scarce or short. I never loved you better, and never had less to say, both which I beg you will believe by my concluding. Yours, &c.

P.S. Since I finished my letter, we hear that the French and Spaniards have escaped from Placentia, not without some connivance of your hero-King [of Sardinia]. Mons is taken.

224. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.¹

DEAR HARRY :

*Mistley,*² July 19, 1746.

WHEN I left London, I piqued myself upon paying my court to Lady Caroline [Fitzroy]³ by some present that should make her think me a reasonable creature, and capable of entertaining myself without music, which I don't love, and without seeing a thousand people for whom I don't care a straw ; but having been so unfortunate as neither to kill a brace of partridges, nor hook a dish of whittings, I am reduced to flatter her in a way as extraordinary as the other of recommending one's self by being natural and unaffected, to a woman who has been bred up in the kingdom of Herveys, Diveses, and Queensburys. Lady Caroline will give me leave to wonder at her being so awkward as to like to hear Lady Emily [Lenox] commended rather than herself ; and even you who are so fond of that uncouth sense of hers, may be amazed that she thinks her sister handsomer than

¹ Now first published.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The seat in Essex of Richard Rigby, Esq.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Conway had been in love with her. (See vol. i., p. 312.)—CUNNINGHAM.

herself: but since she is so ungenteel, and has so many of those strange properties called good qualities, which being out of fashion and out of character, I can't help reckoning a want of knowing the world, I have e'en humoured her in her own way, and said of her sister what, if she had been like other people, I should naturally have said of herself.

I wish my dear Harry you loved Lady Emily as well as your wife does,¹ and then I should have no excuses to make for sending you the enclosed lines,² which I command Lady Caroline to like on pain of Dayrolles's³ eternal displeasure, but as a fit of poetry is a distemper which I am never troubled with but in the country, you will have no reason to apprehend much trouble of this sort: the trees at Vauxhall and purling basons of gold fish never inspire me.

I can fairly say at least that Rigby makes me send you these verses, which I have compounded to do, upon condition he lets the names stand as they are; tho' he contended a great while for a set of beauties of his own, who he swears by God are handsomer than any one (except Lady Emily) that I have mentioned. But as neither Mr. Peachey nor Mr. Briton would reckon his ladies good company, I have fought them all off but Fanny Murray,⁴ for whose sake he insists the description of Flora shall at least be left doubtful by the letters F. M. in the margin, and may be wrote at length in the Covent Garden editions.⁵

I have done with excuses, and give up any merit in the lines, and will only add that Lady Caroline must forgive any private partialities in the last line. As to any omission of divinities, I can only say that I intended merely to mention those I think beauties, not all who are reckoned so by themselves or their court: I am no such Herculean labourer as Tom Hervey says.

Adieu, dear Sir.

Yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

¹ Caroline Campbell, Countess of Aylesbury, married to Conway in 1747.—CUNNINGHAM.

² 'The Beauties,' an epistle to Eckardt, the painter, printed in Walpole's Works, vol. i., p. 19. It is founded on Addison's epistle to Kneller.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Solomon Dayrolles, Esq., the friend and correspondent of Lord Chesterfield. Walpole describes him to Mann (vol. ii. p. 84) as "a led captain to the Dukes of Grafton and Richmond; used to be sent to auctions for them, and to walk in the park with their daughters, and once went dry-nurse to Holland with them."—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ In the notes to the printed poem in Walpole's Works, Fanny, or Flora, is said to be "Miss Fanny Macartney, married to Mr. Greville." (See vol. ii. p. 157.)—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ In July of the same year [1746] I wrote 'The Beauties,' which was handed about

225. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.¹

DEAR SIR :

Mistley, July 24, 1746.

YOU frighten me out of my wits, which is indeed a fair step towards making me in earnest a poet, a title I should dread more than that of patriot, and which I should certainly get into no wills by. I will be so honest as to own that the obliging things you say to me please me vastly. I find I have enough of the author in me to be extremely sensible to flattery, and were I far enough gone to publish a miscellany, there would certainly be one copy *to my honoured friend Henry Fox on his commending my verses*. But seriously, my dear sir, you alarm me, with talking of making those I sent you public. I never thought poetry excusable but in the manner I sent you mine, just to divert anybody one loves for half an hour—and I know I must love anybody, to put myself so much in their power for their diversion. But to make anything one writes, especially poetry, public, is giving everybody leave under one's own hand to call one fool. You think me modesty, but all my modesty is pride; while I am unknown, I am as great as my own imagination pleases to make me, the instant I get into that dreadful Court of Requests you talk of, I am as silly a fellow as Thomson or Glover,—you even reduce me to plead that foolish excuse against being published, which authors make to excuse themselves when they have published,—that their compositions were made in a hurry or extempore. Rigby will assure you that what I sent you was literally wrote in less than three hours; and, my dear Harry, I am not vain enough to think that I can write in three hours what would deserve to live three days. I will give you two more very material reasons for your suppressing my verses, and have done: one is, I don't care to make all the women in England my enemies, but sixteen, as their resentments would probably hurt me more than the gratitude of my goddesses would do me good, with all their charms; and the other reason is, that the conclusion of the poem is more particular than I would choose publicly to subscribe to.

I am content with your approbation and Lady Caroline's: pray tell her the reason I said so little of Lady Emily in detail was what the critics, a set of gentlemen she is happily not acquainted

till it got into print very incorrectly.—*Walpole's Short Notes*. (See vol. i., p. lxi.) The poem was published in September, 1746, price sixpence.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ Now first published.—CUNNINGHAM.

with, say in excuse for the heroes of the Epic poems, who are very little talked of in comparison with their rivals, but who are supposed to be celebrated enough, by surpassing those who are more amply commended; or you may tell her what will be more familiar to her than Homer and Virgil, that if I had said Mrs. Bethel¹ was the ugliest woman in the world, I should not have specified her nose, her mouth, or her complexion. For the last line on Lady Emily, which you don't understand, it only means that it is a pity she is not as like Venus in being a mother, as she is in the rest of her merits.

I beg your pardon for troubling you with a second letter so long, when I shall be in town the day after it, but I was so anxious about your talking of making my verses public, that I could not refrain a moment from begging you not. Rigby has left his kindest love for you: he is gone to a cricket match, from which your letter has saved me. You have commended me so much, he begins to look on me in a higher light, and even deigns to treat my leisure as sacred.

I am, my dear Sir, and always shall be, if you will suppress my verses,

Your most obliged humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

226. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 1, 1746.

I AM this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the Trials of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three parts of Westminster-hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own House to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men, who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches *frequent and*

¹ Anne, daughter of the first Lord Sandys, and wife of Christopher Bethel, Esq. (See vol. ii p. 46.)—CUNNINGHAM.

full! The Chancellor [Hardwicke] was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the minister [Mr. Pelham] that is no peer, and consequently applying to the other ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian¹ in weepers for his son who fell at Culloden—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy,² with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without: she is big with child and very handsome: so are their daughters. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go—old Balmerino cried, “Come, come, put it with me.” At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler; and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child and placed him near himself.

¹ William Ker, third Marquis of Lothian. Lord Robert Ker, who was killed at Culloden, was his second son.—DOVER.

² Margaret, Lady Balmerino, daughter of Captain Chalmers.—DOVER.

When the trial began, the two Earls pleaded guilty; Balmerino not guilty, saying he could prove his not being at the taking of the castle of Carlisle, as was laid in the indictment. Then the King's counsel opened, and Serjeant Skinner pronounced the most absurd speech imaginable; and mentioned the Duke of Perth, "who," said he, "I see by the papers is dead."¹ Then some witnesses were examined, whom afterwards the old hero shook cordially by the hand. The Lords withdrew to their House, and returning, demanded of the judges, whether one point not being proved, though all the rest were, the indictment was false? to which they unanimously answered in the negative. Then the Lord High Steward asked the Peers severally, whether Lord Balmerino was guilty! All said, "guilty upon honour," and then adjourned, the prisoner having begged pardon for giving them so much trouble. While the Lords were withdrawn, the Solicitor-General Murray (brother of the Pretender's minister)² officiously and insolently went up to Lord Balmerino, and asked him, how he could give the Lords so much trouble, when his solicitor had informed him that his plea could be of no use to him? Balmerino asked the bystanders who this person was? and being told, he said, "Oh, Mr. Murray! I am extremely glad to see you; I have been with several of your relations; the good lady, your mother, was of great use to us at Perth." Are not you charmed with this speech? how just it was! As he went away, he said, "They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me: but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve." The worst of his case is, that after the battle of Dumblain, having a company in the Duke of Argyll's regiment, he deserted with it to the rebels, and has since been pardoned. Lord Kilmarnock is a presbyterian, with four earldoms³ in him, but so poor since Lord Wilmington's stopping a pension that my father had given him, that he often wanted a dinner. Lord Cromartie was receiver of the rents of the King's second son in Scotland, which, it was understood, he should not account for; and by that means had six hundred a-year from the Government: Lord Elibank,⁴ a very prating, impertinent Jacobite, was bound for him in nine thousand pounds, for which the Duke is determined to sue him.

¹ The Duke of Perth, a young man of a delicate frame, expired on his passage to France.—WRIGHT.

² Lord Dunbar.—WALPOLE.

³ Kilmarnock, Erroll, Linlithgow, and Calendar.—DOVER.

⁴ Patrick Murray, fifth Lord Elibank.—DOVER.

When the Peers were going to vote, Lord Foley¹ withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray,² as nephew of Lord Balmerino—and Lord Stair,—as, I believe, uncle to his great-grandfather. Lord Windsor,³ very affectedly, said, “I am sorry I must say, *guilty upon my honour.*” Lord Stamford⁴ would not answer to the name of *Henry*, having been christened *Harry*—what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with old Norsa,⁵ the father of my brother’s concubine, an old Jew that kept a tavern; my brother [Orford], as Auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court; I said, “I really feel for the prisoners!” old Issachar replied, “Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of *all us?*” When my Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said, “I always knew *my* Lord was *guilty*, but I never thought he would own it *upon his honour.*” Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading *not guilty*, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show.

On Wednesday they were again brought to Westminster-hall, to receive sentence; and being asked what they had to say, Lord Kilmarnock, with a very fine voice, read a very fine speech, confessing the extent of his crime, but offering his principles as some alleviation, having his eldest son (his second unluckily was with him), in the Duke’s army, *fighting for the liberties of his country at Culloden, where his unhappy father was in arms to destroy them.* He insisted much on his tenderness to the English prisoners, which some deny, and say that he was the man who proposed their being put to death, when General Stapleton urged that *he* was come to fight, and not to butcher; and that if they acted any such barbarity, he would leave them with all his men. He very artfully mentioned Van Hoey’s letter, and said how much he should scorn to owe his life to such intercession. Lord Cromartie spoke much shorter, and so low, that he was not heard but by those who sat very near him; but they prefer his speech to the other. He mentioned his misfortune in having drawn in his eldest son, who is prisoner with him; and concluded with saying, “If no part of this bitter cup must pass from

¹ Thomas, second Lord Foley, of the first creation.—DOVER.

² James Stewart, ninth Earl of Moray. His mother was Jean Elphinstone, daughter of John, fourth Lord Balmerino.—DOVER.

³ Herbert Windsor, second Viscount Windsor in Ireland. He sat in Parliament

⁴ Lord Montjoy of the Isle of Wight: died in 1758.—DOVER.

⁵ Harry Grey, fourth Earl of Stamford: died in 1768.—DOVER.

⁶ See vol. i., p. 250.—CUNNINGHAM.

me, not mine, O God, but thy will be done!" If he had pleaded *not guilty*, there was ready to be produced against him a paper signed with his own hand, for putting the English prisoners to death.

Lord Leicester went up to the Duke of Newcastle, and said, "I never heard so great an orator as Lord Kilmarnock? if I was your grace, I would pardon him, and make him *paymaster*."¹

That morning a paper had been sent to the lieutenant of the Tower for the prisoners; he gave it to Lord Cornwallis,² the governor, who carried it to the House of Lords. It was a plea for the prisoners, objecting that the late act for regulating the trials of rebels did not take place till after their crime was committed. The Lords very tenderly and rightly sent this plea to them, of which, as you have seen, the two Earls did not make use; but old Balmerino did, and demanded council on it. The High Steward, almost in a passion, told him, that when he had been offered council, he did not accept it. Do but think on the ridicule of sending them the plea, and then denying them council on it! The Duke of Newcastle, who never let slip an opportunity of being absurd, took it up as a ministerial point, in defence of his creature the Chancellor [Hardwicke]; but Lord Granville moved, according to order, to adjourn to debate in the chamber of Parliament, where the Duke of Bedford and many others spoke warmly for their having council; and it was granted. I said *their*, because the plea would have saved them all, and affected nine rebels who had been hanged that very morning; particularly one Morgan, a poetical lawyer. Lord Balmerino asked for Forester and Wilbraham; the latter a very able lawyer in the House of Commons, who, the Chancellor said privately, he was sure would as soon be hanged as plead such a cause. But he came as council to-day (the third day), when Lord Balmerino gave up his plea as invalid, and submitted, without any speech. The High Steward [Hardwicke] then made his, very long and very poor, with only one or two good passages; and then pronounced sentence!

Great intercession is made for the two Earls: Duke Hamilton,³ who has never been at Court, designs to kiss the King's hand, and ask Lord Kilmarnock's life. The King is much inclined to some

¹ Alluding to Mr. Pitt, who had lately been preferred to that post, from the fear the ministry had of his abusive eloquence.—WALPOLE.

² Charles, fifth Lord Cornwallis. He was created an Earl in 1753, and died in 1762.—DOVER.

³ James, sixth Duke of Hamilton died in 1753.—DOVER.

mercy; but the Duke, who has not so much of Cæsar after a victory, as in gaining it, is for the utmost severity. It was lately proposed in the city to present him with the freedom of some company; one of the aldermen said aloud, "Then let it be of the *Butchers!*"¹ The Scotch and his Royal Highness are not at all guarded in their expressions of each other. When he went to Edinburgh, in his pursuit of the rebels, they would not admit his guards, alleging that it was contrary to their privileges; but they rode in, sword in hand; and the Duke, very justly incensed, refused to see any of the magistrates. He came with the utmost expedition to town, in order for Flanders; but found that the Court of Vienna had already sent Prince Charles thither, without the least notification, at which both King and Duke are greatly offended. When the latter waited on his brother, the Prince carried him into a room that hangs over the wall of St. James's Park, and stood there with his arm about his neck, to charm the gazing mob.

Murray, the Pretender's secretary, has made ample confessions: the Earl of Traquair² and Mr. Barry, a physician, are apprehended, and more warrants are out; so much for rebels! Your friend, Lord Sandwich, is instantly going ambassador to Holland, to pray the Dutch to build more ships. I have received yours of July 19th, but you see have no more room left, only to say, that I conceive a good idea of my eagle, though the seal is a bad one. Adieu!

P.S. I have not room to say anything to the Tesi till next post; but, unless she will sing gratis, would advise her to drop this thought.

227. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE:

Arlington Street, Aug. 2, 1746.

YOU have lost nothing by missing yesterday at the trials, but a little additional contempt for the High Steward; and even that is recoverable, as his long paltry speech is to be printed; for which, and for thanks for it, Lord Lincoln moved the House of Lords. Somebody said to Sir Charles Windham, "Oh! you don't think

¹ "The Duke," says Sir Walter Scott, "was received with all the honours due to conquest; and all the incorporated bodies of the capital, from the Guild brethren to the Butchers, desired his acceptance of the freedom of their craft, or corporation." Billy the Butcher was one of his by-names.—WRIGHT.

² Charles Stuart, fifth Earl of Traquair.—DOVER.

Lord Harwicke's speech good, because you have read Lord Cowper's."¹ —“No,” replied he; “but I do think it tolerable, because I heard Serjeant Skinner's.”² Poor brave old Balmerino retracted his plea, asked pardon, and desired the Lords to intercede for mercy. As he returned to the Tower, he stopped the coach at Charing-cross to buy honey-blobs, as the Scotch call gooseberries. He says he is extremely afraid Lord Kilmarnock will not behave well. The Duke said publicly at his levee, that the latter proposed murdering the English prisoners. His Highness was to have given Peggy Banks a ball last night; but was persuaded to defer it, as it would have rather looked like an insult on the prisoners, the very day their sentence was passed. George Selwyn says that he had begged Sir William Saunderson to get him the High Steward's wand, after it was broke, as a curiosity; but that he behaved so like an attorney the first day, and so like a pettifogger the second, that he would not take it to light his fire with: I don't believe my Lady Harwicke is so high-minded.

Your cousin Sandwich³ is certainly going on an embassy to Holland. I don't know whether it is to qualify him, by new dignity, for the head of the Admiralty, or whether (which is more agreeable to present policy) to satisfy him instead of it. I know when Lord Malton,⁴ who was a young earl, asked for the garter, to stop his pretensions, they made him a marquis. When Lord Brooke, who is likely to have ten sons, though he has none yet, asked to have his barony settled on his daughters, they refused him with an earldom; and they professed making Pitt paymaster, in order to silence the avidity of his faction.

Dear George, I am afraid I shall not be in your neighbourhood, as I promised myself. Sir Charles Williams has let his house. I wish you would one day, whisk over and look at Harley House. The enclosed advertisement makes it sound pretty, though I am afraid too large for me. Do look at it impartially: don't be struck at first sight with any *brave old windows*; but be so good to inquire the rent, and if I can have it for a year, and with any furniture. I have not had time to copy out the verses, but you

¹ Lord Chancellor Cowper was Lord High Steward at the trial of the Rebels in 1715.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Matthew Skinner, afterwards a Welsh judge.—WRIGHT.

³ John, the fourth Earl of Sandwich; son of Edward Richard, Viscount Hinchinbrooke. He signed the treaty of peace at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Thomas Watson Wentworth, Earl of Malton, created Marquis of Rockingham, in 1746.—WALPOLE.

shall have them soon. Adieu, with my compliments to your sisters.

228. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE:

Arlington Street, Aug. 5, 1746.

THOUGH I can't this week accept your invitation, I can prove to you that I am most desirous of passing my time with you, and therefore *en attendant* Harley House, if you can find me out any clean, small house in Windsor, ready furnished, that is not absolutely in the middle of the town, but near you, I should be glad to take it for three or four months.¹ I have been about Sir Robert Rich's, but they will only sell it. I am as far from guessing why they send Sandwich in embassy, as you are; and, when I recollect of what various materials our late ambassadors have been composed, I can only say, "ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius." Murray² has certainly been discovering, and warrants are out; but I don't yet know who are to be their prize. I begin to think that the ministry had really no intelligence till now. I before thought they had, but durst not use it. *A-propos* to not daring; I went t'other night to look at my poor favourite Chelsea,³ for the little Newcastle is gone to be dipped in the sea. In one of the rooms is a bed for her Duke, and a press-bed for his footman; for he never dares lie alone, and, till he was married, had always a servant to sit up with him. Lady Cromartie presented her petition to the King last Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hopes. She swooned away as soon as he was gone.⁴ Lord Cornwallis told me that her lord weeps every time any thing of his fate is mentioned to him. Old Balmerino keeps up his spirits to the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster he showed Lord Kilmarnock how he must lay

¹ Gray, in a letter to Wharton of the 15th, says, "Mr. Walpole I have seen a good deal, and shall do a great deal more, I suppose; for he is looking for a house somewhere about Windsor during the summer. All is mighty free, and even friendly, more than one could expect."—*Works by Mitford*, vol. iii., p. 7.—WRIGHT.

² John Murray, of Broughton, the Pretender's secretary, who purchased his own safety by betraying his former friends.—WRIGHT.

³ Where his father had, for several years, what was then (1730-1742) a country-house.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ "Lady Cromartie, who is said to have drawn her husband into these circumstances, was at Leicester House on Wednesday, with four of her children. The Princess saw her, and made no other answer than by bringing in her own children, and placing them by her; which, if true, is one of the prettiest things I ever heard."—*Gray & Wharton*, *Works by Mitford*, vol. iii., p. 4.—WRIGHT.

his head; bid him not wince, lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders, and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more till ——, and then pointed to his neck. At getting into the coach, he said to the gaoler, "Take care, or you will break my shins with this damned axe."¹

I must tell you a bon-mot of George Selwyn's at the trial. He saw Bethel's² sharp visage looking wistfully at the rebel lords; he said, "What a shame it is to turn her face to the prisoners till they are condemned." If you have a mind for a true foreign idea, one of the foreign ministers said at the trial to another, "Vraiment cela est auguste." "Oui," replied the other, "cela est vrai, mais cela n'est pas royale."

I am assured that the old Countess of Errol made her son Lord Kilmarnock³ go into the rebellion on pain of disinheriting him. I don't know whether I told you that the man at the tennis-court protests that he has known him dine with the man that sells pamphlets at Storey's Gate;⁴ "and," says he, "he would often have been glad if I would have taken him home to dinner." He was certainly so poor, that in one of his wife's intercepted letters she tells him she has plagued their steward for a fortnight for money, and can get but three shillings. Can any one help pitying such a distress?⁵ I am vastly softened, too, about Balmerino's relapse, for his pardon was only granted him to engage his brother's vote at the election of Scotch peers.

My Lord Chancellor [Hardwicke] has had a thousand pounds in present for his High Stewardship, and has got the reversion of clerk of the crown (twelve hundred a year) for his second son. What a long time it will be before his posterity are drove into rebellion for want, like Lord Kilmarnock!

¹ "The first day, while the Peers were adjourned to consider of his plea, Balmerino diverted himself with the axe that stood by him, played with its tassels, and tried the edge with his finger."—*Gray, Works by Mitford*, vol. iii., p. 5.—WRIGHT.

² See note, vol. ii., p. 38.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The Earl of Kilmarnock was not the son of the Countess of Errol. His wife, the Lady Anne Livingstone, daughter of the Earl of Linlithgow, was her niece, and, eventually, her heiress.—WRIGHT.

⁴ At the upper end of Birdcage Walk, in St. James's Park.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ "The Duke of Argyle, telling him how sorry he was to see him engaged in such a cause, 'My Lord,' says he, 'for the two Kings and their rights, I cared not a farthing which prevailed; but I was starving, and by God, if Mahomet had set up his standard in the Highlands, I had been a good Mussulman for bread, and stuck close to the party, for I must eat.'"—*Gray, Works by Mitford*, vol. iii., p. 5.—WRIGHT.

The Duke gave his ball last night to Peggy Banks at Vauxhall. It was to pique my Lady Rochford, in return for the Prince of Hesse. I saw the company get into their barges at Whitehall stairs, as I was going myself, and just then passed by two City Companies in their great barges, who had been a swan-hopping.¹ They laid by and played "God save our noble King," and altogether it was a mighty pretty show. When they came to Vauxhall, there were assembled about five-and-twenty hundred people, besides crowds without. They huzzaed, and surrounded him so, that he was forced to retreat into the ball-room. He was very near being drowned t'other night going from Ranelagh to Vauxhall, and politeness of Lord Cathcart's, who, stepping on the side of the boat to lend his arm, overset it, and both fell into the water up to their chins.

I have not yet got Sir Charles's ode;² when I have, you shall see it: here are my own lines. Good night!

229. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE:

Arlington Street, Aug. 11, 1746.

I HAVE seen Mr. Jordan, and have taken his house³ at forty guineas a-year, but I am to pay taxes. Shall I now accept your offer of being at the trouble of giving orders for the airing of it? I have desired the landlord will order the key to be delivered to you, and Ashton will assist you. Furniture, I find, I have in abundance, which I shall send down immediately; but shall not be able to be at Windsor at the quivering dame's before to-morrow se'nnight, as the rebel Lords are not to be executed till Monday. I shall stay till that is over, though I don't believe I shall see it. Lord Cromartie is reprieved for a pardon. If wives and children become an argument for saving rebels, there will cease to be a reason against their going into rebellion. Lady Caroline Fitzroy's execution is certainly to-night.⁴ I dare say she will follow Lord Balmerino's advice to Lord Kilmarnock, and not winch.

¹ That is, swan-apping—going up the Thames as far as Staines, to look after the swans on the river, the property of the Corporation of London.—CUNNINGHAM.

² I do not know to which particular ode Walpole alludes. My predecessor (Mr. Wright) says it was 'Isabella, or the Morning;' but that delightful poem is not an ode.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ In August, 1746, I took a house within the precincts of the castle at Windsor.—*Walpole's Short Notes*, vol. i., p. lxi.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Lady Caroline Fitzroy (youngest daughter of the Duke of Grafton) was married

Lord Sandwich has made Mr. Keith his secretary. I don't believe the founder of your race, the great Quu, of Habculeo, would have chosen his secretary from California.

I would willingly return the civilities you laid upon me at Windsor. Do command me; in what can I serve you? Shall I get you an earldom? Don't think it will be any trouble; there is nothing easier or cheaper. Lord Hobart and Lord Fitzwilliam are both to be Earls to-morrow: the former, of Buckingham; the latter, by his already title. I suppose Lord Malton will be a Duke; he has had no new peerage this fortnight. Adieu! my compliments to the virtuous ladies, Arabella and Hounsibella Quus.

P.S. Here is an order for the key.

230. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Aug. 12, 1746.

To begin with the Tesi; she is mad if she desires to come hither. I hate long histories, and so will only tell you in a few words, that Lord Middlesex took the opportunity of a rivalship between his own mistress, the Nardi, and the Violette, the finest and most admired dancer in the world, to involve the whole ménage of the Opera in the quarrel, and has paid nobody; but, like a true lord of the Treasury, has shut up his own exchequer. The principal mandancer was arrested for debt; to the composer his Lordship gave a bad note, not payable in two years, besides amercing him entirely three hundred pounds, on pretence of his siding with the Violette. If the Tesi likes this account—*venga! venga!*

Did I tell you that your friend Lord Sandwich was sent ambassador to Holland? He is: and that Lady Charlotte Fermor¹ was to be married to Mr. Finch,² the Vice-chamberlain? She is. Mr. Finch is a comely black widower, without children, and heir to his brother Winchelsea, who has no sons. The Countess-mother [Pomfret] has been in an embroil, (as we have often known her,) about carrying Miss Shelley, a bosom-friend, into the Peeresses' place at the Trials.

11th August, 1746, to Lord Petersham, eldest son of the Earl of Harrington.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ Second daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret, and sister of Lady Granville.—WALPOLE. See vol. i., p. 52.—CUNNINGHAM.

² William Finch, brother of the Earl of Winchelsea, had been ambassador in Holland.—WALPOLE. He died 25th December, 1766.—CUNNINGHAM.

Lord Granville, who is extremely fond of Lady Charlotte, has given her all her sister's [Sophia's] jewels, to the great discontent of his own daughters. She has five thousand pounds, and Mr. Finch settles fifteen thousand pounds more upon her. Now we are upon the chapter of marriages, Lord Petersham was last night married to one of our first beauties, Lady Caroline Fitzroy; and Lord Coke is to have the youngest of the late Duke of Argyll's daughters,¹ who is none of our beauties at all.

Princess Louisa has already reached the object of her wish ever since she could speak, and is Queen of Denmark. We have been a little lucky lately in the deaths of Kings, and promise ourselves great matters from the new monarch in Spain.² Princess Mary is coming over from Hesse to drink the Bath waters; that is the pretence for leaving her brutal husband, and for visiting the Duke and Princess Caroline, who love her extremely. She is of the softest, mildest temper in the world.

We know nothing certainly of the young Pretender, but that he is concealed in Scotland, and devoured with distempers: I really wonder how an Italian constitution can have supported such rigours! He has said, that "he did not see what he had to be ashamed of; and that if he had lost one battle, he had gained two." Old Lovat curses Cope and Hawley for the loss of those two, and says, if they had done their duty, he had never been in this scrape. Cope is actually going to be tried; but Hawley, who is fifty times more culpable, is saved by partiality: Cope miscarried by incapacity; Hawley, by insolence and carelessness.

Lord Cromartie is relieved: the Prince [of Wales] asked his life, and his wife made great intercession. Duke Hamilton's intercession for Lord Kilmarnock has rather hurried him to the block: he and Lord Balmerino are to die next Monday. Lord Kilmarnock, with the greatest nobleness of soul, desired to have Lord Cromartie preferred to himself for pardon, if there could be but one saved; and Lord Balmerino laments that himself and Lord Lovat were not taken at the same time; "for then," says he, "we might have been sacrificed, and those other two brave men escaped." Indeed Lord Cromartie does not much deserve the epithet; for he wept whenever his execution was mentioned. Balmerino is jolly with his pretty Peggy. There is a remarkable story of him at the battle of Dun-

¹ Lady Mary Campbell. See vol. i., p. 347, and vol. ii., p. 33.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Philip the Fifth, the mad and imbecile King of Spain, was just dead. He was succeeded by his son Ferdinand the Sixth, who died in 1759.—DOVER.

blain, where the Duke of Argyll, his colonel, answered for him, on his being suspected. He behaved well; but as soon as we had gained the victory, went off with his troop to the Pretender; protesting that he had never feared death but that day, as he had been fighting against his conscience. Popularity has changed sides since the year '15, for now the City and the generality are very angry that so many rebels have been pardoned. Some of those taken at Carlisle dispersed papers at their execution, saying they forgave all men but three, the Elector of Hanover, the *pretended* Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of Richmond, who signed the capitulation at Carlisle.

Wish Mr. Hobart joy of his new lordship; his father took his seat to-day as Earl of Buckingham: Lord Fitzwilliam is made an English earl with him, by his old title. Lord Tankerville¹ goes governor to Jamaica: a cruel method of recruiting a prodigal nobleman's broken fortune, by sending him to pillage a province! Adieu!

P.S. I have taken a pretty house at Windsor, and am going thither for the remainder of the summer

231. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE:

Arlington Street, Aug. 16, 1746.

I SHALL be with you on Tuesday night, and since you are so good as to be my Rowland White,² must beg my apartment at the quivering dame's may be aired for me. My caravan sets out with all my household stuff on Monday; but I have heard nothing of your sister's hamper, nor do I know how to send the bantams by it, but will leave them here till I am more settled under the shade of my own mulberry-tree.

I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar,³ where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a half-penny a look. Old Lovat arrived last night. I

¹ Charles Bennet, second Earl of Tankerville. The appointment did not take place. He died in 1753. His wife, Camilla, daughter of Edward Colville, of Whitehouse, in the bishopric of Durham, Esq., survived till 1775, aged one hundred and five.—WRIGHT.

² Walpole had been reading (see p. 23) the newly published Sidney Papers. The letters of Rowland White, the gossiping correspondent of the family, are among the very best in the collection.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Of Townley, Fletcher, and others. "Yesterday," says a news-writer of the 1st

saw Murray, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Traquair, Lord Cromartie and his son, and the Lord Provost at their respective windows. The other two wretched Lords are in dismal towers, and they have stopped up one of old Balmerino's windows because he talked to the populace; and now he has only one, which looks directly upon all the scaffolding. They brought in the death-warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said, "Lieutenant, with your damned warrant you have spoiled my lady's stomach." He has written a sensible letter to the Duke to beg his intercession, and the Duke has given it to the King; but gave a much colder answer to Duke Hamilton, who went to beg it for Lord Kilmarnock: he told him the affair was in the King's hands, and that he had nothing to do with it. Lord Kilmarnock, who has hitherto kept up his spirits, grows extremely terrified. It will be difficult to make you believe to what heights of affectation or extravagance my Lady Townshend¹ carries her passion for my Lord Kilmarnock,² whom she never saw but at the bar of his trial, and was smitten with his falling shoulders. She has been under his windows; sends messages to him; has got his dog and his snuff-box; has taken lodgings out of town for to-morrow and Monday night, and then goes to Greenwich; forswears conversing with the bloody English, and has taken a French master. She insisted on Lord Hervey's³ promising her he would not sleep a whole night for my Lord Kilmarnock, "and in return," says she, "never trust me more if I am not as yellow as a jonquil for him." She said gravely t'other day, "Since I saw my Lord Kilmarnock, I really think no more of Sir Harry Nisbett than if there was no such man in the world." But of all her flights, yesterday was the strongest. George Selwyn dined with her, and not thinking her affliction so serious as she pretends, talked rather jokingly of the execution. She burst into a flood of tears and rage; told him she now believed all his father and mother had said of him; and with a thousand other reproaches flung upstairs. George coolly took Mrs. Dorcas, her

of April, 1772, "one of the rebels' heads on Temple Bar fell down. There is only one head now remaining."—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ When I read the account of old Balmerino's behaviour, I was moved with compassion for him, and think it a pity so brave a fellow should meet with so hard a fate. As for Lady Townshend's attachment, I am well convinced he was a coward; a sort of people who, for the most part, are not to be trusted; therefore I have no yearnings for him. I imagine her ladyship is as yellow as a jonquil.—*Sir William Maynard to George Selwyn*, Aug. 22, 1746.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Pitied by gentle minds, Kilmarnock died.—*Johnson*.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Not Pope's Lord Hervey, but his son, the second Earl of Bristol. See p. 75.—CUNNINGHAM.

woman, and made her sit down to finish the bottle: "And pray, sir," said Dorcas, "do you think my lady will be prevailed upon to let me go see the execution? I have a friend that has promised to take care of me, and I can lie in the Tower the night before." My lady has quarrelled with Sir Charles Windham for calling the two Lords malefactors. The idea seems to be general; for 'tis said Lord Cromartie is to be transported, which diverts me for the dignity of the peerage. The Ministry really gave it as a reason against their casting lots for pardon, that it was below their dignity. I did not know but that might proceed from Balmerino's not being an earl; and therefore, now their hand is in, would have them make him one. You will see in the papers the second great victory at Placentia. There are papers pasted in several parts of the town, threatening your cousin Sandwich's head if he makes a dishonourable peace. I will bring you down Sir Charles Williams's new Ode on the Manchester.¹ Adieu!

232. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Windsor, Aug. 21, 1746.

You will perceive by my date that I am got into a new scene, and that I am retired hither like an old summer dowager; only that I have no toad-eater to take the air with me in the back part of my lozenge-coach,² and to be scolded. I have taken a small house here within the castle, and propose spending the greatest part of every week here till the Parliament meets; but my jaunts to town will prevent my news from being quite provincial and marvellous. Then I promise you, I will go to no races nor assemblies, nor make comments upon couples that come in chaises to the White Hart.

I came from town (for take notice, I put this place upon myself for the country) the day after the execution of the rebel Lords: I was not at it, but had two persons come to me directly who were at the next house to the scaffold: and I saw another who was upon it, so that you may depend upon my accounts.

Just before they came out of the Tower, Lord Balmerino drank a bumper to King James's health. As the clock struck ten, they came

¹ See vol. ii., p. 47, note 2.—CUNNINGHAM.

² A widow's heraldic shield is lozenge-shaped.—CUNNINGHAM.

forth on foot, Lord Kilmarnock all in black, his hair unpowdered in a bag, supported by Forster, the great Presbyterian, and by Mr. Home, a young clergyman, his friend. Lord Balmerino followed, alone, in a blue coat, turned up with red, (his rebellious regimentals,) a flannel waistcoat, and his shroud beneath; their hearses following. They were conducted to a house near the scaffold: the room forwards had benches for spectators, in the second Lord Kilmarnock was put, and in the third backwards Lord Balmerino: all three chambers hung with black. Here they parted! Balmerino embraced the other, and said, "My lord, I wish I could suffer for both!" He had scarce left him, before he desired again to see him, and then asked him, "My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?" He replied, "My lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order." Balmerino answered, "It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us."—Take notice, that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate! The most now pretended is, that it would have come to Lord Kilmarnock's turn to have given the word for the slaughter, as lieutenant-general, with the patent for which he was immediately drawn into the rebellion, after having been staggered by his wife, her mother, his own poverty, and the defeat of Cope. He remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving in the least meanly or unlike a gentleman.¹ He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who embarked in the same cause might meet the

¹ When he [Kilmarnock] beheld the fatal scaffold covered with black cloth; the executioner, with his axe and his assistants; the saw-dust, which was soon to be drenched with his blood; the coffin, prepared to receive the limbs which were yet warm with life; above all, the immense display of human countenances which surrounded the scaffold like a sea, all eyes being bent on the sad object of the preparation,—his natural feelings broke forth in a whisper to the friend on whose arm he leaned, "Home, this is terrible!" No sign of indecent timidity, however, affected his behaviour.—*Sir Walter Scott's Tales of my Grandfather.*—WRIGHT.

same fate. He then took off his bag, coat and waistcoat, with great composure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, and then several times tried the block; the executioner, who was in white, with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief, the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom.

The scaffold was immediately new-strewed with saw-dust, the block new-covered, the executioner new-dressed, and a new axe brought. Then came old Balmerino, treading with the air of a general. As soon as he mounted the scaffold, he read the inscription on his coffin, as he did again afterwards: he then surveyed the spectators, who were in amazing numbers, even upon masts of ships in the river; and pulling out his spectacles read a treasonable speech,¹ which he delivered to the Sheriff, and said, the young Pretender was so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not resist following him; and lying down to try the block, he said, "If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause." He said, if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked down Williamson, the lieutenant of the Tower, for his ill usage of him. He took the axe and felt it, and asked the headsmen how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock; and gave him three guineas. Two clergymen, who attended him, coming up, he said, "No, gentlemen, I believe you have already done me all the service you can." Then he went to the corner of the scaffold, and called very loud for the warder, to give him his perriwig, which he took off, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid, and then pulled off his coat and waistcoat and lay down; but being told he was on the wrong side, vaulted round, and immediately gave the sign by tossing up his arm, as if he were giving the signal for battle. He received three blows, but the first certainly took away all sensation. He was not a quarter of an hour on the scaffold; Lord Kilmarnock above half a one. Balmerino certainly died with the intrepidity of

¹ Ford, in his account, states that "so far was this speech from being filled with passionate invective, that it mentioned his Majesty as a Prince of the greatest magnanimity and mercy, at the same time that, through erroneous political principles, it denied him a right to the allegiance of his people."—WATOUR.

a hero, but with the insensibility of one too. As he walked from his prison to execution, seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out, "Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!"

My Lady Townshend, who fell in love with Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go nowhere to dinner, for fear of meeting with a rebel-pie; she says, everybody is so bloody-minded, that they eat rebels! The Prince of Wales, whose intercession saved Lord Cromartie, says he did it in return for old Sir William Gordon (Lady Cromartie's father), coming down out of his death-bed to vote against my father in the Chippenham election. If his Royal Highness had not countenanced inveteracy like that of Sir Gordon, he would have no occasion to exert his gratitude now in favour of rebels. His brother [the Duke of Cumberland] has plucked a very useful feather out of the cap of the Ministry, by forbidding any application for posts in the army to be made to anybody but himself: a resolution, I dare say, he will keep as strictly and minutely as he does the discipline and dress of the army. Adieu!

P.S. I have just received yours of Aug. 9th. You had not then heard of the second great battle of Placentia, which has already occasioned new instructions, or in effect, a recall being sent after Lord Sandwich.

233. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Windsor, Sept. 15, 1746.

You have sent me Marquis Rinuncini¹ with as much secrecy as if you had sent me a present. I was here: there came an exceedingly fair written and civil letter from you, dated last May: I comprehended by the formality of it, that it was written for the person who brought it, not for the person it was sent to. I have been to town on purpose to wait on him, and though you know he was not of my set, yet being of Florence, and recommended by you, and recollecting how you used to cuttle over a bit of politics with the old Marquis,² I

¹ Gray, in a letter to Wharton of the 11th, says, "Mr. Walpole has taken a house in Windsor, and I see him usually once a week. He is at present gone to town, to perform the disagreeable task of presenting and introducing about a young Florentine, the Marquis Rinuncini, who comes recommended to him."—*Gray's Works by Mitford*, vol. iii., p. 9.—WRIGHT.

² Marquis Rinuncini, the elder, had been envoy in England, and prime minister to John Gaston, the last Great Duke.—WALPOLE.

set myself to be wondrous civil to Marquis Folco; pray, *faites valoir ma politesse!* You have no occasion to let people know exactly the situation of my villa; but talk of my *standing in campagna*, and coming directly in *sedia di posta*, to *far mio dovere al Signor Marchesino*. I stayed literally an entire week with him, carried him to see palaces and Richmond gardens and park, and Chenevix's shop, and talked a great deal to him *alle conversazioni*. It is a wretched time for him; there is not a soul in town; no plays; and Ranelagh shut up. You may say I should have stayed longer with him, but I was obliged to return for fear of losing *my vintage*. I shall be in London again in a fortnight, and then I shall do more *mille gentilezze*. Seriously, I was glad to see him—after I had got over being sorry to see him, (for with all the goodness of one's *Soquzkin soqubut*, as the Japanese call the heart, you must own it is a little troublesome to be showing the tombs,¹) I asked him a thousand questions, rubbed up my old tarnished Italian, and inquired about fifty people that I had entirely forgot till his arrival. He told me some passages, that I don't forgive you for not mentioning; your Cicisbeatura, Sir, with the Antinora;² and Manelli's³ marriage and jealousy: who consoles my illustrious mistress?⁴ Rinuncini has announced the future arrival of the Abbate Niccolini, the elder Pandolfini, and the younger Panciatici; these two last, you know, were friends of mine; I shall be extremely glad to see them.

Your two last were of Aug. 23rd and 30th. In the latter you talk of the execution of the rebel Lords, but don't tell me whether you received my long history of their trials. Your Florentines guessed very rightly about my Lady O[rford]'s reasons for not returning amongst you: she has picked up a Mr. Shirley,⁵ no great genius—

¹ The tombs in Westminster Abbey.

Oh! 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things,
To gaze on Princes and to talk of Kings!
Then, happy man who shows the tombs! said I;
He dwells amidst the Royal Family.—*Pope: Imitation of Donne.*
CUNNINGHAM.

² Sister of Madame Grifoni.—WALPOLE.

³ Signor Ottavio Manelli had been cicisbeo of Madame Grifoni.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Madame Grifoni.—WALPOLE.

⁵ Hon. Sewallis Shirley, son of Robert, first Earl Ferrers. He married Lady Orford, at May Fair Chapel, and died 31st October, 1765. "Mr. Shirley has had uncommon fortune in making the conquest of two such extraordinary ladies [Lady Vane and Lady Orford], equal in their heroic contempt of shame, and eminent above their sex,—the one for beauty and the other wealth; both which attract the pursuit of all mankind, and have been thrown into his arms with the same unlimited fondness. He appeared to me gentle, well-bred, well-shaped, and sensible; but the charms of his face and eyes, which Lady Vane describes with

but with all her affectation of parts, you know she never was delicate about the capacity of her lovers. This swain has so little pretensions to any kind of genius, that two years ago being to act in the Duke of Bedford's company,¹ he kept back the play three weeks, because he could not get his part by heart, though it consisted but of seventeen lines and a half. With him she has retired to a villa near Newpark [Richmond], and lets her house in town.

Your last letter only mentions the progress of the King of Sardinia towards Genoa: but there is an account actually arrived of his being master of it. It is very big news, and I hope will make us look a little haughty again: we are giving ourselves airs, and sending a secret expedition against France: we don't indeed own that it is in favour of the Chevalier William Courtenay,² who, you know, claims the crown of France, and whom King William threatened them to proclaim, when they proclaimed the Pretender; but I believe the Protestant Highlanders in the south of France are ready to join him the moment he lands. There is one Sir Watkyn Williams, a great Baron in Languedoc, and a Sir John Cotton, a Marquis of Dauphiné,³ who have engaged to raise a great number of men, on the first debarkation that we make.

I think it begins to be believed that the Pretender's son is got to France: pray, if he passes through Florence, make it as agreeable to him as you can, and introduce him to all my acquaintance. I don't indeed know him myself, but he is a particular friend of my cousin Sir John Philipps,⁴ and of my sister-in-law Lady O[rford], who will both take it extremely kindly—besides, do, for your own sake; you may make your peace with her this way; and if ever Lord Bath comes into power, she will secure your remaining at Florence. Adieu!

so much warmth, were, I confess, always invisible to me, and the artificial part of his character very glaring; which, I think, her story shows in a strong light."—*Lady M. Wortley Montagu to her daughter, 1752: Works by Wharndcliffe*, vol. iii., p. 6.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ The Duke of Bedford and his friends [Lord Sandwich, Mr. Rigby, &c.] acted several plays at Woburn.—WALPOLE.

² Sir William Courtenay, said to be the right heir of Louis le Gros. There is a notion that, at the coronation of a new King of France, the Courtenays assert their pretensions, and that the King of France says to them, "*Après Nous, Vous.*"—WALPOLE.

³ Two Jacobite Knights of Wales and Cambridgeshire.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Sir John Philipps, of Picton Castle, in Pembrokeshire; a noted Jacobite. He was first cousin of Catherine Shorter, first wife of Sir Robert Walpole.—WALPOLE.

234. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Windsor, Oct. 2, 1746.

By your own loss you may measure my joy at the receipt of the dear Chutes.¹ I strolled to town one day last week, and there I found them! Poor creatures! there they were! wondering at everything they saw, but with the difference from Englishmen that go abroad, of keeping their amazement to themselves. They will tell you of wild dukes in the playhouse, of streets dirtier than forests, and of women more uncouth than the streets. I found them extremely surprised at not finding any ready-furnished palace built round two courts. I do all I can to reconcile their country to them; though seriously they have no affectation, and have nothing particular in them, but that they have nothing particular: a fault, which the climate and their neighbours will soon correct. You may imagine how we have talked you over, and how I have inquired after the state of your *Wetbrownpaperhood*. Mr. Chute adores you: do you know, that as well as I love you, I never found all those charms in you that he does! I own this to you out of pure honesty, that you may love him as much as he deserves. I don't know how he will succeed here, but to me he has more wit than anybody I know: he is altered, and I think, broken: Whitehed is grown leaner considerably, and is a very pretty gentleman.² He did not reply to me as the Turcotti³ did *bonnement* to you, when you told her she was a little thinner: do you remember how she puffed and chuckled, and said, "And indeed I think you are too." Mr. Whitehed was not so sensible of the blessing of decrease, as to conclude that it would be acceptable news even to shadows: he thinks me plumped out. I would fain have enticed them down hither, and promised we would live just as if we were at the King's Arms in *via di Santo Spirito*:⁴

¹ John Chute and Francis Whitehed [of Southwick, near Farnham, Hampshire] had been several years in Italy, chiefly at Florence.—WALPOLE.

² Gray, in a letter to Mr. Chute, written at this time, thus describes Mr. Whitehed: "He is a fine young personage in a coat all over spangles, just come over from the tour in Europe to take possession, and be married [to Miss Niccol, see *post*, p. 245] . . . I desire my hearty congratulations to him, and say I wish him more spangles, and more estates, and more wives."—*Gray's Works by Mitford*, vol. iii., p. 20.—WRIGHT.

³ A fine singer.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Mr. Mann hired a large palace of the Manetti family at Florence, in *via di Santo Spirito*: foreign ministers in Italy affix large shields with the arms of their sovereign over their door.—WALPOLE.

but they were obliged to go *chez eux*, not *pour se décrasser*, but *pour se crasser*. I shall introduce them *a toute le mie conoscenze*, and shall try to make *questo paese as agreeable to them as possible*; except in one point, for I have sworn never to tell Mr. Chute a word of news, for then he will be writing it to you, and I shall have nothing to say. This is a lucky resolution for you, my dear child, for between two friends one generally hears nothing; the one concludes that the other has told all.

I have had two or three letters from you since I wrote. The young Pretender is generally believed to have got off the 16th of last month: if he were not, with the zeal of the Chutes, I believe they would go to Scotland to hunt him, and would be impatient to send a limb to Cardinal Acquaviva and Monsignor Piccolomini. I quite gain a winter with them, having had no expectation of them till spring. Adieu!

235. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

MY DEAR HARRY:

Windsor still, Oct. 3, 1746.

YOU ask me if I am really grown a philosopher. Really I believe not; for I shall refer you to my practice rather than to my doctrine, and have really acquired what they only pretend to seek, content. So far, indeed, I was a philosopher even when I lived in town, for then I was content too; and all the difference I can conceive between those two opposite doctors was, that Aristippus loved London, and Diogenes Windsor: and if your master the Duke, whom I sincerely prefer to Alexander, and who certainly can intercept more sunshine, would but stand out of my way, which he is extremely in, while he lives in the Park here,¹ I should love my little tub of forty pounds a year, more than my palace *dans la rue des ministres*, with all my pictures and bronzes, which you ridiculously imagine I have encumbered myself with in my solitude. Solitude it is, as to the tub itself, for no soul lives in it with me; though I could easily give you room at the butt-end of it, and with vast pleasure; but George Montagu, who perhaps is a philosopher too, though I am sure not of Pythagoras's silent sect, lives but two barrels

¹ The Duke of Cumberland is here at his Lodge with three women, and three side-de-camps; and the country swarms with people. He goes to races, and they make a ring about him, as at a bear-baiting.—*Gray to Wharton, Sept. 11: Works, vol. iii. p. 10.*—WRIGHT.

off; and Ashton, a Christian philosopher of our acquaintance, lives at the foot of that hill which you mention with a melancholy satisfaction that always attends the reflection. A-propos, here is an Ode on the very subject, which I desire you will please to like excessively: ¹

* * * * *

You will immediately conclude, out of good breeding, that it is mine, and that it is charming. I shall be much obliged to you for the first thought, but desire you will retain only the second; for it is Mr. Gray's, and not your humble servant's.

236. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 14, 1746.

You will have been alarmed with the news of another battle² lost in Flanders, where we have no Kings of Sardinia. We make light of it; do not allow it to be a battle, but call it "the action near Liege." Then we have whittled down our loss extremely, and will not allow a man more than three hundred and fifty English slain out of the four thousand. The whole of it, as it appears to me, is, that we gave up eight battalions to avoid fighting; as at Newmarket people pay their forfeit when they foresee they should lose the race; though, if the whole army had fought, and we had lost the day, one might have hoped to have come off for eight battalions. Then they tell you that the French had four-and-twenty-pounders, and that they must beat us by the superiority of their cannon; so that to me it is grown a paradox, to war with a nation who have a mathematical certainty of beating you; or else it is still a stranger paradox, why you cannot have as large cannon as the French. This loss was balanced by a pompous account of the triumphs of our invasion of Bretagne; which, in plain terms, I think, is reduced to burning two or three villages and reimbarking: at least, two or three of the transports are returned with this history, and know not what is become of Lestock and the rest of the invasion. The young Pretender is landed in France, with thirty Scotch, but in such a wretched condition that his highland Highness had no breeches.

¹ Here follows in the original Mr. Gray's Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.—WALPOLE.

² The battle of Rocoux; lost by the allies on the 11th of October.—WRIGHT.

I have received yours of the 27th of last month, with the capitulation of Genoa, and the kind conduct of the Austrians to us their allies, so extremely like their behaviour whenever they are fortunate. Pray, by the way, has there been any talk of my cousin,¹ the Commodore, being blameable in letting slip some Spanish ships?—don't mention it as from me, but there are whispers of court-martial on him. They are all the fashion now; if you miss a post to me, I will have you tried by a court-martial. Cope is come off most gloriously, his courage ascertained, and even his conduct, which everybody had given up, justified. Folkes and Lascelles, two of his generals, are come off too; but not so happily in the opinion of the world. Oglethorpe's sentence is not yet public, but it is believed not to be favourable. He was always a bully, and is now tried for cowardice. Some little dash of the same sort is likely to mingle with the judgment on *il furibondo* Matthews; though his party rises again a little, and Lestock's acquittal begins to pass for a party affair. In short, we are a wretched people, and have seen our best days!

I must have lost a letter, if you really told me of the sale of the Duke of Modena's pictures,² as you think you did; for when Mr. Chute told it me, it struck me as quite new. They are out of town, good souls; and I shall not see them this fortnight; for I am here only for two or three days, to inquire after the battle, in which not one of my friends were. Adieu!

237. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Windsor, Oct. 24, 1746.

WELL, Harry, Scotland is the last place on earth I should have thought of for turning anybody poet: but I begin to forgive it half its treasons in favour of your verses, for I suppose you don't think I am the dupe of the highland story that you tell me: the only use I shall make of it is to commend the lines to you, as if they really were a Scotchman's. There is a melancholy harmony in them that is charming, and a delicacy in the thoughts that no Scotchman is

¹ George Townshend, eldest son of Charles, Lord Viscount Townshend, by Dorothy, his second wife, sister of Sir Robert Walpole.—WALPOLE. He was subsequently tried by a court-martial for his conduct upon this occasion, and honourably acquitted.—DOVER.

² To the King of Poland.—WALPOLE.

capable of, though a *Scotchwoman*¹ might inspire it. I beg, both for Cynthia's sake and my own, that you would continue your *De Tristibus* till I have an opportunity of seeing your muse, and she of rewarding her: *Reprends ta musette, berger amoureux!* If Cynthia has ever travelled ten miles in fairy-land, she must be wondrous content with the person and qualifications of her knight, who in future story will be read of thus: Elmedorus was tall and perfectly well made, his face oval, and features regularly handsome, but not effeminate; his complexion sentimentally brown, with not much colour; his teeth fine, and forehead agreeably low, round which his black hair curled naturally and beautifully. His eyes were black too, but had nothing of fierce or insolent; on the contrary, a certain melancholy swimmingness, that described hopeless love rather than a natural amorous languish. His exploits in war, where he always fought by the side of the renowned Paladine William of England, have endeared his memory to all admirers of true chivalry, as the mournful elegies which he poured out among the desert rocks of Caledonia² in honour of the peerless lady and his heart's idol, the incomparable Cynthia, will for ever preserve his name in the flowery annals of poesy.

What a pity it is I was not born in the golden age of Louis the Fourteenth, when it was not only the fashion to write folios, but to read them too! or rather, it is a pity the same fashion don't subsist now, when one need not be at the trouble of invention, nor of turning the whole Roman history into romance for want of proper heroes. Your campaign in Scotland, rolled out and well be-epitheted, would make a pompous work, and make one's fortune; at sixpence a number, one should have all the damsels within the liberties for subscribers: whereas now, if one has a mind to be read, one must write metaphysical poems in blank verse, which, though I own to be still easier, have not half the imagination of romances, and are dull without any agreeable absurdity. Only think of the gravity of this wise age, that have exploded "*Cleopatra and Pharamond*," and approve "*The Pleasures of the Imagination*," "*The Art of Preserving Health*," and "*Leonidas!*" I beg the age's pardon: it has done approving these poems, and has forgot them.

¹ Caroline Campbell, daughter of (every reader's) Mary Bellenden, and the third wife of Charles, third Earl of Aylesbury. Lord Aylesbury died 10th February, 1746-7, and on the 19th December, 1747, the charming Scotchwoman of this letter was married to Mr. Conway.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Mr. Conway was now in Scotland.—WALPOLE.

Adieu! dear Harry. Thank you seriously for the poem. I am going to town for the birth-day, and shall return hither till the Parliament meets; I suppose there is no doubt of our meeting then. Yours ever.

P.S. Now you are at Stirling, if you should meet with Drummond's History of the five King Jameses, pray look it over. I have lately read it, and like it much. It is wrote in imitation of Livy; the style masculine, and the whole very sensible; only he ascribes the misfortunes of one reign to the then king's loving architecture and

"In trim gardens taking pleasure."

238. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE:

Arlington Street, Nov. 3, 1746.

Do not imagine I have already broke through all my wholesome resolutions and country schemes, and that I am given up, body and soul, to London for the winter. I shall be with you by the end of the week; but just now I am under the maiden palpitation of an author. My Epilogue¹ will, I believe, be spoken to-morrow night; and I flatter myself I shall have no faults to answer for but what are in it, for I have kept secret whose it is. It is now gone to be licensed; but as the Lord Chamberlain [the Duke of Grafton] is mentioned, though rather to his honour, it is possible it may be refused.

Don't expect news, for I know no more than a newspaper. Ashton would have written it if there were any thing to tell you. Is it news that my Lord Rochford is an oaf? He has got a set of plate buttons for the birth-day clothes, with the Duke's head in every one. Sure my good lady carries her art too far to make him so great a dupe. How do all the comets? Has Miss Harriet found out any more ways at *solitaire*? Has Cloe left off evening prayer on account of the damp evenings? How is Miss Rice's cold and coachman? Is Miss Granville better? Has Mrs. Masham made a brave hand of this bad season, and lived upon carcasses like any vampire? Adieu! I am just going to see Mrs. Muscovy,² and

¹ Epilogue to Tamerlane, on the suppression of the Rebellion, spoken by Mrs. Pritchard, in the character of the Comic Muse, November 4, 1746. "Tamerlane is always acted on the 4th and 5th of November, the anniversaries of King William's birth and landing."—*Walpole's Note to Epilogue*.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Mrs. Boscawen [daughter of John Morley Trevor, of Glynd, in Sussex], wife of the Hon. George Boscawen, fifth son of Viscount Falmouth.—WRIGHT.

will be sure not to laugh if my old lady should talk of Mr. Draper's white skin, and tickle his bosom like Queen Bess.

239. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 4, 1746.

MR. CHUTE and I agreed not to tell you of any new changes till we could tell you more of them, that you might not be "put into a taking," as you was last winter with the revolution of three days; but I think the present has ended with a single fit. Lord Harrington,¹ quite on a sudden, resigned the seals; it is said, on some treatment not over gracious; but he is no such novice to be shocked with that, though I believe it has been rough ever since his resigning last year, which he did more boisterously than he is accustomed to behave to Majesty. Others talk of some quarrel with his brother secretary, who, in complaisance, is all for drums and trumpets. Lord Chesterfield was immediately named his successor; but the Duke of Newcastle has taken the Northern Province,² as of more business, and consequently better suited to *his experience and abilities!* I flatter myself that this can no way affect you. Ireland is to be offered to Lord Harrington, or the Presidentship; and the Duke of Dorset, now President, is to have the other's refusal. The King has endured a great deal with your old complaint; and I felt for him, recollecting all you underwent.

You will have seen in the papers all the histories of our glorious expeditions³ and invasions of France, which have put Cressy and Agincourt out of all countenance. On the first view, indeed, one should think that our fleet had been to victual; for our chief prizes were cows and geese and turkeys. But I rather think that the whole was fitted out by the Royal Society, for they came back quite

¹ William Stanhope, first Earl of Harrington, and Secretary of State, died 1756.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The King was disposed that I should take the Northern Province, which I have declined; as really, upon many accounts, thinking it would be best for His Majesty's service, and the ease and satisfaction of the administration, that Lord Chesterfield should have Lord Harrington's department.—*Duke of Newcastle to Duke of Bedford*, Oct. 30, 1746.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The expedition to Quiberon; the troops under General St. Clair, the fleet under Admiral Lestock. The object was to surprise Fort l'Orient, and destroy the stores and ships of the French East India Company, but the result attained was only the plunder and burning of a few helpless villages. The fleet and troops returned, however, with little loss. "The truth is," says Tindal, "Lestock was too old and infirm for enterprise, and, as is alleged, was under the shameful direction of a woman he carried along with him; and neither the soldiers nor the sailors seem to have been under any kind of discipline."—WRIGHT.

satisfied with having *discovered* a fine bay! Would one believe, that in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-six, we should boast of *discovering* something on the coast of France, as if we had found out the North-east passage, or penetrated into some remote part of America? The Guards are come back too, who never went: in one single day they received four several different orders!

Matthews is broke at last. Nobody disputes the justice of the sentence; but the legality of it is not quite so authenticated. Besides some great errors in the forms, whenever the Admiralty perceived any of the court-martial inclined to favour him, they were constantly changed. Then, the expense has been enormous; two hundred thousand pounds! chiefly by employing young captains, instead of old half-pay officers; and by these means, double commissions. Then there has been a great fracas between the court-martial and Willes.¹ He, as Chief Justice, sent a summons, in the ordinary form of law, to Mayerne, to appear as an evidence in a trial where a captain has prosecuted Sir Chaloner Ogle for horrid tyranny: the ingenious court-martial sat down and drew up articles of impeachment, like any House of Commons, against the Chief Justice, for stopping their proceedings! and the Admiralty, still more ingenious, had a mind to complain of him to the House! He was charmed to catch them at such absurdities—but I believe at last it is all compromised.

I have not heard from you for some time, but I don't pretend to complain: you have real occupation; my idleness is for its own sake. The Abbé Niccolini and Pandolfini are arrived; but I have not yet seen them. Rinuncini cannot bear England—and if the Chutes speak their mind, I believe they are not captivated yet with anything they have found: I am more and more with them: Mr. Whitehed is infinitely improved; and Mr. Chute has absolutely more wit, knowledge, and good-nature, than, to their great surprise, ever met together in one man.² He has a bigotry to you, that even astonishes me, who used to think that I was pretty well in for loving you; but he is very often ready to quarrel with me for not thinking you all pure gold. Adieu!

¹ John Willes, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.—WALPOLE.

² Gray, in a letter to Mr. Chute of the 12th of October, says, "Mr. Walpole is full, I assure you, of your panegyric. Never any man had half so much wit as Mr. Chute, (which is saying everything with him, you know,) and Mr. Whitehed is the finest young man that was ever imported."—*Gray's Works by Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 22.—WRIGHT.

240. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Windsor, Nov. 12, 1746.

I AM come hither, *per saldare*; but though the country is excellently convenient, from the idleness of it, for beginning a letter, yet it is not at all *commode* for finishing one: the same ingredients that fill a basket by the carrier, will not fill half a sheet of paper; I could send you a cheese, or a hare; but I have not a morsel of news. Mr. Chute threatened me to tell you the distress I was in last week, when I *starved* Niccolini and Pandolfini on a *fast-day*, when I had thought to banquet them sumptuously. I had luckily given a guinea for two pine-apples, which I knew they had never seen in Italy, and upon which they revenged themselves for all the meat that they dared not touch. Rinuncini could not come. How you mistook me, my dear child! I meant simply, that you had not mentioned his coming; very far from reproving you for giving him a letter. Don't I give letters for you every day to cubs, ten times *cubber* than Rinuncini? and don't you treat them as if all their names were Walpole? If you was to send me all the uncouth productions of Italy, do you think any of them would be so brutal as Sir William Maynard? I am exactly like you; I have no greater pleasure than to make them value your recommendation, by showing how much I value it. Besides, I love the Florentines for their own sakes, and to indemnify them, poor creatures! a little for the Richcourts, the Lorraines, and the Austrians. I have received, *per mezzo di Pucci*,¹ a letter from Marquis Riccardi, with orders to consign to the bearer all his treasure in my hands, which I shall do immediately with great satisfaction. There are four rings that I should be glad he would sell me; but they are such trifles, and he will set such a value on them the moment he knows I like them, that it is scarce worth while to make the proposal, because I would give but a little for them. However, you may hint what plague I have had with his *roba*, and that it will be a *gentillezza* to sell me these four dabs. One is a man's head, small, on cornelian, and *intaglio*; a fly, ditto; an Isis, cameo; and an inscription in Christian Latin: the last is literally not worth two sequins.

As to Mr. Townshend, I now know all the particulars, and that

¹ Minister from the Great Duke.—WALPOLE.

Lord Sandwich¹ was at the bottom of it. What an excellent heart his lordship will have by the time he is threescore, if he sets out thus! the persecution² is on account of the poor boy's relation to my father; of whom the world may judge pretty clearly already, from the abilities and disinterestedness of such of his enemies as have succeeded; and from their virtue in taking any opportunity to persecute any of his relations; in which even the public interest of their country can weigh nothing, when clashing with their malice. The King of Sardinia has written the strongest letter imaginable to complain of the grievous prejudice the Admiralty has done his affairs by this step.

Don't scold me for not sending you those Lines to Eckardt; I never wrote anything that I esteemed less, or that was seen so incorrect; nor can I at all account for their having been so much liked, especially as the thoughts were so old and so common. I was hurt at their getting into print. I enclose you an Epilogue that I have written since, merely for a specimen of something more correct. You know, or have known, that [Rowe's] Tamerlane is always acted on King William's birthday, with an occasional prologue; this was the epilogue to it, and succeeded to flatter me. Adieu!

241. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 5, 1746.

WE are in such a news-less situation, that I have been some time too without writing to you; but I now answer one I received from you yesterday. You will excuse me, if I am not quite so transported as Mr. Chute is, at the extremity of Acquaviva.³ I can't afford to hate people so much at such a distance: my aversions find employment within their own atmosphere.

Rinuncini returns to you this week, not at all contented with England: Niccolini is extremely, and turns his little talent to great account; there is nobody of his own standard but thinks him a great genius. The Chutes and I deal extremely together; but they abuse me, and tell me I am grown so *English!* lack-a-day! so I am; as folks that have been in the Inquisition, and did not choose to broil, come out excellent Catholics.

¹ John Montagu, Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty.—WALPOLE.

² See letter of the 14th October.—WALPOLE.

³ Cardinal Acquaviva, Protector of Spain, and a great promoter of the interests of the Pretender.—WALPOLE.

I have been unfortunate in my own family; my nephew, Captain Cholmondeley,¹ has married a player's sister; and I fear Lord Malpas² is on the brink of matrimony with another girl of no fortune. Here is a ruined family! their father totally undone, and all he has seized for debt!

The Duke is gone to Holland to settle the operations of the campaign, but returns before the opening of it. A great reformation has been made this week in the army; the horse are broke, and to be turned into dragoons, by which sixty thousand pounds a-year will be saved. Whatever we do in Flanders, I think you need not fear any commotions here, where Jacobitism seems to have gasped its last. Mr. Radcliffe, the last Derwentwater's brother, is actually named to the gallows for Monday; but the imprudence of Lord Morton,³ who has drawn himself into the Bastile, makes it doubtful whether the execution will be so quick. The famous Orator Henley is taken up for treasonable flippancies.⁴

You know Lord Sandwich is minister at the Hague. Sir Charles Williams, who has resigned the Paymastership of the Marines, is talked of for going to Berlin, but it is not yet done. The Parliament has been most serene, but there is a storm in the air: the Prince [of Wales] waits for an opportunity of erecting his standard, and a disputed election between him and the Grenvilles is likely very soon to furnish the occasion. We are to have another contest about Lord Bath's borough,⁵ which Mr. Chute's brother formerly lost, and which his colleague, Luke Robinson, has carried by a majority of three, though his competitor is returned. Lord Bath wrote to a man for a list of all that would be against him: the man placed his own and his brother's names at the head of the list.

We have operas, but no company at them; the Prince and Lord Middlesex *Impresarii*. Plays only are in fashion: at one house the best company that perhaps ever were together, Quin, Garrick, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Cibber: at the other, Barry,⁶ a favourite young actor, and the Violette, whose dancing our friends don't like; I scold

¹ Robert [died 1804], second son of George, Earl of Cholmondeley, married Mary, sister of Mrs. Margaret Woffington, the actress. He afterwards quitted the army and took orders.—WALPOLE.

² George, eldest son of Lord Cholmondeley, married, in January 1747, Miss Edwards.—WALPOLE. She was the daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Edwards, Bart., of Grete, in Shropshire.—DOVER.

³ James Douglas, ninth Earl of Morton.—DOVER.

⁴ He was, a few days after, admitted to bail.—WRIGHT.

⁵ Heydon.—WALPOLE.

⁶ Spranger Barry; died 1777. He was famous in Romeo.—CUNNINGHAM.

them, but all the answer is, "Lord! you are so *English!*" If I do clap sometimes when they don't, I can fairly say with *Œdipus*,

"My hands are guilty, but my heart is free."¹

Adieu!

242. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Christmas-day, 1746.

WE are in great expectation of farther news from Genoa, which the last accounts left in the greatest confusion, and I think absolutely in the hands of the Genoese;² a circumstance that may chance to unravel all the fine schemes in Provence! Marshal Bathiani, at the Hague, treated this revolt as a trifle; but all the letters by last post make it a re-conquest. The Dutch do all the Duke asks: we talk of an army of 140,000 men in Flanders next campaign. I don't know how the Prince of Orange relishes his brother-in-law's dignities and success.

Old Lovat has been brought to the bar of the House of Lords: he is far from having those abilities for which he has been so cried up. He saw Mr. Pelham at a distance and called to him, and asked him if it were worth while to make all this fuss to take off a grey head fourscore years old? In his defence he complained of his estate being seized and kept from him. Lord Granville took up this complaint very strongly, and insisted on having it inquired into. Lord Bath went farther, and, as some people think, intended the Duke; but I believe he only aimed at the Duke of Newcastle, who was so alarmed with this motion, that he kept the House above a quarter of an hour in suspense, till he could send for Stone,³ and consult what he should do. They made a rule to order the old creature the profits of his estate till his conviction. He is to put in his answer the 13th of January.

Lord Lincoln is Cofferer at last, in the room of Waller,⁴ who is

¹ See *ante* p. 32.—CUNNINGHAM.

² This circumstance is thus alluded to in a letter of Sir Horace Mann's, dated Dec. 20th, 1746. "The affairs of Genoa are in such a horrid situation, that one is frightened out of one's senses. The accounts of them are so confused, that one does not know what to make of them; but it is certain that the mob is quite master of the town and of everything in it. They have sacked several houses, particularly that of the Doge, and five or six others, belonging to those who were the principal authors of the alliance which the Republic made with France and Spain."—DOVER.

³ Andrew Stone, secretary to the Duke of Newcastle, and afterwards sub-governor to George, Prince of Wales. [Vol. i. p. 223.]—WALPOLE.

⁴ Edmund Waller, of Beaconsfield.—WALPOLE.

dismissed. Sir Charles Williams has kissed hands, and sets out for Dresden in a month : he has hopes of Turin, but I think Villettes is firm. Don't mention this.

Did I ever talk to you of a Mr. Davis, a Norfolk gentleman, who has taken to painting? He has copied the Dominichin, the third picture he ever copied in his life : how well, you may judge ; for Mr. Chute, who, I believe you think, understands pictures if anybody does, happened to come in, just as Mr. Davis brought his copy hither. "Here," said I, "Mr. Chute, here is your Dominichin come to town to be copied." He literally did not know it ; which made me very happy for Mr. Davis, who has given me this charming picture. Do but figure to yourself a man of fifty years old, who was scarce ever out of the county of Norfolk, but when his hounds led him ; who never saw a tolerable picture till those at Houghton four years ago ; who plays and composes as well as he paints, and who has no more of the Norfolk dialect than a Florentine ! He is the most decent, sensible man you ever saw.

Rinuncini is gone : Niccolini sups continually with the Prince of Wales, and *learns the Constitution* ! Pandolfini is put to-bed, like children, to be out of the way. Adieu !

P. S. My Lady O[rford], who has entirely settled her affairs with my brother, talks of going abroad again, not being able to live here on fifteen hundred pounds a-year—many an old lady, and uglier too, lives very *comfortably* upon less. After I had writ this, your brother brought me another letter with a confirmation of all we had heard about Genoa. You may be easy about the change of provinces,¹ which has not been made as was designed. *Ecco Monsù Chute.*

FROM MR. CHUTE.

MR. WALPOLE gives me a side, and I catch hold of it to tell you that I parted this minute with your charming brother, who has been in council with me about your grand affair :² it is determined now to be presented to the King by way of memorial ; and to-morrow we meet again to draw it up : Mr. Stone has graciously signified that this is a very proper opportunity : one should think he must know.

Oh ! I must tell you : I was here last night, and saw my Lord

¹ Meaning a change in the secretaries of state. There were at this time two, one of whom was called the Secretary of State for the Northern Province, and the other the Secretary of State for the Southern Province.—DOVER.

² Of Mr. Mann's arrears.—WALPOLE.

Walpole¹ for the first time, but such a youth! I declare to you, I was quite astonished at his sense and cleverness; it is impossible to describe it; it was just what would have made you as happy to observe as it did me: he is not yet seventeen, and is to continue a year longer at Eton, upon his own desire. Alas! how few have I seen of my countrymen half so formed even at their return from their travels! I hope you will have him at Florence one day or other; he will pay you amply for the Pig-wiggins, and —

Mr. Walpole is quite right in all he tells you of the miracle worked by St. Davis, which certainly merits the credit of deceiving far better judges of painting than I; who am no judge of any thing but you, whom I pretend to understand better than any body living, and am, therefore, my dear sir, &c. &c. &c. J. C.

243. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1747.

THE Prince has formally declared a new Opposition, which is never to subside till he is King (*s'entend*, that he does not carry his point sooner). He began it pretty handsomely the other day with 143 to 184, which has frightened the Ministry like a bomb. This new party wants nothing but heads; though not having any, to be sure the struggle is the fairer. Lord Baltimore² takes the lead; he is the best and honestest man in the world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge: but not capable of conducting a party. However, the next day, the Prince, to reward him, and to punish Lord Archibald Hamilton, who voted with the Ministry, told Lord Baltimore that he would not give him the trouble of waiting any more as Lord of the Bedchamber, but would make him Cofferer. Lord B. thanked him, but desired that it might not be done in a way disagreeable to Lord Archibald, who was then Cofferer. The Prince sent for Lord Archibald, and told him he would either make him Comptroller, or give him a pension of twelve hundred pounds a-year: the latter of which the old soul accepted, and went away content;

¹ George, only son of Robert, second Earl of Orford, whom he succeeded in the title.—WALPOLE.

² Charles Calvert, [sixth] Lord Baltimore, had been a Lord of the Admiralty, on the change of the ministry in 1742. He died soon after the Prince, in 1751. [Vol. i. p. 80.]—WALPOLE.

but returned in an hour with a letter from his wife,¹ to say, that as his Royal Highness was angry with her husband, it was not proper for either of them to take their pensions. It is excellent! When she was dismissed herself, she accepted the twelve hundred pounds, and now will not let her husband, though he had accepted. It must mortify the Prince wondrously to have four-and-twenty hundred pounds a-year thrown back into an exchequer that never yet overflowed!

I am a little piqued at Marquis Riccardi's refusing me such a trifle as the four rings, after all the trouble I have had with his trumpery. However, I think I cannot help telling him, that Lord Carlisle and Lord Duncannon, who heard of his collection from Niccolini, have seen it, and are willing, at a reasonable price, to take it between them: if you let me know the lowest, and in money that I understand, not his equivocal pistoles, I will allow so much to Florence-civilities, as still to help him off with his goods, though he does not deserve it; as selling me four trifles could not have affected the general purchase. I pity your Princess Strozzi,² but cannot possibly hunt after her chattels: Riccardi has cured me of Italian merchandise, by forcing it upon me.

Your account of your former friend's neglect of you does not at all surprise me: there is an inveteracy, a darkness, a design and cunning in his character that stamp him for a very unamiable young man: it is uncommon for a heart to be so tainted so early. My cousin's³ affair is entirely owing to him;⁴ nor can I account for the pursuit of such unprovoked revenge.

I never heard of the advertisement that you mention to have received from Sir James Grey,⁵ nor believe it was ever in the House of Commons; I must have heard of it. I hear as little of Lady

¹ Jane, sister of the Earl of Abercorn, and wife of Lord Archibald Hamilton, great-uncle of Duke Hamilton: she had been mistress of the robes, &c. to the Princess of Wales, and the supposed mistress of the Prince. She died at Paris, in December 1752. [See vol. i. p. 116.]—WALPOLE.

² She had been robbed of some of the most valuable gems of the famous Strozzi collection.—WALPOLE.

³ The Hon. George Townshend. See what is said of him in a letter of Oct. 14, 1746, [p. 60] and note.—DOVER.

⁴ It appeared afterwards that the person here mentioned, after having behaved very bravely, gave so perplexed an account of his own conduct, that the Admiralty thought it necessary to have it examined; but the inquiry proved much to his honour.—WALPOLE.

⁵ "Sir James Gray has sent me the copy of an advertisement, the publisher of which, he says, had been examined before the House of Commons, *Lost or mislaid an ivory table-book*, containing various queries vastly strong." Letter of Sir H. Mann of Jan. 10th, 1747. It probably related to the trial of the rebel Lords.—DOVER.

O[rford], who never appears; nor do I know if she sees Niccolini: he lives much with Lady Pomfret (who has married her third daughter),¹ and a good deal with the Prince.

Adieu! I think I have answered your letter, and have nothing more to put into mine.

244. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1747.

WHY, you do nothing but get fevers! I believe you try to dry your *Wet-brown-paperiness*, till you scorch it. Or do you play off fevers against the Princess's *coliques*? Remember, hers are only for the support of her dignity, and that is what I never allowed you to have: you must² have twenty unlawful children, and then be twenty years in devotion, and have twenty unchristian appetites and passions all the while, before you may think of getting into a *cradle* with *épuisements*, and have a Monsieur Forzoni³ to burn the wings of boisterous gnats—pray be more robust—do you hear!

One would think you had been describing our Opera, not your own: we have just set out with one in what they call the French manner, but about as like it, as my Lady Pomfret's hash of plural persons and singular verbs or infinitive moods was to Italian. They sing to jigs, and dance to church music: Phaeton is run away with by horses that go a foot's-pace, like the Electress's⁴ coach, with such long traces, that the postilion was in one street and the coachman in another,—then comes Jupiter with a farthing-candle to light a squib and a half, and that they call fire-works. Reginello, the first man, is so old and so tall, that he seems to have been growing ever since the invention of operas. The first woman has had her mouth let out to show a fine set of teeth, but it lets out too much bad voice at the same time.⁵ Lord Middlesex, for his great prudence in having

¹ Lady Henrietta Fermor, second wife of Mr. Conyers.—WALPOLE.

² All the succeeding paragraph alludes to Princess Craon.—WALPOLE.

³ Her gentleman-usher.—WALPOLE.

⁴ The Electress Palatine Dowager, the last of the house of Medici; she lived at Florence.—WALPOLE.

⁵ The drama of Fetonte was written by Vaneschi. "The best apologies for the absurdities of an Italian opera, in a country where the language is little understood, are," says Dr. Burney, "good music and exquisite singing: unluckily, neither the composition nor performance of Phaeton had the siren power of enchanting men so much, as to stimulate attention at the expense of reason." *Hist. of Music*, vol. iv. p. 456.—WRIGHT.

provided such very tractable steeds to Prince Phaeton's car, is going to be Master of the Horse to the Prince of Wales; and for his excellent economy in never paying the performers, is likely to continue in the Treasury. The two courts growl again; and the old question of settling the 50,000*l.* a-year, talked of. The Tories don't list kindly under this new Opposition; though last week we had a warm day on a motion for inquiring into useless places and quarterings. Mr. Pitt was so well advised as to acquit my father pretty amply, in speaking of the Secret Committee. My uncle Horace thanked him in a speech, and my brother Ned has been to visit him—*Tant d'empressement*, I think, rather shows an eagerness to catch at any opportunity of paying court to him; for I do not see the so vast merit in owning now for his interest, what for his honour he should have owned five years ago. This motion was spirited up by Lord Bath, who is raving again, upon losing the borough of Heydon: from which last week we threw his brother-in-law Gumley, and instated Luke Robinson, the old sufferer for my father, and the colleague of Mr. Chute's brother; an incident that will not heighten your indifference, any more than it did mine.

Lord Kildare is married to the charming Lady Emily Lenox, who went the very next day to see her sister Lady Caroline Fox, to the great mortification of the haughty Duchess-mother [of Richmond]. They have not given her a shilling, but the King endows her, by making Lord Kildare a Viscount Sterling:¹ and they talk of giving him a pinchbeck-dukedom too, to keep him always first peer of Ireland.² Sir Everard Falkener is married to Miss Churchill,³ and my sister is brought to bed of a son.

Panciatici is arrived, extremely darkened in his person and enlivened in his manner. He was much in fashion at the Hague, but I don't know if he will succeed so well here: for in such great cities as this, you know people affect not to think themselves honoured by foreigners; and though we don't quite barbarise them as the French do, they are *toujours des Etrangers*. Mr. Chute thinks we have to the full all the politeness that can make a nation brutes to the rest of the world. He had an excellent adventure the other

¹ Meaning an *English* viscount. He was created Viscount Leinster, of Taplow, in Bucks, Feb. 21st, 1747.—DOVER.

² In 1761 his lordship was advanced to the Marquisate of Kildare, and in 1766 created Duke of Leinster. By Lady Emily Lenox the Duke had seventeen children.—WRIGHT. The famous Lord Edward Fitzgerald was their son.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Daughter of old General Churchill. After Sir Everard's death, she married, 1765, Governor Pownall, and died in 1771, aged 51.—CUNNINGHAM.

day with Lord Holderness, whom he met at a party at Lady Betty Germain's, but who could not possibly fatigue himself to recollect that they had ever met before in their lives. Towards the end of dinner Lady Betty mentioned remembering a grandmother of Mr. Chute who was a peeress: immediately the Earl grew as fond of him as if they had walked together at a coronation. He told me another good story last night of Lord Hervey,¹ who was going with them from the Opera, and was so familiar as to beg they would not call him *my Lord* and *your Lordship*. The freedom proceeded; when, on a sudden, he turned to Mr. Whitehed, and with a distressed friendly voice, said, "Now have you no peerage that can come to you by any woman?"

Adieu! my dear Sir; I have no news to tell you. Here is another letter of Niccolini that has lain in my standish this fortnight.

245. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 20, 1747.

I HAVE been living at old Lovat's trial, and was willing to have it over before I talked to you of it. It lasted seven days: the evidence was as strong as possible; and after all he had denounced, he made no defence. The Solicitor-General [Murray], who was one of the managers for the House of Commons, shone extremely; the Attorney-General [Ryder], who is a much greater lawyer, is cold and tedious. The old creature's behaviour has been foolish, and at last indecent. I see little of parts in him, nor attribute much to that cunning for which he is so famous: it might catch wild Highlanders; but the art of dissimulation and flattery is so refined and improved, that it is of little use now where it is not very delicate. His character seems a mixture of tyranny and pride in his villainy. I must make you a little acquainted with him. In his own domain he governed despotically, either burning or plundering the lands and houses of his open enemies, or taking off his secret ones by the assistance of his cook, who was his poisoner in chief. He had two servants who married without his consent; he said "You shall have enough of each other," and stowed them in a dungeon, that had been a well, for three weeks. When he came to

¹ George, eldest son of John, Lord Hervey, and afterwards Earl of Bristol, and minister at Turin and Madrid.—WALPOLE.

the Tower, he told them, that if he were not so old and infirm, they would find it difficult to keep him there. They told him they had kept much younger: "Yes," said he, "but they were inexperienced: they had not broke so many gaols as I have." At his own house he used to say, that for thirty years of his life he never saw a gallows but it made his neck ache. His last act was to shift his treason upon his eldest son, whom he forced into the rebellion. He told Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, "We will hang my eldest son, and then my second shall marry your niece." He has a sort of ready humour at repartee, not very well adapted to his situation. One day that Williamson complained that he could not sleep, he was so haunted with *rats*—he replied, "What do you say, that you are so haunted with *Ratcliffes*?" The first day, as he was brought to his trial, a woman looked into the coach, and said, "You ugly old dog, don't you think you will have that frightful head cut off?" He replied, "You ugly old —, I believe I shall." At his trial he affected great weakness and infirmities, but often broke out into passions; particularly at the first witness, who was his vassal: he asked him how he dared to come thither! the man replied, to satisfy his conscience. Murray, the Pretender's secretary, was the chief evidence, who, in the course of his information, mentioned Lord Traquair's having conversed with Lord Barrymore, Sir Watkyn Williams, and Sir John Cotton, on the Pretender's affairs, but that they were shy. He was proceeding to name others, but was stopped by Lord Talbot, and the Court acquiesced—I think very indecently. It is imagined the Duchess of Norfolk would have come next upon the stage. The two Knights were present, as was Macleod, against whom a bitter letter from Lovat was read, accusing him of breach of faith; and afterwards Lovat summoned him to answer some questions he had to ask; but did not. It is much expected that Lord Traquair, who is a great coward, will give ample information of the whole plot. When Sir Everard Falkener¹ had been examined against Lovat, the Lord High Steward asked the latter if he had anything to say to Sir Everard? he replied, "No; but that he was his humble servant, and wished him joy of his young wife." The two last days he behaved ridiculously, joking, and making everybody laugh even at the sentence. He said to Lord Ilchester, who sat near the bar, "Je meurs pour ma patrie, et ne m'en soucie gueres." When he withdrew, he said, "Adieu! my

¹ Sir Everard Falkener was secretary to the Duke, whom he had attended into Scotland during the Rebellion.—WALPOLE.

lords, we shall never meet again in the same place." He says he will be hanged; for that his neck is so short and bended, that he should be struck in the shoulders. I did not think it possible to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle, but tyranny and villainy wound up by buffoonery took off all edge of concern. The foreigners were much struck; Niccolini seemed a great deal shocked, but he comforts himself with the knowledge he thinks he has gained of the English constitution.

Don't thank Riccardi for me: I don't feel obliged for his immoderate demand, but expect very soon to return him his goods; for I have no notion that the two Lords, who are to see them next week, will rise near his price. We have nothing like news: all the world has been entirely taken up with the trial. Here is a letter from Mr. Whitehead to Lord Hobart. Mr. Chute would have written to-night, if I had not; but will next post. Adieu!

246. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 10, 1747.

I DEFERRED writing to you as long as they deferred the execution of old Lovat, because I had a mind to send you some account of his death, as I had of his trial. He was beheaded yesterday, and died extremely well, without passion, affectation, buffoonery, or timidity; his behaviour was natural and intrepid. He professed himself a Jansenist; made no speech, but sat down a little while in a chair on the scaffold, and talked to the people round him. He said, "He was glad to suffer for his country, *dulce est pro patriâ mori*; that he did not know how, but he had always loved it, *nescio quâ natale solum*, &c.; that he had never swerved from his principles; that this was the character of his family, who had been gentlemen for five hundred years." He lay down quietly, gave the sign soon, and was despatched at a blow. I believe it will strike some terror into the Highlands, when they hear there is any power great enough to bring so potent a tyrant to the block. A scaffold fell down and killed several persons; one, a man that had rid post from Salisbury the day before to see the ceremony; and a woman was taken up dead with a live child in her arms. The body¹ is sent into Scotland: the day was cold, and before it set out, the coachman

¹ It was countermanded, and buried in the Tower.—WALPOLE.

drove the hearse about the court, before my Lord Traquair's dungeon, which could be no agreeable sight: it might to Lord Cromartie, who is *above the chair*.¹ Mr. Chute was at the execution with the Italians, who were more entertained than shocked: Panciatici told me, "It was a *triste spectacle, mais qu'il ne lassoit d'être beau*." Niccolini has treasured it up among his insights into the English constitution. We have some chance of a Peer's trial that has nothing to do with the Rebellion. A servant of a college has been killed at Oxford, and a verdict of wilful murder by persons unknown, brought in by the coroner's inquest. These persons unknown are supposed to be Lord Abergavenny,² Lord Charles Scot,³ and two more, who had played tricks with the poor fellow that night, while he was drunk, and the next morning he was found with his skull fractured, at the foot of the first Lord's staircase. One pities the poor boys, who undoubtedly did not foresee the melancholy event of their sport.

I shall not be able till next letter to tell you about Riccardi's gems: Lord Duncannon has been in the country; but he and Lord Carlisle are to come to me next Sunday, and determine.

Mr. Chute gave you some account of the Independents:⁴ the committee have made a foolish affair of it, and cannot furnish a report. Had it extended to three years ago, Lord Sandwich and Grenville⁵ of the Admiralty would have made an admirable figure as dictators of some of the most Jacobite healths that ever were invented. Lord Doneraile, who is made Comptroller to the Prince, went to the committee (whither all members have a right to go, though not to vote, as it is select, not secret), and plagued Lyttelton to death, with pressing him to inquire into the healths of the year '43. The

¹ Lord Cromartie had been pardoned.—DOVER.

² George Neville, fifteenth Lord and first Earl of Abergavenny. Died 1785.—DOVER.

³ Lord Charles Scot, second son of Francis, Duke of Buccleuch, and great-grandson of the Duke of Monmouth. He died at Oxford, 1747, in his twenty-first year.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ An innkeeper in Piccadilly, who had been beaten by them, gave information against them for treasonable practices, and a committee of the House of Commons headed by Sir W. Yonge and Lord Coke, was appointed to inquire into the matter.—WALPOLE. The informant's name was Williams, keeper of the 'White Horse,' in Piccadilly. Being observed, at the anniversary dinner of the independent electors of Westminster, to make memorandums with a pencil, he was severely cuffed, and kicked out of the company. The alleged treasonable practices consisted in certain offensive toasts. On the King's health being drunk, every man held a glass of water in his left hand, and waded a glass of wine over it with the right.—WRIGHT.

⁵ George Grenville, afterwards prime minister.—DOVER.

Ministry are now trembling at home, with fear of losing the Scotch bills for humbling the Highland chiefs: they have whittled them down almost to nothing, in complaisance to the Duke of Argyll; and at last he deserts them. Abroad they are in panics for Holland, where the French have at once besieged two towns, that must fall into their hands, though we have plumed ourselves so much on the Duke's being at the head of a hundred and fifteen thousand men.

There has been an excellent civil war in the house of Finch: our friend, Lady Charlotte,¹ presented a daughter of John Finch, (him who was stabbed by Sally Salisbury,²) his offspring by Mrs. Younger,³ whom he since married. The King, Prince, and Princess received her: her aunt, Lady Bel,⁴ forbade Lady Charlotte to present her to Princess Emily, whither, however, she carried her in defiance. Lady Bel called it publishing a bastard at Court, and would not present her—think on the poor girl! Lady Charlotte, with spirit, presented her herself. Mr. W. Finch stepped up to his other sister, the Marchioness of Rockingham,⁵ and whispered her with his composed civility, that he knew it was a plot of her and Lady Bel to make Lady Charlotte miscarry.⁶ The sable dame⁷

¹ Lady Charlotte Fermor, second daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret, and second wife of William Finch, vice-chamberlain to the King; formerly ambassador in Holland, and brother of Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea. [See vol. i. p. 52.]—WALPOLE.

² Sally Salisbury, alias Pridden, a woman of the town, stabbed [1723] the Hon. John Finch in a bagnio, in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden; but he did not die of the wound.—DOVER. "The freshest news in town is the fatal accident happened three nights ago to a very pretty young fellow, brother to Lord Finch, who was drinking with a dearly beloved drab, whom you may have heard of by the name of Sally Salisbury. In a jealous pique she stabbed him to the heart with a knife. He fell down dead immediately; but a surgeon being called for, and the knife drawn out of his body, he opened his eyes, and his first words were to beg her to be friends with him, and kissed her. She has since stayed by his bed-side till last night, when he begged her to fly, for he thought he could not live; and she has taken his advice, and perhaps will honour you with her residence in Paris."—*Lady M. Wortley Montagu to the Countess of Mar.*—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Mrs. Younger—the sister of Mrs. Bicknel, celebrated in the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator,'—was a general actress, and sometimes appeared in tragedy, though I think not to advantage. Much about the time when she left the stage [1733-4] she was married to the Hon. Mr. Finch, who had, above twenty years before, been stabbed in a quarrel by the famous Sally Salisbury.—*T. Davies, Dramatic Miscellany*, vol. iii. p. 368.—CUNNINGHAM. Elizabeth Younger, her daughter, by the Hon. John Finch, married John Mason, Esq., of Greenwich.—DOVER.

⁴ Lady Isabella Finch [died 1771], lady of the bedchamber to the Princesses Emily and Caroline. [See vol. i. p. 188.]—WALPOLE.

⁵ Lady Mary Finch, fifth daughter of Daniel, sixth Earl of Winchelsea; married in 1716 to the Hon. Thomas Wentworth, afterwards created Marquis of Rockingham.—DOVER.

⁶ Lady Charlotte Finch was delivered of a daughter, 1st Sept. 1747.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁷ The black funereal Finches.—CUNNINGHAM.

(who, it was said, is the blackest of the family, because she swept the chimney) replied, "This is not a place to be indecent, and therefore I shall *only* tell you that you are a rascal and a villain, and that if ever you dare to put your head into my house, I will kick you down stairs myself." *Politesse Anglaise!* Lord Winchilsea (who, with his brother Edward, is embroiled with both sides) came in, and informed everybody of any circumstances that tended to make both parties in the wrong. I am impatient to hear how this operates between my Lady Pomfret and her friend, Lady Bel. Don't you remember how the Countess used to lug a half-length picture of the latter behind her post-chaise all over Italy, and have a new frame made for it in every town where she stopped? and have you forgot their correspondence, that poor Lady Charlotte was daily and hourly employed to transcribe into a great book, with the proper names in red ink? I have but just room to tell you that the King is perfectly well, and that the Pretender's son was sent from Spain as soon as he arrived there. Thank you for the news of Mr. Townshend. Adieu!

247. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

DEAR HARRY :

Arlington Street, April 16, 1747.

WE are all skyrockets and bonfires to-night for your last year's victory;¹ but if you have a mind to perpetuate yourselves in the calendar, you must take care to refresh your conquests. I was yesterday out of town, and the very signs as I passed through the villages made me make very quaint reflections on the mortality of fame and popularity. I observed how the Duke's head had succeeded almost universally to Admiral Vernon's, as his had left but few traces of the Duke of Ormond's. I pondered these things in my heart, and said unto myself, Surely all glory is but a sign!

You have heard that old Lovat's tragedy is over: it has been succeeded by a little farce, containing the humours of the Duke of Newcastle and his man Stone. The first event was a squabble between his Grace and the Sheriff about holding up the head on the scaffold—a custom that has been disused, and which the Sheriff would not comply with, as he received no order in writing. Since that, the Duke has burst ten yards of breeches strings² about the

¹ The battle of Culloden.—WALPOLE.² Alluding to a trick of the Duke of Newcastle's.—WALPOLE.

which was to be sent into Scotland; but it seems it is customary for vast numbers to rise to attend the most trivial burial. Duke, who is always at least as much frightened at doing right as doing wrong, was three days before he got courage enough to go to the burying in the Tower. I must tell you an excessive good story of George Selwyn: Some women were scolding him for going to see the execution, and asked him, how he could be such a barbarian to see the head cut off? "Nay," says he, "if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed up again." When he was at the undertaker's, as soon as they had bedded him together, and were going to put the body into the coffin, George, in my Lord Chancellor's [Hardwicke's] voice, said, "My Lord Lovat, your lordship may rise." My Lady Townshend picked up a little stable-boy in the Tower, which the warders had put upon her for a natural son of Lord Kilmarnock's, and she took him into her own house. You need not tell Mr. Townshend from me.

We have had a great and fine day in the House on the second reading of the bill for taking away the Heritable Jurisdictions in Scotland. Shelton made the finest oration imaginable; the Solicitor-General [Erskine], the new Advocate,² and Hume Campbell, particularly the last, spoke excessively well for it, and Oswald against it. The majority was 233 against 102. Pitt was not there; the Duchess of Devonshire had ordered him to have the gout.

I will give you a commission once more, to tell Lord Bury³ that I am quite dropped me: if I thought he would take me up again, I should write to him; a message would encourage me. Adieu!

248. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1747.

It is impossible for me to tell you more of the new Stadtholder⁴ than you must have heard from all quarters. Hitherto his existence has been of no service to his country. Hulst, which we had heard

² See vol. ii., p. 19 and p. 51.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ William Grant, Lord Advocate of Scotland.—WALPOLE.

⁴ George Keppel, eldest son of William, Earl of Albemarle, whom he succeeded in the dukedom in 1755. He was now, together with Mr. Conway, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland.—WALPOLE.

⁵ The Prince of Orange had just been raised to that dignity in a tumultuary manner.—WALPOLE.

was relieved, has surrendered. The Duke was in it privately, just before it was taken, with only two aide-de-camps, and has found means to withdraw our three regiments. We begin to own now that the French are superior: I never believed they were not, or that we had taken the field before them; for the moment we had taken it, we heard of Marshal Saxe having detached fifteen thousand men to form sieges. There is a print published in Holland of the Devil weighing the Count de Saxe and Count Lowendahl in a pair of scales, with this inscription:

Tous deux vaillants,	Tous deux galiards,	Tous deux sans foi.
Tous deux galants,	Tous deux paliards,	Tous deux sans loi.
Tous deux constants,	Tous deux bâtards, ¹	Tous deux à moi.

We are taken up with the Scotch bills for weakening clanships and taking away heritable jurisdictions. I have left them sitting on it to-day, but was pleased with a period of Nugent. "These jurisdictions are grievous, but nobody complains of them; therefore, what? therefore, they are excessively grievous." We had a good-natured bill moved to-day by Sir William Yonge, to allow council to prisoners on impeachments for treason, as they have on indictments. It hurt everybody at old Lovat's trial, all guilty as he was, to see an old wretch worried by the first lawyers in England, without any assistance but his own unpractised defence. It had not the least opposition; yet this was a point struggled for in King William's reign, as a privilege and dignity inherent in the Commons, that the accused by them should have no assistance of council. How reasonable that men, chosen by their fellow-subjects for the defence of their fellow-subjects, should have rights detrimental to the good of the people whom they are to protect! Thank God! we are a better-natured age, and have relinquished this savage privilege with a good grace!

Lord Cowper² has resigned the bedchamber, on the Beefeaters being given to Lord Falmouth. The latter, who is powerful in elections, insisted on having it: the other had nothing but a promise from the King, which the Ministry had already twice forced him to break.

¹ The Count de Saxe was a natural son of Augustus the Second, King of Poland, and Elector of Saxony, and of the Countess Königsmark. The Count de Lowendahl was not a "bâtard" himself; but his father, Woldemar, Baron of Lowendahl, was the son of the Count of Gildenlew, who was the natural son of Frederick the Third, King of Denmark.—DOVER.

² William, second Earl Cowper, son of the Chancellor. He died in 1764.—DOVER.

Mr. Fox gave a great ball last week at Holland House, which he has taken for a long term, and where he is making great improvements. It is a brave old house,¹ and belonged to the gallant Earl of Holland, the lover of Charles the First's Queen. His motto has puzzled everybody; it is *Ditior est qui se*. I was allowed to hit off an interpretation, which yet one can hardly reconcile to his gallantry, nor can I decently repeat it to you. While I am writing, the Prince is going over the way to Lord Middlesex's, where there is a ball in mask to-night for the royal children.

The two Lords have seen and refused Marquis Riccardi's gems: I shall deliver them to Pucci; but am so simple (you will laugh at me) as to keep the four I liked: that is, I will submit to give him fifty pounds for them, if he will let me choose one ring more; for I will at least have it to call them at ten guineas a-piece. If he consents, I will remit the money to you, or pay it to Pucci, as he likes. If not, I return them with the rest of the cargo. I can choose no ring for which I would give five guineas.

I have received yours of April 25th, since I came home. You will scold me for being so careless about the Pretender's son; but I am determined not to take up his idea again, till he is at least on this side Derby. Do excuse me; but when he could not get to London, with all the advantages which the ministry had smoothed for him, how can he ever meet more concurring circumstances?

If my lady's [Orford's] return has no better foundation than Niccolini's authority, I assure you you may believe as little of it as you please. If he knows no more of her than he does of everything else that he pretends to know, as I am persuaded he does not, knowledge cannot possibly be thinner spread. He has been a progress to add more matter to the mass, that he already don't understand. Adieu!

¹ "It will be a great pity when this ancient house must come down, and give way to rows and crescents. It is not that Holland House is fine as a building—on the contrary, it has a tumble-down look; and although decorated with the bastard-gothic of James I.'s time, the front is heavy. But it resembles many respectable matrons, who, having been absolutely ugly during youth, acquire by age an air of dignity. But one is chiefly affected by the air of deep seclusion which is spread around the domain."—*Sir Walter Scott's Diary*.—CUNNINGHAM.

249. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1747.

As you will receive the Gazette at the same time with this letter, I shall leave you to that for the particulars of the great naval victory that Anson has gained over the French off Cape Finisterre.¹ It is a very big event, and by far one of the most considerable that has happened during this war. By it he has defeated two expeditions at once: for the fleet that he has demolished was to have split, part for the recovery of Cape Breton, part for the East Indies. He has always been most remarkably fortunate: Captain Grenville, the youngest of the brothers, was as unlucky; he was killed by the cannon that was fired as a signal for their striking.² He is extremely commended: I am not partial to the family; but it is but justice to mention, that when he took a great prize some time ago, after a thousand actions of generosity to his officers and crew, he cleared sixteen thousand pounds, of which he gave his sister ten. The King is in great spirits. The French fought exceedingly well.

I have no other event to tell you, but the promotion of a new brother of yours. I condole with you, for they have literally sent one Dayrolles³ resident to Holland, under Lord Sandwich,

—Mimum partes tractare secundas.

This curious minister has always been a led-captain to the Dukes of Grafton and Richmond; used to be sent to auctions for them, and to walk in the Park with their daughters, and once went dry-nurse to Holland with them. He has belonged, too, a good deal to my Lord Chesterfield, to whom, I believe, he owes this new honour; as he had before made him black-rod in Ireland, and gave the ingenious reason, that he had a black face. I believe he has made him a minister, as one year, at Tunbridge, he had a mind to make a wit of Jacky Barnard, and had the impertinent vanity to imagine that his authority was sufficient.

¹ Upon this occasion Admiral Anson took six French men-of-war and four of their East Indiamen, and sunk or destroyed the rest of their fleet.—DOVER.

² Thomas Grenville, youngest brother of Richard, Earl Temple. As soon as he was struck by the cannon-ball, he exclaimed, gallantly, "Well! it is better to die thus, than to be tried by a court-martial!"—WALPOLE. His uncle, Lord Cobham, erected a column to his memory in the gardens at Stowe.—WRIGHT.

³ See vol. ii., p. 36.—CUNNINGHAM.

Your brother has gone over the way with Mr. Whithed, to choose some of Lord Cholmondeley's pictures for his debt; they are all given up to the creditors, who yet scarce receive forty per cent. of their money.

It is wrong to send so short a letter as this so far, I know; but what can one do? After the first fine shower, I will send you a much longer. Adieu!

250. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 5, 1747.

Don't be more frightened at hearing the Parliament is to be dissolved in a fortnight, than you are obliged to be as a good minister. Since this Parliament has not brought over the Pretender, I trust the death of it will not. You will want to know the reason of this sudden step: several are given, as the impossibility of making either peace or war, till they are secure of a new majority: but I believe the true motive is to disappoint the Prince, who was not ready with his elections. In general, people seem to like the measure, except the Speaker, who is very pompous about it, and speaks constitutional paragraphs. There are rumours of changes to attend its exit. People imagine Lord Chesterfield¹ is to quit, but I know no other grounds for this belief, than that they conclude the Duke of Newcastle must be jealous of him by this time. Lord Sandwich is looked upon as his successor, whenever it shall happen. He is now here, to look after his Huntingdonshire boroughs. We talk nothing but elections—however, it is better than talking them for a year together. Mine for Callington (for I would not come in for Lynn, which I have left to Prince Pigwiggin²) is so easy, that I shall have no trouble, not even the dignity of being carried in triumph, like the lost sheep, on a porter's shoulders: but may retire to a little new farm [Strawberry Hill] that I have taken just out of Twickenham. The house is so small, that I can send it you in a letter to look at: the prospect is as delightful as possible, commanding the river, the town, and Richmond Park; and being situated on a hill descends to the Thames through two or three little meadows, where I have some Turkish sheep and two cows, all studied in their colours for becoming

¹ He was now secretary of state, which office he did not resign till Feb. 1748.—
DOVER.

² Eldest son of Horatio, brother of Sir Robert Walpole.—WALPOLE.

the view. This little rural *bijou* was Mrs. Chenevix's, the toy-woman *à la mode*, who in every dry season is to furnish me with the best rain water from Paris, and now and then with some Dresden-china cows, who are to figure like wooden classics in a library: so I shall grow as much a shepherd as any swain in the Astræa.

Admiral Anson¹ is made a baron, and Admiral Warren² Knight of the Bath—so is Niccolini to be—when the King dies.³ His Majesty and his son were last night at the masquerade at Ranelagh, where there was so little company, that I was afraid they would be forced to walk about together.

I have been desired to write to you for two scagliola tables; will you get them? I will thank you, and pay you too.

You will hardly believe that I intend to send you this for a letter, but I do. Mr. Chute said he would write to you to-day, so mine goes as page to his. Adieu!

251. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Twickenham, June 8, 1747.

You perceive by my date that I am got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little play-thing-house that I got out of Mrs. Chenevix's shop, and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges:

A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little finches wave their wings in gold.⁴

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises: barges as solemn as Barons of the Exchequer move under my window; Richmond Hill and Ham walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers as plenty as

¹ George Anson, created [1747] Lord Anson of Soberton. He is well known for his voyages round the world, as well as for his naval successes. He was long first lord of the Admiralty; but did not distinguish himself as a statesman. He died suddenly while walking in his garden at Moor Park in Hertfordshire, June 6th, 1762.—DOVER.

² Sir Peter Warren [died 1752] was the second in command in the victory off Cape Finisterre.—DOVER.

³ The Abbé Niccolini was in much favour with the Prince of Wales.—DOVER.

⁴ A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.—

Pope, to Mr. Addison, occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals.—CUNNINGHAM.

flounders inhabit all around, and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight. I have about land enough to keep such a farm as Noah's, when he set up in the ark with a pair of each kind; but my cottage is rather cleaner than I believe his was after they had been cooped up together forty days. The Chenevixes had tricked it out for themselves: up two pair of stairs is what they call Mr. Chenevix's library, furnished with three maps, one shelf, a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, and a lame telescope without any glasses. Lord John Sackville *predeceased* me here, and instituted certain games called *cricketalia*, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow.

You will think I have removed my philosophy from Windsor with my tea-things hither; for I am writing to you in all this tranquillity, while a Parliament is bursting about my ears. You know it is going to be dissolved: I am told, you are taken care of, though I don't know where, nor whether anybody that chooses you will quarrel with me because he does choose you, as that little bug the Marquis of Rockingham did; one of the calamities of my life which I have bore as abominably well as I do most about which I don't care. They say the Prince has taken up two hundred thousand pounds, to carry elections which he won't carry:—he had much better have saved it to buy the Parliament after it is chosen. A new set of peers are in embryo, to add more dignity to the silence of the House of Lords.

I make no remarks on your campaign,¹ because, as you say, you do nothing at all; which, though very proper nutriment for a thinking head, does not do quite so well to write upon. If any one of you can but contrive to be shot upon your post, it is all we desire, shall look upon it as a great curiosity, and will take care to set up a monument to the person so slain; as we are doing by vote to Captain Cornewall, who was killed at the beginning of the action in the Mediterranean four years ago.² In the present dearth of glory, he is canonized; though, poor man! he had been tried twice the year before for cowardice.³

I could tell you much election news, none else; though not being

¹ Mr. Conway was in Flanders with the Duke of Cumberland.—WALPOLE.

² The House of Commons, on the 28th of May, had agreed to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Captain Cornewall, of the Marlborough, who was slain while bravely defending his ship. The monument, designed and executed by Taylor, was completed in 1755.—WRIGHT. Cornewall's was the first monument voted by Parliament in commemoration of naval heroism.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ And honourably acquitted on both occasions.—WRIGHT.

thoroughly attentive to so important a subject, as to be sure one ought to be, I might now and then mistake, and give you a candidate for Durham in place of one for Southampton, or name the returning officer instead of the candidate. In general, I believe, it is much as usual—those sold in detail that afterwards will be sold in the representation—the ministers bribing Jacobites to choose friends of their own—the name of well-wishers to the present establishment, and patriots outbidding ministers that they may make the better market of their own patriotism:—in short, all England, under some name or other, is just now to be bought and sold; though, whenever we become posterity and forefathers, we shall be in high repute for wisdom and virtue. My great great-grandchildren will figure me with a white beard down to my girdle; and Mr. Pitt's will believe him unspotted enough to have walked over nine hundred hot ploughshares, without hurting the sole of his foot. How merry my ghost will be, and shake its ears to hear itself quoted as a person of consummate prudence! Adieu, dear Harry! Yours ever.

252. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 26, 1747.

You can have no idea of the emptiness of London, and of the tumult everywhere else. To-day many elections begin. The sums of money disbursed within this month would give anybody a very faint idea of the poverty of this undone country! I think the expense and contest is greater now we are said to be all of a mind, than when parties ran highest. Indeed, I ascribe part of the solitude in town to privilege being at an end; though many of us can afford to bribe so high, it is not so easy to pay debts. Here am I, as Lord Cornbury¹ says, sitting for a borough, while everybody else stands for one. He diverted me extremely the other day with the application of a story to the King's speech. It says, the reason for dissolving the Parliament is its being so near dissolution:² Lord Cornbury said it put him in mind of a gaoler in Oxfordshire who was remarkably humane to his prisoners; one day he said to one of them, "My good friend, you know you are to be hanged on Friday

¹ Henry Hyde, only son of the last Earl of Clarendon. He died before his father. [See vol. i., p. 412.]—WALPOLE.

² The King's words are, "As this Parliament would necessarily determine in a short time, I have judged it expedient speedily to call a new one."—WRIGHT.

se'nnight ; I want extremely to go to London ; would you be so kind as to be hanged next Friday ?”

Pigwiggin [his cousin, Mr. Walpole] is come over, more Pigwiggin than ever ! He entertained me with the horrid ugly figures that he saw at the Prince of Orange's court ; think of his saying *ugly figures !* He is to be chosen for Lynn, whither I would not go, because I must have gone ; I go to Callington again, whither I don't go. My brother [Orford] chooses Lord Luxborough,¹ for Castle-rising. Would you know the connection ? This Lord keeps Mrs. Horton the player :² *we* keep Miss Norsa the player :³ Rich the harlequin is an intimate of all ; and to cement the harlequinity, somebody's brother (excuse me if I am not perfect in such genealogy) is to marry the Jewess's sister. This *coup de théâtre* procured Knight his Irish coronet, and has now stuffed him into Castlerising, about which my brother had quarrelled with me, for not looking upon it as what he called a family-borough.⁴ Excuse this ridiculous detail ; it serves to introduce the account of the new peers, for Sir Jacob Bouverie, a considerable Jacobite, who is made Viscount Folkestone, bought his ermine at twelve thousand pounds a-yard of *the Duchess of Kendal's d'aujourd'hui*. Sir Harry Liddel is Baron Ravensworth, and Duncombe Baron Feversham ; Archer and Rolle have only changed their Mr.-ships for Lordships. Lord Middlesex has lost one of his Lordships, that of the Treasury ; is succeeded by the second Grenville, and he by Ellis⁵ at the Admiralty. Lord Ashburnham had made a magnificent summer suit to wait, but Lord Cowper at last does not resign the bedchamber. I intend to laugh over this *disgrazia* with the Chuteheds, when they return triumphant from Hampshire, where Whitehed has no enemy. *Apropos* to enemies ! I believe the battle in Flanders is *compromised*, for one never hears of it.

The Duchess of Queensberry⁷ has at last been at court, a point she has been intriguing these two years. Nobody gave in to it. At

¹ Robert Knight, eldest son of the famous cashier of the South Sea Company.—WALPOLE. Created Lord Luxborough in Ireland 1746, and Earl of Catherlough in 1763. He died in 1772.—DOVER. Compare Walpole to Ossory Aug. 3, 1775 ; to Mason, Nov. 27, 1775 ; and to Miss Berry, Sept. 4, 1789.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Mrs. Christiana Horton, the successor of Mrs. Oldfield.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ For Miss Norsa, see vol. i., p. 250, and vol. ii., p. 41.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ See vol. i., p. 356.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Lady Yarmouth, the mistress of George II.—DOVER.

⁶ Right Honourable Welbore Ellis, see p. 113.—DOVER.

⁷ The Duchess had quarrelled with the court, in consequence of the refusal to permit Gay's sequel to the Beggar's Opera, called "Polly," to be acted.—DOVER.

last she snatched at the opportunity of her son being obliged to the King for a regiment in the Dutch service, and would not let him go to thank, till they sent for her too. Niccolini, who is next to her in absurdity and importance, is gone electioneering with Dodington.

I expect Pucci every day to finish my trouble with Riccardi; I shall take any ring, though he has taken care I should not take another tolerable one. If you will pay him, which I fancy will be the shortest way to prevent any *fripponnerie*, I will put the money into your brother's hands.

My Eagle is arrived—my eagle *tout court*, for I hear nothing of the pedestal: the bird itself was sent home in a store-ship; I was happy that they did not reserve the statue, and send its footstool. It is a glorious fowl! I admire it, and every body admires it as much as it deserves. There never was so much spirit and fire preserved, with so much labour and finishing. It stands fronting the Vespasian: there are no two such morsels in England!

Have you a mind for an example of English *bizarrierie*? there is a Fleming here, who carves exquisitely in ivory, one Verskovis;¹ he has done much for me, and where I have recommended him; but he is starving, and returning to Rome, to carve for—the English, for whom, when he was there before, he could not work fast enough.

I know nothing, nor ever heard of the Mills's and Davisons; and know less than nothing of whether they are employed from hence. There is nobody in town of whom to inquire; if there were, they would ask me for what borough these men were to stand, and wonder that I could name people from any other motive. Adieu!

253. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE:

Arlington Street, July 2, 1747.

THOUGH we have no great reason to triumph, as we have certainly been defeated,² yet the French have as certainly bought their victory dear: indeed, what would be very dear to us is not so much to them. However, their least loss is twelve thousand men; as our

¹ James Francis Verskovis, an excellent carver in ivory, born in Flanders, but settled at Rome, where he was so much employed by English travellers, that he concluded he should make a fortune in England:—he came over and starved.—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting*.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The Battle of Laffelt, in which the Duke of Cumberland was defeated.—WRIGHT.

least loss is five thousand. The truth of the whole is, that the Duke was determined to fight at all events, which the French, who determined not to fight but at great odds, took advantage of. His Royal Highness's valour has shone extremely, but at the expense of his judgment. Harry Conway, whom nature always designed for a hero of romance, and who is *déplacé* in ordinary life, did wonders; but was overpowered and flung down, when one French hussar held him by the hair, while another was going to stab him: at that instant, an English serjeant with a soldier came up, and killed the latter; but was instantly killed himself; the soldier attacked the other, and Mr. Conway escaped; but was afterwards taken prisoner; is since released on parole, and may come home to console his fair widow,¹ whose brother, Harry Campbell, is certainly killed, to the great concern of all widows who want consolation. The French have lost the Prince of Monaco, the Comte de Bavière, natural brother to the last Emperor, and many officers of great rank. The French King saw the whole through a spying-glass, from a Hampstead Hill, environed with twenty thousand men.² Our Guards did shamefully, and many officers. The King had a line from Huske in Zealand on the Friday night, to tell him we were defeated; of his son not a word: judge of his anxiety till three o'clock on Saturday! Lord Sandwich had a letter in his pocket all the while, and kept it there, which said the Duke was well.

We flourish at sea, have taken great part of the Domingo fleet, and I suppose shall have more lords. The *Countess* [of Yarmouth] touched twelve thousand for Sir Jacob Bouverie's³ coronet.

I know nothing of my own election [for Callington], but suppose it is over; as little of Rigby's,⁴ and conclude it lost. For franks, I suppose they don't begin till the whole is complete. My compliments to your brothers and sisters.

¹ The Countess of Ailesbury, to whom Mr. Conway was married in the December of this year.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The King of France, in allusion to the engagement, is said to have observed, that "the British not only paid all, but fought all." In his letter to the Queen, he also characterised the Austrians as "benevolent" spectators of the battle. See *Mémoires de Richelieu*, t. vii., p. 111.—WRIGHT.

³ Sir Jacob Bouverie, third Baronet; created 29 June, 1747, Baron of Longford, county of Wilts, and Viscount Folkestone, county of Kent. Died 1761.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Rigby was returned for his former seat, Sudbury, in Suffolk.—CUNNINGHAM.

254. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 3, 1747.

You would think it strange not to hear from me after a battle; though the printed relation is so particular, that I could only repeat what that contains. The sum total is, that we would fight, which the French did not intend; we gave them, or did not take, the advantage of situation; they attacked: what part of our army was engaged did wonders, for the Dutch ran away, and we had contrived to post the Austrians in such a manner that they could not assist us:¹ we were overpowered by numbers, though the centre was first broke by the retreating Dutch; and though we retired, we killed twelve thousand of the enemy, and lost six ourselves. The Duke was very near taken, having, through his short sight, mistaken a body of French for his own people. He behaved as bravely as usual; but his prowess is so well established, that it grows time for him to exert other qualities of a general.

We shine at sea; two-and-forty sail of the Domingo fleet have fallen into our hands, and we expect more. The ministry are as successful in their elections: both Westminster and Middlesex have elected court candidates, and the city of London is taking the same step, the first time of many years that the two latter have been Whig; but the non-subscribing at the time of the Rebellion, has been most successfully played off upon the Jacobites; of which stamp great part of England was till—the Pretender came. This would seem a paradox in any other country, but contradictions are here the only rule of action. Adieu!

255. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 28, 1747.

THIS is merely one of my letters of course, for I have nothing to tell you. You will hear that Bergen-op-zoom still holds out, and is the first place that has not said *yes*, the moment the French asked

¹ The Duke of Cumberland, in a letter to Lord Chesterfield of the 3rd of July, says, "The great misfortune of our position was, that our right wing was so strongly posted, that they could neither be attacked nor make a diversion; for I am assured that Marshal Balthian would have done all in his power to sustain me, or attack the enemy."—WRIGHT.

it the question. The Prince of Waldeck has resigned, on some private disgust with the Duke. Mr. Chute received a letter from you yesterday, with the account of the deliverance of Genoa, which had reached us before, and had surprised nobody. But when you wrote, you did not know of the great victory obtained by eleven battalions of Piemontese over six-and-forty of the French, and of the lucky but brave death of their commander, the Chevalier de Belleisle. He is a great loss to the French, none to Count Saxe; an irreparable one to his own brother, whom, by the force of his parts, he had pushed so high, at the same time always declining to raise himself, lest he should eclipse the Marshal, who seems now to have missed the ministry by his Italian scheme, as he did before by his ill success in Germany. We talk of nothing but peace: I hope we shall not make as bad an one as we have made a war, though one is the natural consequence of the other.

We have at last discovered the pedestal for my glorious Eagle, at the bottom of the store-ship; but I shall not have it out of the Custom-house till the end of this week. The lower part of the Eagle's beak¹ has been broke off and lost. I wish you would have the head only of your Gesse cast, and send it me, to have the original restored from it.

The commission for the scagliola tables was given me without any dimensions; I suppose there is a common size. If the original friar² can make them, I shall be glad: if not, I fancy the person would not care to wait so long as you mention, for what would be less handsome than mine.

I am almost ashamed to send you this summer-letter; but nobody is in town; even election news are all over. Adieu!

256. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 1, 1747.

YOUR two last are of August 1st and 22nd. I fear my last to you was of July 28th. I have no excuse, but having nothing to tell you, and having been in the country. Bergen-op-zoom still holds out; the French have lost great numbers before it, though at first, at

¹ "Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie

The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye."—*Gray*.—*WRIGHT*.

² Scagliola is a composition, which was made only at Florence by Father Hugford, an Irish friar.—*WALPOLE*.

least, it was not at all well-defended. Nothing else is talked of, and opinions differ so much about the event, that I don't pretend to guess what it will be. It appears now that if the Dutch had made but decent defences of all the other towns, France would have made but slow progress in the conquest of Flanders, and wanted many thousand men that now threaten Europe.

There are not ten people in London besides the Chuteheds and me; the White one is going into Hampshire; I hope to have the other a little with me at Twickenham, whither I go to-morrow for the rest of the season.

I don't know what to say to you about Mr. Mill; I can learn nothing about him: my connections with anything ministerial are as little as possible; and were they bigger, the very commission, that you apprehend, would be a reason to make them keep it secret from you, on whose account alone they would know I inquired. I cannot bring myself to believe that he is employed from hence; and I am always so cautious of meddling about you, for fear of risking you in any light, that I am the unfittest person in the world to give you any satisfaction on this head: however, I shall continue to try.

I never heard anything so unreasonable as the Pope's request to that Cardinal Guadagni;¹ but I suppose they will make him comply.

You will, I think, like Sir James Grey;² he is very civil and good-humoured, and sensible. Lord ——³ is the two former; but alas! he is returned little wiser than he went.

Is there a bill of exchange sent to your brother? or may not I pay him without? it is fifty pounds and three zeehins, is it not? Thank you.

Pandolfini is gone with Count Harrache; Panciatici goes next week: I believe he intended staying longer; but either the finances fail, or he does not know how to dispose of these two empty months alone; for Niccolini is gone with the Prince [of Wales] to Cliefden. I have a notion the latter would never leave England, if he could but bring himself to change his religion; or, which he would like as well, if he could persuade the Prince to change his. Good night!

¹ This relates to a request made by the Pope to Cardinal Guadagni, to resign a piece of preferment which he was in possession of.—DOVER.

² Sir James Grey was, as I am told, universally esteemed during his residence here.—*Lady M. Wortley Montagu to her daughter, Venice, April 3, 1758.*—CUNNINGHAM.

³ So in the MS.—DOVER.

257. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE :

Arlington Street, Oct. 1, 1747.

I WISH I could have answered your invitation from the Tigress's with my own person, but it was impossible. I wish your farmer would answer invitations with the persons of more hens and fewer cocks ; for I am raising a breed, and not recruits. The time before he sent two to one, and he has done so again. I had a letter from Mr. Conway, who is piteously going into prison again : our great secretary has let the time slip for executing the cartel, and the French have reclaimed their prisoners. The Duke is coming back. I fear his candles are gone to bed to Admiral Vernon's ! He has been ill ; they say his head has been more affected than his body. Marshal Saxe sent him Cardinal Polignac's *Anti-Lucretius*¹ to send to Lord Chesterfield. If he won't let him be a general, at least 'tis hard to reduce him to a courier.

When I saw you at *Kyk in de Pot*, I forgot to tell you that seven more volumes of the Journals are delivering : there's employment for Moreland. I go back to *Kyk in de Pot* to-morrow. Did you dislike it so much that you could not bring yourself to persuade your brother to try it with you for a day or two ? I shall be there till the birthday, if you will come.

George Selwyn says, people send to Lord Pembroke to know how the bridge rested. You know George never thinks but *à la tête tranchée* : he came to town t'other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal. My compliments to your family.

258. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 2, 1747.

I AM glad the Chuteheds are as idle as I am, for then you will believe it is nothing but idleness. I don't know that it is absolutely

¹ In 1757, *Anti-Lucretius* was rendered into English by Dobson ; for whose translation of *Paradise Lost* into Latin verse, Auditor Benson, who erected a monument to Milton in Westminster Abbey, gave him one thousand pounds. In 1767, a translation of the first book of the Cardinal's poem was published by the father of the Right Honourable George Canning.—WRIGHT.

so; I rather flatter myself that it is want of materials that has made me silent, I fear, above these five weeks. Literally nothing has happened but the treachery at Bergen-op-zoom,¹ and of that all the world knows at least as much as I do. The Duke is coming home, and both armies are going into quarters, at least for the present: the French, I suppose, will be in motion again with the first frosts. Holland seems gone!—how long England will remain after it, Providence and the French must determine! This is too ample a subject to write but little upon, and too obvious to require much.

The Chuteheds have been extremely good, and visited and stayed with me at Twickenham—I am sorry I must, at your expense be so happy. If I were to say all I think of Mr. Chute's immense honesty, his sense, his wit, his knowledge, and his humanity, you would think I was writing a dedication. I am happy in him: I don't make up to him for you, for he loves nothing a quarter so well; but I try to make him regret you less—do you forgive me? Now I am commending your friends, I reproach myself with never having told you how much I love your brother Gal²—you yourself have not more constant good-humour—indeed he has not such trials with illness as you have, you patient soul! but he is like you, and much to my fancy. Now I live a good deal at Twickenham I see more of him, and like to see more of him: you know I don't throw my liking about the street.

Your Opera must be fine, and that at Naples glorious: they say we are to have one, but I doubt it. Lady Middlesex is breeding—the child will be well-born; the Sackville is the worst blood it is supposed to swell with. Lord Holderness has lost his son. Lady Charlotte Finch, when she saw company on her lying-in,³ had two toilets spread in her bedchamber with her own and Mr. Finch's dressing plate. This was certainly a stroke of vulgarity, that my Lady Pomfret copied from some *festino* in Italy.

Lord Bath and his Countess and his son⁴ have been making a tour: at Lord Leicester's [Holkham] they forgot to give anything

In a letter to Sir Thomas Robinson of the 7th of November, Sir Everard Falkener says, "The capture of Bergen-op-zoom is a subject to make one mad, if anything had been done: but the ordinary forms of duty, which never fail in times of the greatest security, were now, in this critical time, neglected in the most scandalous manner." Hence it was surmised that the place was surrendered through treachery. See *Coxe's Pelham*, vol. i., p. 361.—WALPOLE.

² Galfridus Mann, twin brother of Horace Mann.—WALPOLE.

³ Of a daughter. See vol. ii., p. 79.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ William, Viscount Pulteney, only son of Lord Bath. He died in his father's lifetime.—DOVER.

to the servants that showed the house; upon recollection—and deliberation, they sent back a man and horse six miles with—half a crown! What loads of money they are saving for the French!

Adieu! my dear child—perhaps you don't know that I “cast many a Southern look”¹ towards Florence—I think within this half-year I have thought more of making you a visit, than in any half-year since I left you. I don't know whether the difficulties will ever be surmounted, but you cannot imagine how few they are; I scarce think they are in the plural number.

259. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 10, 1747.

I CAME to town but last week; but on looking over the dates of my letters, I find I am six weeks in arrear to you. This is a period that ought to make me blush, and beyond what I think I was ever guilty; but I have not a tittle to tell you; that is, nothing little enough has happened, nor big enough, except Admiral Hawke's² great victory; and for that I must have transcribed the gazettes.

The parliament met this morning, the House extremely full, and many new faces. We have done nothing but choose a speaker, and, in choosing him, flattered Mr. Onslow, who is re-chosen. In about ten days one shall be able to judge of the complexion of the winter; but there is not likely to be much opposition. The Duke was coming, but is gone back to Breda for a few days. When he does return, it will be only for three weeks. He is to watch the French and the negociations for peace, which are to be opened—I believe not in earnest.

Whithed has made his entrance into Parliament;³ I don't expect he will like it. The first session is very tiresome with elections, and without opposition there will be little spirit.

Lady Middlesex has popped out her child before its time; it is

¹ Shakspeare, Henry IV.—“Cast many a northern look to see his father bring up his powers.”—WALPOLE.

² Admiral Edward Hawke, afterwards created Lord Hawke, for his eminent naval services. On the 15th July, 1747, he met a large fleet of French merchant-vessels going from the ports of France to the West Indies, and guarded by a strong force of ships of war. He completely routed them, and took six of the ships of war. It was in his dispatch to the Admiralty on this occasion, that he made use of the following remarkable expression: “As the enemy's ships were large, they took a great deal of *drubbing*.”—DOVER.

³ As M.P. for Southampton.—CUNNINGHAM.

put into spirits, and my Lord, very *loyally*, cries over it. Lady Gower carried a niece to Leicester-fields¹ the other day, to present her: the girl trembled—she pushed her: “What are you so afraid of? Don’t you see that musical clock? Can you be afraid of a man that has a musical clock?”

Don’t call this a letter; I don’t call it one; it only comes to make my letter’s excuses. Adieu!

260. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 24, 1747.

You say so many kind things to me in your letter of Nov. 7th, on my talking of a journey to Florence, that I am sorry I mentioned it to you. I did it to show you that my silence is far from proceeding from any forgetfulness of you; and as I really think continually of such a journey, I name it now and then; though I don’t find how to accomplish it. In short, my affairs are not so independent of everybody, but that they require my attending to them to make them go smoothly: and unless I could get them into another situation, it is not possible for me to leave them. Some part of my fortune is in my Lord O[rford]’s hands; and if I were out of the way of giving him trouble, he has not generosity enough to do anything that would be convenient to me. I will say no more on this subject, because it is not a pleasant one; nor would I have said this, but to convince you that I did not mention returning to Florence out of *gaieté de cœur*, I never was happy but there; have a million of times repented returning to England, where I never was happy, nor expect to be.

For Mr. Chute’s silence, next to myself, I can answer for him: he always loves you, and I am persuaded wishes nothing more than himself at Florence. I did hint to him your kind thought about Venice, because, as I saw no daylight to it, it could not disappoint him; and because I knew how sensible he would be to this mark of your friendship. There is not a glimmering prospect of our sending a minister to Berlin; if we did, it would be a person of far greater consideration than Sir James Grey; and even if he went thither, there are no means of procuring his succession for Mr. Chute. My

¹ Where the Prince of Wales held his court. Lady Gower was Mary Tufton, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Thanet, and widow of Anthony Grey, Earl of Harold, who became, in 1736, the third wife of John, second Lord Gower.—DOVER.

dear child, you know little of England, if you think such and so quiet merit as his likely to meet friends here. Great assurance or great quality, are the only recommendations. My father was abused for employing low people with parts—that complaint is totally removed.

You reproach me with telling you nothing of Bergen-op-zoom : seriously, I know nothing but what was in the papers : and in general, on those great public events, I must transcribe the gazette, if you will have me talk to you. You will have seen by the King's speech that a congress is appointed at Aix-la-Chapelle, but nobody expects any effect from it. Except Mr. Pelham, the ministry in general are for the war ; and, what is comical, the Prince and the Opposition are so too. We have had but one division yet in the House, which was on the Duke of Newcastle's interfering in the Seaford election. The numbers were, 247 for the court, against 96. But I think it very probable that, in a little time, a stronger opposition will be formed, for the Prince has got some new and very able speakers ; particularly a young Mr. Potter,¹ son of the last Archbishop, who promises very greatly ; the world is already matching him against Mr. Pitt.

I sent Niccolini the letter ; and here is another from him. I have not seen him this winter, nor heard of him : he is of very little consequence, when there is anything else that is.

I have lately had Lady Mary Wortley's Eclogues² published ; but they don't please, though so excessively good. I say so confidently, for Mr. Chute agrees with me : he says, for the Epistle from Arthur Grey, scarce any woman could have written it, and no man ; for a man who had had experience enough to paint such sentiments so well, would not have had warmth enough left. Do you know anything of Lady Mary ? her adventurous son³ is come

¹ Thomas [died 1759], second son of Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, was appointed secretary to the Princess of Wales, in which post he remained till the death of the Prince : he made two celebrated speeches on the Seaford election, and on the contest between Aylesbury and Buckingham for the summer assizes ; but did not long support the character here given of him.—WALPOLE.

² Some of these Eclogues had been printed long before : they were now published, with other of her poems, by Dodsley, in quarto, and soon after, with others, reprinted in his Miscellany.—WALPOLE.

³ Edward Wortley Montagu, after a variety of adventures in various characters, was taken up at Paris with Mr. Taaffe, another Member of Parliament, and imprisoned in Fort Léveque, for cheating and robbing a Jew.—WALPOLE. Mr. Montagu was confined in the Grand Chatelet from the 31st of October till the 2nd of November. For his own account of the affair, see 'Nichols's Literary Anecdotes,' vol. iv., p. 629.—WRIGHT. See vol. ii. p. 273.—CUNNINGHAM.

into Parliament, but has not opened. Adieu! my dear child: *nous nous reverrons un jour!*

261. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 12, 1748.

I HAVE just received a letter from you of the 19th of last month, in which you tell me you was just going to complain of me, when you received one from me: I fear I am again as much to blame, as far as not having written; but if I had, it could only be to repeat what you say would be sufficient, but what I flatter myself I need not repeat. The town has been quite empty; and the Parliament, which met but yesterday, has been adjourned these three weeks. Except elections, and such tiresome squabbles, I don't believe it will produce anything: it is all harmony. From Holland we every day hear bad news, which, though we don't believe at the present, we agree it is always likely to be true by to-morrow. Yet, with no prospect of success, and scarce with a possibility of beginning another campaign, we are as martial as ever: I don't know whether it is, because we think a bad peace worse than a bad war, or that we don't look upon misfortunes and defeats abroad as enough our own, and are willing to taste of both at home. We are in no present apprehension from domestic disturbances, nor, in my private opinion, do I believe the French will attempt us, till it is for themselves. They need not be at the trouble of sending us Stuarts; that ingenious house could not have done the work of France more effectually than the Pelhams and the patriots have.

I will tell you a secret: there is a transaction going on to send Sir Charles Williams to Turin; he has asked it, and it is pushed. In my private opinion, I don't believe Villettes¹ will be easily overpowered; though I wish it, from loving Sir Charles and from thinking meanly of the other; but talents are no passports. Sir Everard Falkener² is going to Berlin. General Sinclair is presently to succeed Wentworth: he is Scotchissime, in all the latitude of the word, and not very able; he made a poor business of it at Port l'Orient.

Lord Coke has demolished himself very fast; I mean his

¹ Minister at Turin, and afterwards in Switzerland.—WALPOLE.

² He had been ambassador at Constantinople: he was not sent to Berlin, but was secretary to the Duke, and one of the general postmasters.—WALPOLE.

character: you know he was married but last spring; he is always drunk, has lost immense sums at play, and seldom goes home to his wife till eight in the morning. The world is vehement on her side; and not only her family, but his own, give him up. At present, matters are patching¹ up by the mediation of my brother; but I think can never go on: she married him extremely against her will, and he is at least an out-pensioner of Bedlam: his mother's family have many of them been mad.

I thank you, I have received the Eagle's head: the bill is broken off individually in the same spot with the original; but, as the piece is not lost, I believe it will serve.

I should never have expected you to turn Lorrain:² is your Madame de Givrecourt a successor³ of my sister? I think you hint so. Where is the Princess, that you are so reduced? Adieu! my dear child. I don't say a kind word to you, because you seem to think it necessary, for assuring you of the impossibility of my ever forgetting, or loving you less.

262. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 26, 1748.

I HAVE again talked over with our Chute the affair of Venice; but, besides seeing no practicability in it, we think you will not believe that Sir James Grey will be so simple as to leave Venice, whither with difficulty he obtained to be sent, when you hear that Mr. Legge⁴ has actually kissed hands, and sets out on Friday for

¹ "I am told Lord Coke is married to Lady M. Campbell: I knew him when he was at Venice, and believe her economy will be a very necessary allay to the expensiveness of his temper."—*Lady Mary W. Montagu to Lady Orford, July 1, 1747.* "The news wrote me of Lord Coke and Lady Mary was very near being quite true; but things are patched up, for the present, at least; though, in my opinion, whenever they want so much darning, they seldom last long. Lord Leicester has once more paid his son's play-debts, which are very considerable; and has made up the differences between the Lady Mary and him, which, I believe, was rather a more difficult affair; and he has, in return, got a promise that Lord Coke will, for the future, be fonder both of his money and his lady; and, in short, reform his whole conduct, which, by what I have heard, very much wanted it in every respect."—*Lady Hervey, January 25, 1748.* "Poor Lady Mary finding it was necessary for her to see Lord C[oke] determined to put a conclusion to this affair by returning home, and in pursuance of this resolution she is to go home this evening; she is certainly in the right, but I own I tremble for the event."—*Lady Dorothy Hobart to Geo. Grenville, May 12, 1748.*—CUNNINGHAM.

² The Emperor kept a Lorrain regiment at Florence; but there was little intercourse between the two nations.—WALPOLE.

³ With Count Richcourt.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Henry Bilson Legge [died 1764], fourth son of William first Earl of Dartmouth.

Berlin, as envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary. We thought Sir Everard Falkener sure; but this has come forth very unexpectedly. Legge is certainly a wiser choice; nobody has better parts; and if art and industry can obtain success, I know no one would use more: but I don't think that the King of Prussia,¹ with half parts and much cunning, is so likely to be the dupe of more parts and as much cunning, as the people with whom Legge has so prosperously pushed his fortune. My father was fond of him to the greatest degree of partiality, till he endeavoured to have a nearer tie than flattery gave him, by trying to marry Lady Mary: after that my lord could never bear his name. Since that, he has wriggled himself in with the Pelhams, by being the warmest friend and servant of their new allies, and is the first favourite of the little Duke of Bedford. Mr. Villiers² was desired to go to Berlin, but refused, and proposed himself for the Treasury, till they could find something else for him. They laughed at this; but he is as fit for one employment as the other. We have a stronger reason than any I have mentioned against going to Venice; which is, the excuse it might give to the Vine³ to forget we were in being; an excuse which his hatred of our preferment would easily make him embrace, as more becoming a good Christian brother!

The Ministry are triumphant in their Parliament: there have been great debates on the new taxes, but no division: the House is now sitting on the Wareham election, espousing George Pitt's uncle,⁴ one of the most active Jacobites, but of the coalition and in place, against Drax,⁵ a great favourite of the Prince, but who has already lost one question on this election by a hundred.

He was made secretary of the treasury by Sir Robert Walpole, and was afterwards surveyor of the roads, a lord of the admiralty, a lord of the treasury, treasurer of the navy, and chancellor of the exchequer. He had been bred to the sea. The Duke of Newcastle, in a letter to Mr. Pitt, of the 19th of January, says, "I have thought of a person, to whom the King has this day readily agreed. It is Mr. Harry Legge. There is capacity, integrity, quality, rank, and address."—See *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. i., p. 27.—WRIGHT. See in the 'Bedford Correspondence' his letter of the 29th June, 1742, about his *old patron* Sir Robert Walpole.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ Coxe, in his *Memoirs of Lord Walpole*, says, that Mr. Legge, though a man of great talents for business, "was unfit for a foreign mission, and of a character ill-suited to the temper of that powerful casuist, whose extraordinary dogmas were supported by 140,000 of the most effectual but convincing arguments in the world."—Vol. ii., p. 304.—WRIGHT.

² Thomas Villiers, brother of the Earl of Jersey, had been minister at Dresden, and was afterwards a lord of the admiralty.—WALPOLE.

³ Anthony Chute, of the Vine, in Hampshire, elder brother of J. Chute; died in 1754.—WALPOLE.

⁴ John Pitt, one of the lords of trade.—WALPOLE.

⁵ Henry Drax, the Prince's secretary. He died in 1755.—WALPOLE.

Admiral Vernon has just published a series of Letters to himself,¹ among which are several of Lord Bath, written in the height of his opposition: there is one in particular, to congratulate Vernon on taking Portobello, wherein this great virtuous patriot advises him *to do nothing more*² assuring him that his inactivity would all be imputed to my father. One does not hear that Lord Bath has called him to any account for this publication, though as villainous to these correspondents as one of them was in writing such a letter; or as the Admiral himself was, who used to betray all his instructions to this enemy of the government. Nobody can tell why he has published these letters now, unless to get money. What ample revenge every year gives my father against his patriot enemies! Had he never deserved well himself, posterity must still have the greatest opinion of him, when they see on what rascal foundations were built all the pretences to virtue which were set up in opposition to him! Pulteney counselling the Admiral who was entrusted with the war not to pursue it, that its mismanagement might be imputed to the minister; the Admiral communicating his orders to such an enemy of his country! This enemy triumphant, seizing honours and employments for himself and friends, which he had so avowedly disclaimed; other friends, whom he had neglected, pursuing him for gratifying his ambition—accomplishing his ruin, and prostituting themselves even more than he had done! all of them blowing up a Rebellion, by every art that could blacken the King in the eyes of the nation, and some of them promoting the trials and sitting in judgment on the wretches whom they had misled and deserted! How black a picture! what odious portraits, when time shall write the proper names under them!

As famous as you think your Mr. Mill, I can find nobody who ever heard his name. Projectors make little noise here; and even any one who only *has* made a noise, is forgotten as soon as out of sight. The knaves and fools of the day are too numerous to leave room to talk of yesterday. The pains that people, who have a mind to be named, are forced to take to be very particular, would convince you how difficult it is to make a lasting impression on such a town

¹ The publication was entitled, 'Letters to an Honest Sailor.'—WALPOLE.

² Walpole's inference is not borne out by the letter itself. Pulteney's words are "Pursue your stroke, but venture not losing the honour of it by too much intrepidity. Should you make no more progress than you have done, no one could blame you but those persons only who ought to have sent some land-forces with you, and did not. To their slackness it will be very justly imputed by all mankind, should you make no further progress till Lord Cathcart joins you."—WRIGHT.

as this. Ministers, authors, wits, fools, patriots, prostitutes, scarce bear a second edition. Lord Bolingbroke, Sarah Malcolm,¹ and old Marlborough, are never mentioned but by elderly folks to their grandchildren, who had never heard of them. What would last Pannoni's² a twelvemonth is forgotten here in twelve hours. Good night!

263. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 16, 1748.

I AM going to tell you nothing but what Mr. Chute has told you already—that my Lord Chesterfield has resigned the seals, that the Duke of Newcastle has changed his province, and that the Duke of Bedford is the new Secretary of State. I think you need be under no apprehension from this change; I should be frightened enough if you had the least reason, but I am quite at ease. Lord Chesterfield, who I believe had no quarrel but with his partner, is gone to Bath; and his youngest brother, John Stanhope,³ comes into the admiralty, where Sandwich is now first Lord. There seems to be some hitch in Legge's embassy; I believe we were overhasty. Proposals of peace were expected to be laid before Parliament, but that talk is vanished. The Duke of Newcastle, who is going greater lengths *in everything* for which he overturned Lord Granville, is all military; and makes more courts than one by this disposition. The Duke goes to Holland this week, and I hear we are going to raise another million. There are prodigious discontents in the army: the town had got a list of a hundred and fifty officers who desired at once to resign, but I believe this was exaggerated. *We* are great and very exact disciplinarians; our partialities are very strong, especially on the side of aversions, and none of these articles tally exactly with English tempers. Lord Robert Bertie⁴ received a

¹ A washerwoman at the Temple, executed [in 1733] for three murders.—WALPOLE. Her portrait, drawn by Hogarth the day before her execution, was in the Green Closet at Strawberry Hill. When she sat to Hogarth "she had put on red to look the better."—CUNNINGHAM.

² The coffee-house at Florence.—WALPOLE.

³ John Stanhope, third son of Philip, third Earl of Chesterfield, successively M.P. for Nottingham and Derby. He died in 1748.—DOVER.

⁴ Lord Robert Bertie was third son of Robert, first Duke of Ancaster, by his second wife. He became a general in the army, and colonel of the second regiment of Guards, and was also a lord of the bedchamber and a member of parliament. He died in 1782.—DOVER.

reprimand the other day by an *aide-de-camp*, for blowing his nose as he relieved the guard under a window ;¹ where very exact notice is constantly taken of very small circumstances.

We divert ourselves extremely this winter ; plays, balls, masquerades, and pharaoh are all in fashion. The Duchess of Bedford has given a great ball, to which the King came with thirty masks. The Duchess of Queensberry is to give him a masquerade. Operas are the only consumptive entertainment. There was a new comedy last Saturday, which succeeds, called "The Foundling."² I like the old "Conscious Lovers" better, and that not much. The story is the same, only that the Bevil of the new piece is in more hurry, and consequently more natural. It is extremely well acted by Garrick and Barry, Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Woffington. My sister was brought to-bed last night of another boy. Sir C. Williams, I hear, grows more likely to go to Turin : you will have a more agreeable correspondent than your present voluminous brother.³ Adieu !

264. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 11, 1748.

I HAVE had nothing lately to tell you but illnesses and distempers : there is what they call a miliary fever raging, which has taken off a great many people. It was scarce known till within these seven or eight years, but apparently increases every spring and autumn. They don't know how to treat it, but think they have discovered that bleeding is bad for it. The young Duke of Bridgewater⁴ is dead of it. The Marquis of Powis⁵ is dead too, I don't know of what ; but though a Roman Catholic, he has left his whole fortune to Lord Herbert, the next male of his family, but a very distant relation. It is twelve thousand pounds a year, with a very rich

¹ The Duke's.—WALPOLE.

² The 'Foundling,' a comedy, by Edward Moore, produced at Drury Lane, 13th Feb., 1747-8. Garrick played young Belmont.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Mr. Villetes.—WALPOLE.

⁴ John Egerton, second Duke of Bridgewater, eldest surviving son of Scroop, the first Duke, by his second wife, Lady Rachel Russell. He was succeeded by his younger brother Francis ; upon whose death, in 1803, the Dukedom of Bridgewater became extinct.—DOVER.

⁵ William Herbert, second Marquis of Powis, upon whose death the title became extinct. His father, William, the first Marquis, was created Duke of Powis and Marquis of Montgomery, by James the Second, after his abdication, which titles were in consequence never allowed.—DOVER.

mine upon it; there is a debt, but the money and personal estate will pay it. After Lord Herbert¹ and his brother, who are both unmarried, the estate is to go to the daughter of Lord Waldegrave's sister, by her first husband, who was the Marquis's brother.

In defiance of all these deaths, we are all diversions; Lady Dalkeith² and a company of Scotch nobility have formed a theatre, and have acted "The Revenge" several times; I can't say excellently: the Prince and Princess were at it last night. The Duchess of Queensberry gives a masquerade to-night, in hopes of drawing the King to it: but he will not go. I do; but must own it is wondrous foolish to dress one's self out in a becoming dress *in cold blood*. There has been a new comedy, called "The Foundling;" far from good, but it took. Lord Hobart and some more young men made a party to damn it, merely for the love of damnation. The Templars espoused the play, and went armed with syringes charged with stinking oil, and with sticking plaisters; but it did not come to action. Garrick was impertinent, and the pretty men gave over their plot the moment they grew to be in the right.

I must now notify to you the approaching espousals of the most illustrious Prince Pigwiggin [his cousin, Mr. Walpole] with Lady Rachel Cavendish, third daughter of the Duke of Devonshire: the victim does not dislike it! my uncle makes great settlements; and the Duke is to get a peerage for Pigwiggin, upon the foot that the father cannot be spared out of the House of Commons! Can you bear this old buffoon making himself of consequence, and imitating my father!

The Princess of Orange has got a son, and we have taken a convoy that was going to Bergen-op-zoom; two trifling occurrences that are most pompously exaggerated, when the whole of both is, that the Dutch, who before sold themselves to France, will now grow excellent patriots when they have a master entailed upon them; and we shall run ourselves more into danger, on having got an advantage which the French don't feel.

Violent animosities are sprung up in the House of Commons upon a sort of private affair between the Chief Justice Willes and the

¹ Henry Arthur Herbert, Lord Herbert, afterwards created Earl of Powis, married the young lady on whom the estate was entailed: his brother died unmarried.—WALPOLE.

² Caroline, eldest daughter of John, Duke of Argyll, married the eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch, who, dying before his father, she afterwards married Charles Townshend, second son of the Lord Viscount Townshend.—WALPOLE. She was created Baroness Greenwich in 1767.—DOVER.

Grenvilles, who have engaged the Ministry in an extraordinary step, of fixing the assizes at Buckingham by Act of Parliament in their favour. We have had three long days upon it in our House, and it is not yet over; but though they will carry it both there and in the Lords, it is by a far smaller majority than any they have had in this Parliament.¹ The other day, Dr. Lee and Mr. Potter had made two very strong speeches against Mr. Pelham on this subject; he rose with the greatest emotion, fell into the most ridiculous passion, was near crying, and not knowing how to return it on the two, fell upon the Chief Justice (who was not present), and accused him of ingratitude. The eldest Willes got up extremely moved, but with great propriety and cleverness “told Mr. Pelham that his father had no obligation to any man now in the Ministry; that he had been obliged to one of the greatest Ministers that ever was, who is now no more; that the person who accused his father of ingratitude was now leagued with the very men who had ruined that Minister, to whom he (Mr. Pelham) owed his advancement, and without whom he would have been nothing!” This was daggers! not a word of reply.

I had begun my letter before the masquerade, but had not time to finish it: there were not above one hundred persons; the dresses pretty; the Duchess [of Queensberry] as mad as you remember her. She had stuck up orders about dancing, as you see at public bowling-greens; turned half the company out at twelve; kept those she liked to supper; and, in short, contrived to do an agreeable thing in the rudest manner imaginable; besides having dressed her husband in a Scotch plaid, which just now is one of the things in the world that is reckoned most offensive; but you know we are all mad, so good night!

265. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 29, 1748.

I KNOW I have not writ to you the Lord knows when, but I waited for something to tell you, and I have now what there was not much reason to expect. The preliminaries to the peace are actually signed² by the English, Dutch, and French: the Queen [of Hungary], who would remain the only sufferer, though vastly less than

¹ The bill passed the Commons on the 15th of March, by 155 to 108. For the debates thereon, see ‘Parliamentary History,’ vol. xiv., p. 206.—WRIGHT.

² The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.—DOVER.

she could expect, protests against this treaty, and the Sardinian Minister has refused to sign too, till further orders. Spain is not mentioned, but France answers for them, and that they shall give us a new *assiento*. The armistice is for six weeks, with an exception to Maestricht; upon which the Duke sent Lord George Sackville to Marshal Saxe, to tell him that, as they are so near being friends, he shall not endeavour to raise the siege and spill more blood, but hopes the Marshal will give the garrison good terms, as they have behaved so bravely. The conditions settled are a general restitution on all sides, as Modena to its Duke, Flanders to the Queen, the Dutch towns to the Dutch, Cape Breton to France, and Final to the Genoese; but the Sardinian to have the cessions made to him by the Queen, who, you see, is to be made observe the treaty of Worms, though we do not. Parma and Placentia are to be given to Don Philip; Dunkirk to remain as it is, on the land-side; but to be *Utrecht'd* again to the sea. The Pretender to be renounced with all his descendants, male and female, even in stronger terms than by the quadruple alliance; and the cessation of arms to take place in all other parts of the world, as in the year 1712. The contracting powers agree to think of means of making the other powers come into this treaty, in case they refuse.

This is the substance; and wonderful it is what can make the French give us such terms, or why they have lost so much blood and treasure to so little purpose! for they have destroyed very little of the fortifications in Flanders. Monsieur de St. Severin told Lord Sandwich, that he had full powers to sign now, but that the same courier that should carry our refusal, was to call at Namur and Bergen-op-zoom, where are mines under all the works, which were immediately to be blown up. There is no accounting for this, but from the King's aversion to go to the army, and to Marshal Saxe's fear of losing his power with the loss of a battle. He told Count Flemming, the Saxon Minister, who asked him if the French were in earnest in their offer of peace, "*Il est vrai, nous demandons la paix comme des lâches, et ne pouvons pas l'obtenir.*"

Stocks rise; the Ministry are in high spirits, and *peu s'en faut* but we shall admire this peace as our own doing! I believe two reasons that greatly advanced it are, the King's wanting to go to Hanover, and the Duke's wanting to go into a salivation.

We had last night the most magnificent masquerade that ever

¹ That is, the works destroyed, as they were after the treaty of Utrecht.—DOVER.

was seen: it was by subscription at the Haymarket: every body who subscribed five guineas had four tickets. There were about seven hundred people, all in chosen and very fine dresses. The supper was in two rooms, besides those for the King and Prince, who, with the foreign ministers, had tickets given them.

You don't tell me whether the seal of which you sent me the impression, is to be sold: I think it fine, but not equal to the price which you say was paid for it. What is it? Homer or Pindar?

I am very miserable at the little prospect you have of success in your own affair: I think the person¹ you employed has used you scandalously. I would have you write to my uncle; but my applying to him would be very far from doing you service. Poor Mr. Chute has got so bad a cold that he could not go last night to the masquerade. Adieu! my dear child! there is nothing well that I don't wish you, but my wishes are very ineffectual!

266. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

May 18, 1748.

HERE I am with the poor Chutehed,² who has put on a shoe but to-day for the first time. He sits at the receipt of custom, and one passes most part of the day here; the other part I have the misfortune to pass en Pigwiggin. The ceremony of dining is not over yet: I cannot say that either the Prince or the Princess look the comelier for what has happened. The town says, my Lady Anson³ has no chance for looking different from what she did before she was married: and they have a story of a gentleman going to the Chancellor [Hardwicke] to assure him, that if he gave his daughter to the Admiral, he would be obliged hereafter to pronounce a sentence of dissolution of the marriage. The Chancellor replied, that his daughter had been taught to think of the union of the soul, not of the body: the gentleman then made the same confidence to the Chancelloress, and received much such an answer that her daughter had been bred to submit herself to the will of C. od. I don't at all give you all this for true; but there is an ugly circumstance in his

¹ Mr. Stone, the Duke of Newcastle's private secretary.—WRIGHT.

² John Chute, Esq., of the Vine, in Hampshire.—WALPOLE.

³ Lord Anson had married, on the 25th of April, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, Lord Chancellor Hardwicke's eldest daughter, an ingenious woman, and a poetess. She died without issue in 1760.—WRIGHT.

Voyages of his not having the curiosity to see a beautiful captive, that he took on board a Spanish ship. There is no record of Scipio's having been in Doctors' Commons. I have been reading these Voyages, and find them very silly and contradictory. He sets out with telling you, that he had no soldiers sent with him but old invalids without legs or arms; and then in the middle of the book there is a whole chapter to tell you what they would have done if they had set out two months sooner, and that was no less than conquering Peru and Mexico with this disabled army. At the end there is an account of the neglect he received from the Viceroy of Canton, till he and forty of his sailors put out a great fire in that city, which the Chinese and five hundred firemen could not do, which he says proceeded from their awkwardness; a new character of the Chinese! He was then admitted to an audience, and found two hundred men at the gate of the city, and ten thousand in the square before the palace, all new dressed for the purpose. This is about as true as his predecessor Gulliver p—g out the fire at Lilliput. The King is still wind-bound; the fashionable *bon mot* is, that the Duke of Newcastle has tied a stone about his neck and sent him to sea. The city grows furious about the peace; there is one or two very uncouth Hanover articles, besides a persuasion of a pension to the Pretender, which is so very ignominious, that I don't know how to persuade myself it is true. The Duke of Argyle has made them give him three places for life of a thousand and twelve hundred a-year for three of his court, to compensate for their making a man President of the Session against his inclination. The Princess of Wales has got a confirmed jaundice, but they reckon her much better. Sir Harry Calthrop is gone mad: he walked down Pall Mall t'other day with his red riband tied about his hair; said he was going to the King, and would not submit to be blooded till they told him the King commanded it.

I went yesterday to see Marshal Wade's house,¹ which is selling by auction: it is worse contrived on the inside than is conceivable, all to humour the beauty of the front. My Lord Chesterfield said, that to be sure he could not live in it, but intended to take the house over against it to look at it. It is literally true, that all the direction he gave my Lord Burlington was to have a place for a large cartoon of Rubens that he had bought in Flanders; but my

¹ In Cork Street, Burlington Gardens. There is a view of the house in the 'Vitruvius Britannicus.' Lord Burlington was the architect.—CUNNINGHAM.

lord found it necessary to have so many correspondent doors, that there was no room at last for the picture; and the Marshal was forced to sell the picture to my father: it is now at Houghton.¹

As Windsor is so charming, and particularly, as you have got so agreeable a new neighbour at Frogmore, to be sure you cannot wish to have the prohibition taken off of your coming to Strawberry Hill. However, as I am an admirable Christian, and as I think you seem to repent of your errors, I will give you leave to be so happy as to come to me when you like, though I would advise it to be after you have been at Roel,² which you would not be able to bear after my paradise. I have told you a vast deal of something or other, which you will scarce be able to read; for now Mr. Chute has the gout, he keeps himself very low and lives upon very thin ink. My compliments to all your people. Yours ever.

267. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 26, 1748.

GOOD b'ye to you! I am going to my Roel too. I was there yesterday to dine, and it looked so delightful, think what you will, that I shall go there to-morrow to settle, and shall leave this odious town to the * * *, to the regency, and the dowagers; to my Lady Townshend, who is not going to Windsor, to old Cobham, who is not going out of the world yet, and to the Duchess of Richmond, who does not go out with her twenty-fifth pregnancy: I shall leave too more disagreeable Ranelagh, which is so crowded, that going there t'other night in a string of coaches we had a stop of six-and-thirty minutes. Princess Emily, finding no marriage articles for her settled at the congress, has at last determined to be old and out of danger: and has accordingly ventured to Ranelagh, to the great improvement of the pleasures of the place. The Prince [of Wales] has given a silver cup to be rowed for, which carried every body upon the Thames; and afterwards there was a great ball at Carlton House. There have two good events happened at

¹ Walpole gives the following account of this picture, in his description of Houghton: "Meleager and Atalanta, a cartoon, by Rubens, larger than life; brought out of Flanders by General Wade: it being designed for tapestry, all the weapons are in the left hand of the figure. For the story, see 'Ovid's Metamorphoses,' lib. 3."—WRIGHT.

² A house of Mr. Montagu's in Gloucestershire.—CUNNINGHAM.

that court: the town was alarmed t'other morning by the firing of guns, which proved to be only from a large merchantman come into the river. The city construed it into the King's return, and the peace broke; but Chancellor Bootle and the Bishop of Oxford, who loves a labour next to promoting the cause of it, concluded the Princess was brought to bed, and went to court upon it. Bootle, finding the Princess dressed, said, "I have always heard, Madam, that women in your country have very easy labours; but I could not have believed it was so well as I see." The other story is of Prince Edward.¹ The King, before he went away, sent Stainberg to examine the Prince's children in their learning. The Baron told Prince Edward, that he should tell the King what great proficiency his Highness had made in his Latin, but that he wished he would be a little more perfect in his German grammar, and that would be of signal use to him. The child squinted at him, and said, "German grammar! why any dull child can learn that." There, I have told you royalties enough!

My Pigwiggin dinners are all over, for which I truly say grace. I have had difficulties to keep my countenance at the wonderful clumsiness and uncouth nicknames that the Duke [of Devonshire] has for all his offspring: Mrs. Hopeful, Mrs. Tiddle, Puss, Cat, and Toe, sound so strange in the middle of a most formal banquet! The day the peace was signed, his grace could find nobody to communicate joy with him: he drove home, and bawled out of the chariot to Lady Rachael, "Cat! Cat!" She ran down, staring over the balustrade; he cried "Cat! Cat! the peace is made, and you must be very glad, for I am very glad."

I send you the only new pamphlet worth reading, and this is more the matter than the manner. My compliments to all your tribe. Adieu!

P.S. The divine Ashton has got an ague, which he says prevents his coming amongst us.

268. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 7, 1748.

Don't reproach me in your own mind for not writing, but reproach

¹ Afterwards Duke of York; died 1767.—CUNNINGHAM.

the world for doing nothing; for making peace as slowly as they made war. When anybody commits an event, I am ready enough to tell it you; but I have always declared against inventing news; when I do, I will set up a newspaper.

The Duke of Newcastle is not gone; he has kissed hands, and talks of going this week: the time presses, and he has not above three days left to fall dangerously ill. There are a thousand wagers laid against his going: he has hired a transport, for the yacht is not big enough to convey all the tables and chairs and conveniences that he trails along with him, and which he seems to think don't grow out of England. I don't know how he proposes to lug them through Holland and Germany, though any objections that the map can make to his progress don't count, for he is literally so ignorant, that when one goes to take leave of him, he asks your commands into *the north*, concluding that Hanover is north of Great Britain, because it is in the Northern Province, which he has just taken: you will scarce believe this, but upon my honour it is true.

The preliminaries wait the accession of Spain, before they can ripen into peace. Niccolini goes to Aix-la-Chapelle, and will be much disappointed if his advice is not asked there: he talks of being at Florence in October.

Sir William Stanhope has just given a great ball to Lady Caroline Petersham, to whom he takes extremely, since his daughter married herself to Mr. Ellis;¹ and as the Petershams are relations, they propose to be his heirs. The Chuteheds agreed with me, that the house, which is most magnificently furnished, all the ornaments designed by Kent, and the whole festivo, puts us more in mind of Florence, than anything we had seen here. There were silver pharaoh and whist for the ladies that did not dance, deep basset and quinze for the men; the supper very fine.

I am now returning to my villa, where I have been making some alterations: you shall hear from me from *Strawberry Hill*, which I have found out in my lease is the old name of my house; so pray, never call it Twickenham again. I like to be there better than I have liked being anywhere since I came to England. I sigh after Florence, and wind up all my prospects with the thought of returning there. I have days when I even set about contriving a scheme for going to you, and though I don't love to put you upon expecting

¹ The Right Hon. Welbore Ellis, afterwards created [1794] Lord Mendip [died 1802]. His first wife was Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir William Stanhope, K.B. She died in 1761.—DOVER.

me, I cannot help telling you, that I wish more than ever to be with you again. I can truly say, that I never was happy but at Florence, and you must allow that it is very natural to wish to be happy once more. Adieu!

269. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

DEAR HARRY :

Strawberry Hill, June 27, 1748.

I HAVE full as little matter for writing as you can find in a camp. I do not call myself farmer or country gentleman; for though I have all the ingredients to compose those characters, yet, like the ten pieces of card in the trick you found out, I don't know how to put them together. But, in short, planting and fowls and cows and sheep are my whole business, and as little amusing to relate to anybody else as the events of a still-born campaign. If I write to anybody, I am forced to live upon what news I hoarded before I came out of town; and the first article of that, as I believe it is in every body's gazette, must be about my Lord Coke. They say, that since he has been at Sunning Hill with Lady Mary, she has made him a declaration in form, that she hates him, that she always did, and that she always will. This seems to have been a very unnecessary notification. However, as you know his part is to be extremely in love, he is very miserable upon it; and relating his woes at White's, probably at seven in the morning, he was advised to put an end to all this history and shoot himself—an advice they would not have given him if he were not insolvent. He has promised to consider of it.

The night before I left London, I called at the Duchess of Richmond's who has stayed at home with the apprehension of a miscarriage. The porter told me there was no drawing-room till Thursday. In short, he did tell me what amounted to as much, that her grace did not see company till Thursday, then she should see every body: no excuse, that she was gone out or not well. I did not stay till Thursday to kiss hands, but went away to Vauxhall: as I was coming out, I was overtaken by a great light, and retired under the trees of Marble Hill¹ to see what it should be. There came a long procession of Prince Lobkowitz's footmen in very rich new liveries, the two last bearing torches; and after them the Prince

¹ The seat at Twickenham of the Countess of Suffolk, better known as Mrs. Howard.—CUNNINGHAM.

[of Wales] himself, in a new sky-blue watered tabby coat, with gold button-holes, and a magnificent gold waistcoat fringed, leading Madame l'Ambassadrice de Venise in a green sack with a straw hat, attended by my Lady Tyrawley, Wall, the private Spanish agent, the two Miss Molyneux's, and some other men. They went into one of the Prince of Wales's barges, had another barge filled with violins and hautboys, and an open boat with drums and trumpets. This was one of the fêtes des adieux. The nymph weeps all the morning, and says she is sure she shall be poisoned by her husband's relations when she returns, for her behaviour with this Prince.

I have no other news, but that Mr. Fitzpatrick has married his Sukey Young, and is very impatient to have the Duchess of Bedford come to town to visit her new relation.

Is not my Lady Ailesbury weary of her travels? Pray make her my compliments,—unless she has made you any such declaration as Lady Mary Coke's. I am delighted with your description of the bed-chamber of the House of Orange, as I did not see it; but the sight itself must have been very odious, as the hero and heroine are so extremely ugly. I shall give it my Lady Townshend as a new topic of matrimonial satire.

Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary have been with me two or three days, and are now gone to Sunning. I only tell you this, to hint that my house will hold a married pair: indeed, it is not quite large enough for people who lie, like the patriarchs, with their whole genealogy and men-servants, and maid-servants, and oxes, and asses, in the same chamber with them. Adieu! do let this be the last letter, and come home.

270. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Mistley,¹ July 14, 1748.

I WOULD by no means resent your silence while you was at Pisa, if it were not very convenient; but I cannot resist the opportunity of taking it ill, when it serves to excuse my being much more to blame; and therefore, pray mind, I am very angry, and have not written, because you had quite left me off—and if I say nothing from hence, do not imagine it is because I am at a gentleman's house whom you don't know, and threescore miles from London, and

¹ Mistley, near Manningtree, in Essex, the seat of Richard Rigby, Esq.—WALPOLE.

because I have been but three days in London for above this month : I could say a great deal if I pleased, but I am very angry, and will not. I know several pieces of politics from Ipswich that would let you into the whole secret of the peace ; and a quarrel at Dedham assembly, that is capable of involving all Europe in a new war—nay, I know what Admiral Vernon¹ knows of what you say has happened in the West Indies, and of which nobody else in England knows a word—but please to remember that you have been at the baths, and don't deserve that I should tell you a tittle—nor will I. In revenge, I will tell you something that happened to me four months ago, and which I would not tell you now, if I had not forgot to tell it you when it happened—nay, I don't tell it you now for yourself, only that you may tell it the Princess : I truly and seriously this winter won and was paid a milleleva at pharaoh ; literally received a thousand and twenty-three sixpences for one : an event that never happened in the annals of pharaoh, but to Charles II.'s Queen Dowager, as the Princess herself informed me : ever since I have treated myself as Queen Dowager, and have some thoughts of being drawn so.

There are no good anecdotes yet arrived of the Duke of Newcastle's travels, except that at a review which the Duke made for him, as he passed through the army, he hurried about with his glass up to his eye, crying, "Finest troops! finest troops! greatest General!" then broke through the ranks when he spied any Sussex man, kissed him in all his accoutrements,—my dear Tom such an one! chattered of Lewes races ; then back to the Duke with "Finest troops! greatest General!"—and in short was a much better show than any review. The Duke is expected over immediately ; I don't know if to stay, or why he comes—I mean, I do know, but am angry, and will not tell.

I have seen Sir James Grey, who speaks of you with great affection, and recommends himself extremely to me by it, when I am not angry with you ; but I cannot possibly be reconciled till I have finished this letter, for I have nothing but this quarrel to talk of, and I think I have worn that out—so adieu ! you odious, shocking, abominable monster !

¹ He lived near Ipswich.—WALPOLE.

271. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, —,

I BEG you will let me know whether the peace is arrived in Italy, or if you have heard anything of it; for in this part of the world nobody can tell what is become of it. They say, the Empress Queen has stopped it; that she will not take back the towns in Flanders, which she says she knows are very convenient for us, but of no kind of use to her, and that she chooses to keep what she has got in Italy. However, we are determined to have peace at any rate, and the conditions must jumble themselves together as they can. These are the politics of Twickenham, my metropolis; and, to tell you the truth, I believe pretty near as good as you can have anywhere.

As to my own history, the scene is at present a little gloomy: my Lord Orford is in an extreme bad state of health, not to say a dangerous state: my uncle¹ is going off in the same way my father did. I don't pretend to any great feelings of affection for two men, because they are dying, for whom it is known I had little before, my brother especially having been as much my enemy as it was in his power to be; but I cannot with indifference see the family torn to pieces, and falling into such ruin as I foresee; for should my brother die soon, leaving so great a debt, so small an estate to pay it off, two great places² sinking, and a wild boy of nineteen to succeed, there would soon be an end of the glory of Houghton, which had my father proportioned more to his fortune, would probably have a longer duration. This is an unpleasant topic to you who feel for us—however, I should not talk of it to one who would not feel. Your brother Gal. and I had a very grave conversation yesterday morning on this head; he thinks so like you, so reasonably and with so much good nature, that I seem to be only finishing a discourse that I have already had with you. As my fears about Houghton are great, I am a little pleased to have finished a slight memorial³ of it, a description of the pictures, of which I have just printed an hundred, to give to particular people: I will send you one, and shall beg Dr. Cocchi to accept another.

¹ Lord Orford did not die till 1751, and *old* Horace Walpole not till 1757.—DOVER.

² Auditor of the exchequer, and master of the buck-hounds.—WALPOLE.

³ " *Ædes Walpolianæ, or a Description of the Pictures at Houghton Hall, in Norfolk,*" first printed in 1747, and again in 1752.—WALPOLE.

If I could let myself wish to see you in England, it would be to see you here: the little improvements I am making have really turned Strawberry Hill into a charming villa: Mr. Chute, I hope, will tell you how pleasant it is: I mean literally tell you, for we have a glimmering of a *Venetian* prospect: he is just going from hence to town by water, down our *Brenta*.

You never say a word to me from the Princess, nor any of my old friends: I keep up our intimacy in my own mind; for I will not part with the idea of seeing Florence again. Whenever I am displeased here, the thoughts of that journey are my resource; just as cross would-be devout people, when they have quarrelled with this world, begin packing up for the other. Adieu!

272. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE:

Mistley, July 25, 1748.

I HAVE wished you with me extremely; you would have liked what I have seen. I have been to make a visit of two or three days to Nugent,¹ and was carried to see the last remains of the glory of old Aubrey de Veres, Earls of Oxford. They were once masters of almost this entire county, but quite reduced even before the extinction of their house: the last Earl's son died at a miserable cottage, that I was shown at a distance; and I think another of the sisters, besides Lady Mary Vere, was forced to live upon her beauty.

Henningham Castle, where Harry the Seventh was so sumptuously banquetted, and imposed that villainous fine for his entertainment, is now shrunk to one vast curious tower, that stands on a spacious mount raised on a high hill with a large fosse. It commands a fine prospect, and belongs to Mr. Ashurst, a rich citizen, who has built a trumpery new house close to it. In the parish church is a fine square monument of black marble of one of the Earls;² and there are three more tombs of the family at Earl's Colne, some miles from the castle. I could see but little of them, as it was very late, except that one of the Countesses has a head-dress exactly like the description of Mount Parnassus, with two tops. I suppose you have heard much of Gosfield, Nugent's seat. It is extremely in fashion,

¹ At Gosfield, in Essex.—CUNNINGHAM.

² John, sixteenth Earl of Oxford; died 1562.—CUNNINGHAM.

but did not answer to me, though there are fine things about it; but being situated in a country that is quite blocked up with hills upon hills, and even too much wood, it has not an inch of prospect. The park is to be sixteen hundred acres, and is bounded with a wood of five miles round; and the lake, which is very beautiful, is of seventy acres, directly in a line with the house, at the bottom of a fine lawn, and broke with very pretty groves, that fall down a slope into it. The house is vast, built round a very old court that has never been fine; the old windows and gateway left, and the old gallery, which is a bad narrow room, and hung with all the late patriots, but so ill done, that they look like caricatures done to expose them, since they have so much disgraced the virtues they pretended to. The rest of the house is all modernised, but in patches, and in the bad taste that came between the charming venerable Gothic and pure architecture. There is a great deal of good furniture, but no one room very fine: no tolerable pictures. Her dressing-room is very pretty, and furnished with white damask, china, japan, loads of easy chairs, bad pictures, and some pretty enamels. But what charmed me more than all I had seen, is the library chimney, which has existed from the foundation of the house; over it is an alto-relievo in wood, far from being ill done, of the battle of Bosworth Field. It is all white, except the helmets and trappings, which are gilt, and the shields, which are properly blazoned with the arms of all the chiefs engaged. You would adore it.

We passed our time very agreeably; both Nugent and his wife are very good-humoured, and easy in their house to a degree. There was nobody else but the Marquis of Tweedale; his new Marchioness,¹ who is infinitely good-humoured and good company, and sang a thousand French songs mighty prettily; a sister of Nugent's, who does not figure; and a Mrs. Eliot,² sister to Mrs. Nugent, who crossed over and figured in with Nugent: I mean she has turned Catholic, as he has Protestant. She has built herself a very pretty small house in the park, and is only a daily visitor. Nugent was extremely communicative of his own labours; repeated us an ode of ten thousand stanzas to abuse Messieurs de la Gallerie,

¹ Daughter of Earl Granville.—WALPOLE.

² Harriot, wife of Richard Eliot, Esq., father of the first Lord St. Germans, and a daughter of Mr. Secretary Craggs [by Miss Santlow the actress, afterwards Mrs. Barton Booth]. For a copy of verses addressed by Mr. Pitt to this lady, see the Chatham Correspondence, vol. iv., p. 373.—WRIGHT.

and read me a whole tragedy, which has really a great many pretty things in it; not indeed equal to his glorious Ode¹ on religion and liberty, but with many of those absurdities which are so blended with his parts. We were overturned coming back, but, thank you, we were not at all hurt, and have been to-day to see a large house and a pretty park belonging to a Mr. Williams; it is to be sold. You have seen in the papers that Dr. Broxholme is dead. He cut his throat. He always was nervous and vapoured; and so good-natured, that he left off his practice from not being able to bear seeing so many melancholy objects. I remember him with as much wit as ever I knew; there was a pretty correspondence of Latin odes that passed between him and Hodges.

You will be diverted to hear that the Duchess of Newcastle was received at Calais by Locheil's regiment under arms, who did duty himself while she stayed. The Duke of Grafton is going to Scarborough; don't you love that endless back-stairs policy? and at his time of life! This fit of ill health is arrived on the Prince's going to shoot for a fortnight at Thetford, and his grace is afraid of not being civil enough or too civil.

Since I wrote my letter I have been fishing in Rapin for any particulars relating to the Veres, and have already found that Robert de Vere, the great Duke of Ireland, and favourite of Richard the Second, is buried at Earl's Colne, and probably under one of the tombs I saw there; I long to be certain that the lady with the strange coiffure is Lancerona, the joiner's daughter, that he married after divorcing a princess of the blood for her. I have found, too, that King Stephen's Queen died at Henningham, a castle belonging to Alberic de Vere: in short, I am just now Vere mad, and extremely mortified to have Lancerona and Lady Vere Beauclerk's² Portuguese grandmother blended with this brave old blood. Adieu! I go to town, the day after to-morrow, and immediately from thence to Strawberry Hill. Yours ever

¹ This 'Ode to William Pulteney, Esq.,' contains the noble lines quoted by Gibbon in his character of Brutus.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Mary, eldest daughter and coheir of Thomas Chamber, of Hanworth, and wife of Lord Vere Beauclerk, son of the first Duke of St. Albans, by the daughter of Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford of the Vere family.—CUNNINGHAM.

273. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 11, 1748.

I AM arrived at great knowledge in the annals of the house of Vere, but though I have twisted and twined their genealogy and my own a thousand ways, I cannot discover, as I wished to do, that I am descended from them any how but from one of their Christian names; the name of Horace having travelled from them into Norfolk by the marriage of a daughter of Horace Lord Vere of Tilbury with a Sir Roger Townshend, whose family baptised some of us with it.¹ But I have made a really curious discovery! the lady with the strange dress at Earl's Colne, which I mentioned to you, is certainly Lancerona, the Portuguese; for I have found in Rapin, from one of the old chronicles, that Anne of Bohemia, to whom she had been Maid of Honour, introduced the fashion of *piked horns*, or high heads, which is the very attire on this tomb, and ascertains it to belong to Robert de Vere, the great Earl of Oxford, made Duke of Ireland by Richard II., who, after the banishment of this Minister,* and his death at Louvain, occasioned by a boar at a hunting match, caused the body to be brought over, would have the coffin opened once more to see his favourite, and attended it himself in high procession to its interment at Earl's Colne. I don't know whether the "Craftsman" some years ago would not have found out that we were descended from this Vere, at least from his name and ministry: my comfort is, that Lancerona was Earl Robert's second wife. But in this search I have crossed upon another descent, which I am taking great pains to verify (I don't mean a pun), and that is a probability of my being descended from Chaucer, whose daughter, the Lady Alice, before her espousals with Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, and afterwards with William de la Pole, the great Duke of Suffolk (another famous favourite), was married to a Sir John Philips, who I hope to find was of Picton Castle, and had children by her; but I have not yet brought these matters to a consistency: Mr. Chute is persuaded I shall, for he says any body with two or three hundred years of pedigree may find themselves descended from whom they please; and thank my stars and my good

¹ By this marriage the very curious collection of full-length portraits, now at Rainham, of the soldiers who had served under Sir Horace Vere, passed to the Townshend family.—CUNNINGHAM.

cousin, the present Sir J[ohn] Philips,¹ I have a sufficient pedigree to work upon; for he drew us up one by which *Ego et rex meus* are derived hand in hand from Cadwallader, and the English Baronetage says from the Emperor Maximus (by the Philips's, who are Welsh, *s'entend*). These Veres have thrown me into a deal of this old study: t'other night I was reading to Mrs. Leneve and Mrs. Pigot,² who has been here a few days, the description in Hall's Chronicle of the meeting of Harry VIII. and Francis I. which is so delightfully painted in your Windsor.³ We came to a paragraph, which I must transcribe; for though it means nothing in the world, it is so ridiculously worded in the old English that it made us laugh for three days.

And the two wood kynges served with a banquet and after mirth, had communication in the banquet time, and there shewed the one the other their pleasure.

Would not one swear that old Hal showed all that is showed in the Tower? I am now in the act of expecting the house of Pritchard, Dame Clive, and Mrs. Metheglin to dinner. I promise you the Clive and I will not show one another our pleasure during the banquet time nor afterwards. In the evening, we go to a play at Kingston, where the places are two pence a head. Our great company at Richmond and Twickenham has been torn to pieces by civil dissensions, but they continue acting. Mr. Lee, the ape of Garrick, not liking his part, refused to play it, and had the confidence to go into the pit as spectator. The actress, whose benefit was in agitation, made her complaints to the audience, who obliged him to mount the stage; but since that he has retired from the company. I am sorry he was such a coxcomb, for he was the best.

You say, why won't I go to Lady Mary's? [Churchill's.] I say, why won't you go to the Talbots? Mary is busied about many things, is dancing the hays between three houses; but I will go with you for a day or two to the Talbots if you like it, and you shall come hither to fetch me. I have been to see Mr. Hamilton's, near Cobham,⁴ where he has really made a fine place out of a most cursed hill. Esher⁵ I have seen again twice, and prefer it to all

¹ Sir John Philipps, of Picton Castle in Pembrokeshire, died 23rd June, 1764.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Niece of Mrs. Leneve [vol. i. p. 199], and first wife of Admiral Pigot.—WRIGHT.

³ The picture now (1857) at Hampton Court.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Painshill, in Surrey.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Esher, near Claremont, in Surrey. The seat of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham;

villas, even to Southcote's¹—Kent is Kentissime there. I have been laughing too at Claremont house; the gardens are improved since I saw them: do you know that the pine-apples are literally sent to Hanover by couriers? I am serious. Since the Duke of Newcastle went, and upon the news of the Duke of Somerset's illness, he has transmitted his commands through the King, and by him through the Bedford to the University of Cambridge to forbid their electing any body, but the most ridiculous person they could elect, his grace of Newcastle.² The Prince hearing this, has written to them, that having heard his Majesty's commands, he should by no means oppose them. This is sensible; but how do the two secretaries answer such a violent act of authority? *Nolkejumskoi*³ has let down his dignity and his discipline, and invites continually all officers that are members of parliament. Dodington's sentence of expulsion is sealed; Lyttelton is to have his place (the second time he has tripped up his heels); Lord Barrington is to go to the Treasury, and Dick Edgecumbe into the Admiralty.

Rigby is gone from hence to Sir William Stanhope's to the Aylesbury races, where the Grenvilles and Peggy Banks design to appear and avow their triumph. Gray has been here a few days, and is transported with your story of Madame Bentley's diving, and her white man, and in short with all your stories. 'Room for cuckolds'—here comes my company—

Aug. 12.

I had not time to finish my letter last night, for we did not return from the dismal play, which was in a barn at Kingston, till twelve o'clock at night. Our dinner passed off very well; the Clive was very good company; you know how much she admires Ashton's preaching. She says, she is always vastly good for two or three days after his sermons; but by the time that Thursday comes,

"Esher's peaceful grove,
Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love."—*Pope*.

"Esher's groves,
Where, in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose."—*Thomson*.

CUNNINGHAM.

¹ Woburn Farm, "a dainty whim," as Lord Bath calls it, near Chertsey, in Surrey, the beautiful seat of Philip Southcote, Esq. Mr. Southcote died 25th September, 1758.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Compare Duke of Newcastle to Duke of Bedford, 31st July, 1748 ('Bedford Correspondence,' vol. i., p. 439).—CUNNINGHAM.

³ A cant name for the Duke of Cumberland.—CUNNINGHAM.

all their effect is worn out. I never saw more proper decent behaviour than Mrs. Pritchard's, and I assure you even Mr. Treasurer Pritchard¹ was far better than I expected. Yours ever,

CHAUCERIDES.

274. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

DEAR HARRY :

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1748.

WHATEVER you may think, a campaign at Twickenham furnishes as little matter for a letter as an abortive one in Flanders. I can't say indeed that my generals wear black wigs, but they have long full-bottomed hoods which cover as little entertainment to the full.

There's General my Lady Castlecomer, and General my Lady Dowager Ferrers! Why, do you think I can extract more out of them than you can out of Hawley or Honeywood?² Your old women dress, go to the Duke's levee, see that the soldiers cock their hats right, sleep after dinner, and soak with their led-captains till bed-time, and tell a thousand lies of what they never did in their youth. Change hats for head-clothes, the rounds for visits, and led-captains for toad-eaters, and the life is the very same. In short, these are the people I live in the midst of, though not with; and it is for want of more important histories that I have wrote to you seldom; not, I give you my word, from the least negligence. My present and sole occupation is planting, in which I have made great progress, and talk very learnedly with the nurserymen, except that now and then a lettuce run to seed overturns all my botany, as I have more than once taken it for a curious West-Indian flowering shrub. Then the deliberation with which trees grow, is extremely inconvenient to my natural impatience. I lament living in so barbarous an age, when we are come to so little perfection in gardening. I am persuaded that a hundred and fifty years hence it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant tulip-roots. I have even begun a treatise or panegyric on the great discoveries made by posterity in all arts and sciences, wherein I shall particularly descant on the great and cheap convenience of making trout-rivers—one of the improvements which Mrs. Kerwood wondered Mr. Hedges would not make at his country-house, but which was not then quite so common as it

¹ Mrs. Pritchard's son was Treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre.—CUNNINGHAM.

² General Honeywood, governor of Portsmouth.—WALPOLE.

will be. I shall talk of a secret for roasting a wild boar and a whole pack of hounds alive, without hurting them, so that the whole chase may be brought up to table; and for this secret, the Duke of Newcastle's grandson, if he can ever get a son, is to give a hundred thousand pounds. Then the delightfulness of having whole groves of humming-birds, tame tigers taught to fetch and carry, pocket spying-glasses to see all that is doing in China, with a thousand other toys, which we now look upon as impracticable, and which pert posterity would laugh in one's face for staring at, while they are offering rewards for perfecting discoveries, of the principles of which we have not the least conception! If ever this book should come forth, I must expect to have all the learned in arms against me, who measure all knowledge backward: some of them have discovered symptoms of all arts in Homer; and Pineda,¹ had so much faith in the accomplishments of his ancestors, that he believed Adam understood all sciences but politics. But as these great champions for our forefathers are dead, and Boileau not alive to hitch me into a verse with Perrault, I am determined to admire the learning of posterity, especially being convinced that half our present knowledge sprung from discovering the errors of what had formerly been called so. I don't think I shall ever make any great discoveries myself, and therefore shall be content to propose them to my descendants, like my Lord Bacon, who, as Dr. Shaw says very prettily in his preface to Boyle, "had the art of inventing arts:" or rather like a Marquis of Worcester, of whom I have seen a little book which he calls 'A Century of Inventions,'² where he has set down a hundred machines to do impossibilities with, and not a single direction how to make the machines themselves.

If I happen to be less punctual in my correspondence than I intend to be, you must conclude I am writing my book, which being designed for a panegyric, will cost me a great deal of trouble. The dedication, with your leave, shall be addressed to your son that is coming, or, with my Lady Ailesbury's leave, to your ninth son, who will be unborn nearer to the time I am writing of; always provided that she does not bring three at once, like my Lady Berkeley.³

¹ Pineda was a Spanish Jesuit, and a professor of theology. He died in 1637, after writing voluminous commentaries upon several books of the Holy Scriptures, besides an universal history of the church.—WALPOLE.

² Compare article 'Worcester,' in Walpole's 'Royal and Noble Authors.'—CUNNINGHAM.

³ On the 22nd July, 1748, the Countess of Berkeley was delivered of three daughters who died the same day.—CUNNINGHAM.

Well! I have here set you the example of writing nonsense when one has nothing to say, and shall take it ill if you don't keep up the correspondence on the same foot. Adieu!

275. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday-night, Sept. 3, 1748.

ALL my sins to Mrs. Talbot you are to expiate; I am here quite alone, and want nothing but your fetching to go to her. I have been in town for a day, just to see Lord Bury, who is come over with the Duke; they return next Thursday. The Duke is fatter, and it is now not denied that he has entirely lost the sight of one eye. This did not surprise me so much as a *bon mot* of his. Gumley, who you know is grown Methodist, came to tell him, that as he was on duty, a tree in Hyde Park, near the powder magazine, had been set on fire; the Duke replied, he hoped it was not by *the new light*. This nonsensical *new light* is extremely in fashion, and I shall not be surprised if we see a revival of all the folly and cant of the last age. Whitfield preaches continually at my Lady Huntingdon's,¹ at Chelsea; my Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Bath, my Lady Townshend, my Lady Thanet, and others, have been to hear him.² What will you lay that, next winter, he is not run after, instead of Garrick?

I am just come from the play at Richmond, where I found the Duchess of Argyle and Lady Betty Campbell, and their court. We had a new actress, a Miss Clough; an extremely fine tall figure, and very handsome: she spoke very justly, and with spirit. Garrick is to produce her next winter; and a Miss Charlotte Ramsay,³ a poetess and deplorable actress. Garrick, Barry, and some more of the players, were there to see these new comedians; it is to be their seminary.

¹ Lady Selina Shirley (the Queen of the Methodists), daughter of Earl Ferrers and wife of Theophilus Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon. At her death, in 1791, the number of her chapels was said to be sixty-four.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lord Bolingbroke, in a letter to the Earl of Marchmont of the 1st of November, says, "I hope you heard from me by myself, as well as of me by Mr. Whitfield. This apostolical person preached some time ago at Lady Huntingdon's, and I should have been curious to hear him. Nothing kept me from going, but an imagination that there was to be a select auditory. That saint, our friend Chesterfield, was there; and I heard from him an extreme good account of the sermon."—*Marchmont Papers*, vol. ii. p. 377.—WRIGHT.

³ Better known as Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, and as the author of 'The Female Quixote.' She died in 1804.—CUNNINGHAM.

Since I came home I have been disturbed with a strange, foolish woman, that lives at the great corner house yonder; she is an attorney's wife, and much given to the bottle. By the time she has finished that and daylight, she grows afraid of thieves, and makes the servants fire minute guns out of the garret windows. I remember persuading Mrs. Kerwood that there was a great smell of thieves, and this drunken dame seems literally to smell it. The divine Ashton, whom I suppose you will have seen when you receive this, will give you an account of the astonishment we were in last night at hearing guns; I began to think that the Duke had brought some of his defeats from Flanders.

I am going to tell you a long story, but you will please to remember that I don't intend to tell it well; therefore, if you discover any beauties in the relation where I never intended them, don't conclude, as you did in your last, that I know they are there. If I had not a great command of my pen, and could not force it to write whatever nonsense I had heard last, you would be enough to pervert all one's letters, and put one upon keeping up one's character; but as I write merely to satisfy you, I shall take no care but not to write well: I hate letters that are called good letters.

You must know then,—but did you know a young fellow that was called Handsome Tracy? He was walking in the Park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty; they followed them; but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. (There are now three more guns gone off; she must be very drunk.) He followed to Whitehall gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them—he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster, and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived, quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and after much disputing, went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven Street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the Park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters; and in the last offered two hundred pounds a-year to her, and a hundred a-year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her, if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. "Ay," says she, "but if I should, and should lose

him by it." However, the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue; and when she met Tracy the next morning in the Park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing; she would go nowhere. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him, that if he would accept such a dinner as a butterwoman's daughter could give him, he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven Street: the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when a chosen committee waited on the faithful pair to the minister of May-fair.¹ The doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the King, but that he had a brother over the way who perhaps would, and who did. The mother borrowed a pair of sheets, and they consummated at her house; and the next day they went to their own palace. In two or three days the scene grew gloomy; and the husband coming home one night, swore he could bear it no longer. "Bear! bear what?"—"Why, to be teased by all my acquaintance for marrying a butterwoman's daughter. I am determined to go to France, and will leave you a handsome allowance."—"Leave me! why you don't fancy you shall leave me? I will go with you."—"What, you love me then?"—"No matter whether I love you or not, but you shan't go without me." And they are gone! If you know anybody that proposes marrying and travelling, I think they cannot do it in a more commodious method.

I agree with you most absolutely in your opinion about Gray: he is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily; all his words are measured and chosen, and formed into sentences; his writings are admirable; he himself is not agreeable.²

There are still two months to London: if you could discover your own mind for any three or four days of that space, I will either go with you to the Tigers or be glad to see you here; but I positively

¹ The Rev. Alexander Keith. In Keith's chapel the Countess of Orford was married to Mr. Shirley, and the youngest of the Gunnings to the Duke of Hamilton.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Dr. Beattie says, in a letter to Sir W. Forbes, "Gray's letters very much resemble what his conversation was; he had none of the airs of either a scholar or a poet; and though on those and all other subjects he spoke to me with the utmost freedom, and without any reserve, he was in general company much more silent than one could have wished."—WRIGHT.

will ask you neither one nor t'other any more. I have raised seven-and-twenty bantams from the patriachs you sent me. Adieu!

276. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 18, 1748.

I HAVE two letters of yours to account for, and nothing to plead but my old insolvency. Oh! yes, I have to scold you, which you find is an inexhaustible fund with me. You sent me your *démêlé*¹ with the whole city of Florence, and charged me to keep it secret—and the first person I saw was my Lord Hobart, who was full of the account he had received from you. You might as well have told a woman an improper secret, and expected to have it kept! but you may be very easy, for unless it reaches my Lady Pomfret or my Lady Orford, I dare say it will never get back to Florence; and for those two ladies, I don't think it likely that they should hear it, for the first is in a manner retired from the world, and the world is retired from the second. Now I have vented my anger, I am seriously sorry for you, to be exposed to the impertinence of those silly Florentine women: they deserve a worse term than silly, since they pretend to any characters. How could you act with so much temper? If they had treated me in this manner, I should have avowed ten times more than they pretended you had done: but you are an absolute minister!

I am much obliged to Prince Beauvau for remembering me, and should be extremely pleased to show him all manner of attentions here: you know I profess great attachment to that family for their civilities to me. But how gracious the Princess has been to you! I am quite jealous of her dining with you: I remember what a rout there was to get her for half of half a quarter of an hour to your assembly.

The Bishop of London [Gibson] is dead; having, luckily for his family, as it proves, refused the archbishopric.² We owe him the

¹ A Madame Ubaldini having raised a scandalous story of two persons whom she saw together in Mr. Mann's garden at one of his assemblies, and a scurrilous sonnet having been made upon the occasion, the Florentine ladies for some time pretended that it would hurt their characters to come any more to his assembly.—WALPOLE.

² Dr. Edmund Gibson had been very intimate with Sir Robert Walpole, and was designed by him for archbishop after the death of Wake [1737]; but setting himself at the head of the clergy against the Quaker bill, he broke with Sir Robert and lost the archbishopric, which was given to Potter; but on his death [1747], the succeeding ministry offered it to Dr. Gibson.—WALPOLE. Compare Lord Hervey's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 108.—CUNNINGHAM.

justice to say, that though he had broke with my father, he always expressed himself most handsomely about him, and without any resentment or ingratitude.

Your brothers are coming to dine with me; your brother Gal. is extremely a favourite with me: I took to him for his resemblance to you, but am grown to love him upon his own fund.

The peace is still in a cloud: according to custom, we have hurried on our complaisance before our new friends were at all ready with theirs. There was a great Regency¹ kept in town, to take off the prohibition of commerce with Spain: when they were met, somebody asked if Spain was ready to take off theirs?—"Oh, Lord! we never thought of that!" They sent for Wall,² and asked him if his court would take the same step with us? He said, "he believed they might, but he had no orders about it." However, we proceeded, and hitherto are bit.

Adieu! by the first opportunity I shall send you the two books of Houghton, for yourself and Dr. Cocchi. My Lord Orford is much mended: my uncle has no prospect of ever removing from his couch.

277. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25, 1748.

I SHALL write you a very short letter, for I don't know what business we have to be corresponding when we might be together. I really wish to see you, for you know I am convinced of what you say to me. It is few people I ask to come hither, and if possible, still fewer that I wish to see here. The disinterestedness of your friendship for me has always appeared, and is the only sort that for the future I will ever accept, and consequently I never expect any more friends. As to trying to make any by obligations, I have had such woful success, that, for fear of thinking still worse than I do of the world, I will never try more. But you are abominable to reproach me with not letting you go to Houghton: have not I offered a thousand times to carry you there? I mean, since it was my brother's: I did not expect to prevail with you before; for you are so unaccountable, that you not only will never do a dirty thing, but you won't even venture the appearance of it. I have often

¹ This means a meeting of the persons composing the Regency during the King's absence in Hanover.—DOVER.

² General Wall, the Spanish ambassador.—WALPOLE.

applied to you in my own mind a very pretty passage that I remember in a letter of Chillingworth; "you would not do that for preferment that you would not do but for preferment." You oblige me much in what you say about my nephews, and make me happy in the character you have heard of Lord Malpas; I am extremely inclined to believe he deserves it. I am as sorry to hear what a companion Lord Walpole has got: there has been a good deal of noise about him, but I had laughed at it, having traced the worst reports to his gracious mother [Orford], who is now sacrificing the character of her son to her aversion for her husband. If we lived under the Jewish dispensation, how I should tremble at my brother's leaving no children by her, and its coming to my turn to raise him up issue!

Since I gave you the account of the Duchess of Ireland's piked horns among the tombs of Veres, I have found a long account in Bayle of the friar, who, as I remember to have read somewhere, preached so vehemently against that fashion: it was called *Hennin*, and the monk's name was Thomas Conecte. He was afterwards burnt at Rome for censuring the lives of the clergy. As our histories say that Anne of Bohemia introduced the fashion here, it is probable that the French learnt it from us, and were either long before they caught it, or long in retaining the mode; for the Duke of Ireland died in 1389, and Conecte was burnt at Rome in 1434. There were, indeed, several years between his preaching down *Hennins* and his death, but probably not near five-and-forty years, and half that term was a long duration for so outrageous a fashion. But I have found a still more entertaining fashion in another place in Bayle, which was, the women wearing looking-glasses upon their bellies: I don't conceive for what use. Adieu! don't write any more, but come.

278. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

DEAR HARRY:

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 6, 1748.

I AM sorry our wishes clash so much. Besides that I have no natural inclination for the Parliament, it will particularly disturb me now in the middle of all my planting; for which reason I have never inquired when it will meet, and cannot help you to guess—but I should think not hastily—for I believe the peace, at least the evacuations, are not in so prosperous a way as to be ready to make

any figure in the King's speech. But I speak from a distance; it may all be very toward: our ministers enjoy the consciousness of their wisdom, as the good do of their virtue, and take no pains to make it shine before men. In the mean time, we have several collateral emoluments from the pacification: all our milliners, tailors, tavern-keepers, and young gentlemen are tiding to France for our improvement in luxury; and as I foresee we shall be told on their return that we have lived in a total state of blindness for these six years, and gone absolutely retrograde to all true taste in every particular, I have already begun to practise walking on my head, and doing every thing the wrong way. Then Charles Frederick has turned all his virtù into fireworks, and, by his influence at the ordnance, has prepared such a spectacle for the proclamation of the peace as is to surpass all its predecessors of bouncing memory. It is to open with a concert of fifteen hundred hands, and conclude with so many hundred thousand crackers all set to music, that all the men killed in the war are to be wakened with the crash, as if it was the day of judgment, and fall a dancing, like the troops in the 'Rehearsal.' I wish you could see him making squibs of his papilotes, and bronzed over with a patina of gunpowder, and talking himself still hoarser on the superiority that his firework will have over the Roman naumachia.

I am going to dinner with Lady Sophia Thomas¹ at Hampton Court, where I was to meet the Cardigans; but I this minute receive a message that the Duchess of Montagu² is extremely ill, which I am much concerned for on Lady Cardigan's³ account, whom I grow every day more in love with; you may imagine, not her person, which is far from improved lately; but, since I have been here, I have lived much with them, and, as George Montagu says, *in all my practice* I never met a better understanding, nor more really estimable qualities: such a dignity in her way of thinking; so little idea of anything mean or ridiculous, and such proper contempt for both! Adieu! I must go dress for dinner, and you perceive that I wish I had, but have nothing to tell you.

¹ Lady Sophia Keppel, daughter of the first Earl of Albemarle, and wife of General Thomas.—CUNNINGHAM.

² She was mother to Lady Cardigan, and daughter to the great Duke of Marlborough.—WALPOLE.

³ Lady Mary Montagu, third daughter of John, Duke of Montagu, and wife of George Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan, afterwards created Duke of Montagu.—WALPOLE.

279. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 20, 1748.

You are very formal to send me a ceremonious letter of thanks ; you see I am less punctilious, for having nothing to tell you, I did not answer your letter. I have been in the empty town for a day : Mrs. Muscovy and I cannot devise where you have planted jasmine ; I am all plantation, and sprout away like any chaste nymph in the Metamorphosis.

They say the old monarch at Hanover has got a new mistress ; I I fear he ought to have got a new ——— Now I talk of getting, Mr. Fox has got the ten thousand pound prize ; and the Violette, as it is said, Coventry¹ for a husband. It is certain that at the fine masquerade he was following her, as she was under the Countess's arm,² who, pulling off her glove, moved her wedding ring up and down her finger, which it seems was to signify that no other terms would be accepted. It is the year for contra-band marriages, though I do not find Fanny Murray's is certain. I liked her spirit in an instance I heard t'other night : she was complaining of want of money : Sir Robert Atkins immediately gave her a twenty pound note ; she said " D—n your twenty pound ! what does it signify ? " clapped it between two pieces of bread and butter, and ate it. Adieu ! nothing should make me leave off so shortly but that my gardener waits for me, and you must allow that he is to be preferred to all the world.

280. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1748.

I HAVE laughed heartily at your adventure of Milord Richard Onslow ;³ it is an admirable adventure ! I am not sure that Riccardi's absurdity was not the best part of it. Where were the

¹ William, fifth Earl of Coventry ; died 1751.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The Countess of Burlington.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ One Daniel Bets, a Dutchman or Fleming, who called himself my Lord Richard Onslow, and pretended to be the Speaker's son, having forged letters of credit and drawn money from several bankers, came to Florence, and was received as an Englishman of quality by Marquis Riccardi, who could not be convinced by Mr. Mann of the imposture till the adventurer ran away on foot to Rome in the night.—WALPOLE.

Rinuncinis, the Panciaticis, and Pandolfinis? were they as ignorant too? What a brave topic it would have been for Niccolini, if he had been returned, to display all his knowledge of England!

Your brothers are just returned from Houghton, where they found my brother extremely recovered: my uncle too, I hear, is better; but I think that an impossible recovery.¹ Lord Walpole is setting out on his travels: I shall be impatient to have him at Florence; I flatter myself you will like him: I, who am not troubled with partiality to my family, admire him much. Your brother has got the two books of Houghton, and will send them by the first opportunity: I am by no means satisfied with them; they are full of faults, and the two portraits wretchedly unlike.

The peace is signed between us, France, and Holland, but does not give the least joy; the stocks do not rise, and the merchants are unsatisfied; they say France will sacrifice us to Spain, which has not yet signed: in short, there has not been the least symptom of public rejoicing; but the government is to give a magnificent firework.

I believe there are no news, but I am here all alone, planting. The Parliament does not meet till the 29th of next month: I shall go to town but two or three days before that. The Bishop of Salisbury [Sherlock], who refused Canterbury, accepts London, upon a near prospect of some fat fines. Old Tom Walker² is dead, and has left vast wealth and good places; but I have not heard where either are to go. Adieu! I am very paragraphical, and you see have nothing to say.

281. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 2, 1748.

OUR King is returned and our Parliament met: we expected nothing but harmony and tranquillity, and love of the peace; but the very first day opened with a black cloud, that threatens a stormy session. To the great surprise of the ministry, the Tories appear in intimate league with the Prince's party, and both agreed in warm and passionate expressions on the treaty: we shall not have the

¹ Yet he did in great measure recover by the use of soap and limewater.—
WALPOLE.

² He was Surveyor of the Roads; had been a kind of toad-eater to Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Godolphin; was a great frequenter of Newmarket, and a notorious usurer.—WALPOLE.

discussion till after Christmas. My uncle [*old Horace*], who is extremely mended by soap, and the hopes of a peerage, is come up, and the very first day broke out in a volley of treaties: though he is altered, you would be astonished at his spirits.

We talk much of the Chancellor's [*Hardwicke's*] resigning the seals, from weariness of the fatigue, and being made President of the Council, with other consequent changes, which I will write you if they happen; but as this has already been a discourse of six months, I don't give it you for certain.

Mr. Chute, to whom alone I communicated *Nicolini's* banishment, though it is now talked of from the Duke of Bedford's office, says "he is sorry the *Abbé* is banished for the only thing which he ever saw to commend in him,—his abusing the Tuscan ministry." I must tell you another admirable *bon mot* of Mr. Chute, now I am mentioning him. Passing by the door of Mrs. Edwards, who died of drams, he saw the motto which the undertakers had placed to her escutcheon, *Mors janua vitæ*, he said "it ought to have been *Mors aqua vitæ*."

The burlettas are begun; I think, not decisively liked or condemned yet: their success is certainly not rapid, though *Pertici* is excessively admired. Garrick says he is the best comedian he ever saw: but the women are execrable, not a pleasing note amongst them. Lord Middlesex has stood a trial with *Monticelli* for arrears of salary, in Westminster-hall, and even let his own hand-writing be proved against him! You may imagine he was cast. Hume Campbell, Lord Marchmont's brother, a favourite advocate, and whom the ministry have pensioned out of the Opposition into silence, was his counsel, and protested, striking his breast, that he had never set his foot but once into an opera-house in his life. This affectation of British patriotism is excellently ridiculous in a man so known: I have often heard my father say, that of all the men he ever knew, Lord Marchmont and Hume Campbell were the most abandoned in their professions to him on their coming into the world: he was hindered from accepting their services by the present Duke of Argyll, of whose faction they were not. They then flung themselves into the Opposition, where they both have made great figures, till the elder was shut out of Parliament by his father's death, and the younger, being very foolishly dismissed from being Solicitor to the Prince, in favour of Mr. Bathurst,¹ accepted a pension from the

¹ The Hon. Henry Bathurst, second son of Allen, first Lord Bathurst. He became

Court, and seldom comes into the House, and has lately taken to live on roots and to study astronomy.¹ Lord Marchmont, you know, was one of Pope's heroes, had a place in Scotland on Lord Chesterfield's coming into the ministry, though he had not power to bring him into the sixteen; and was very near losing his place last winter, on being supposed the author of the famous apology for Lord Chesterfield's resignation. This is the history of these Scotch brothers, which I have told you for want of news.

Two Oxford scholars are condemned to two years' imprisonment for treason;² and their Vice-Chancellor, for winking at it, is soon to be tried. What do you say to the young Pretender persisting to stay in France? It will not be easy to persuade me that it is without the approbation of that court. Adieu!

282. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 15, 1748.

I CONCLUDE your Italy talks of nothing but the young Pretender's imprisonment at Vincennes. I don't know whether he be a Stuart, but I am sure by his extravagance he has proved himself of English extraction! What a mercy that we had not him here! with a temper so impetuous and obstinate, as to provoke a French government when in their power, what would he have done with an English

heir to the title upon the death, without issue, of his elder brother, the Hon. Benjamin Bathurst, in 1761. In 1746 he was appointed Attorney-General to Frederick, Prince of Wales; in 1754, one of the puisne judges of the court of Common Pleas, and in 1771, Lord Chancellor. He was, upon this occasion, created a peer, by the title of Lord Apsley. He succeeded his father as second Earl Bathurst in 1775, and died in 1794.—DOVER.

¹ In the preceding March, Lord Marchmont had married a second wife, Miss Crampton. The circumstances attending this marriage are thus related by David Hume, in a letter to Mr. Oswald, dated January 29, 1748;—"Lord Marchmont has had the most extraordinary adventure in the world. About three weeks ago he was at the play, when he espied in one of the boxes a fair virgin, whose looks, airs, and manners had such a wonderful effect upon him, as was visible by every bystander. His raptures were so undisguised, his looks so expressive of passion, his inquiries so earnest, that every person took notice of it. He soon was told that her name was Crampton, a linendraper's daughter, who had been bankrupt last year. He wrote next morning to her father, desiring to visit his daughter on honourable terms, and in a few days she will be the Countess of Marchmont. Could you ever suspect the ambitious, the severe, the bustling, the impetuous, the violent Marchmont, of becoming so tender and gentle a swain—an Orondates!"—WRIGHT.

² In drinking the Pretender's health, and using seditious expressions against the King. They were also sentenced "to walk round Westminster Hall, with a label affixed to their foreheads, denoting their crime and sentence, and to ask pardon of the several courts;" which they accordingly performed.—WRIGHT.

government in his power? An account came yesterday that he, with his Sheridan and a Mr. Stafford (who was a creature of my Lord Bath), are transmitted to Pont de Beauvoisin, under a solemn promise never to return into France (I suppose, unless they send for him). It is said that a Mr. Dun, who married Alderman Parsons's eldest daughter, is in the Bastile for having struck the officer when the young man was arrested.

Old Somerset [the proud Duke] is at last dead, and the Duke of Newcastle Chancellor of Cambridge, to his heart's content. Somerset tendered his pride even beyond his hate; for he has left the present Duke all the furniture of his palaces, and forbore to charge the estate, according to a power he had, with five-and-thirty thousand pounds. To his Duchess,¹ who has endured such a long slavery with him, he has left nothing but one thousand pounds and a small farm, besides her jointure; giving the whole of his unsettled estate, which is about six thousand pounds a year, equally between his two daughters, and leaving it absolutely in their own powers now, though neither are of age; and to Lady Frances, the eldest, he has additionally given the fine house built by Inigo Jones, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, (which he had bought of the Duke of Ancaster for the Duchess,) hoping that his daughter will let her mother live with her. To Sir Thomas Bootle he has given half a borough, and a whole one [Midhurst] to his grandson Sir Charles Windham,² with an estate that cost him fourteen thousand pounds. To Mr. Obrien,³ Sir Charles Windham's brother, a single thousand; and to Miss Windham an hundred a-year, which he gave her annually at Christmas, and is just such a legacy as you would give to a housekeeper to prevent her from going to service again. She is to be married immediately to the second Grenville;⁴ they have waited for a larger legacy. The famous settlement⁵ is found, which gives Sir Charles Windham

¹ Charlotte Finch, sister of the Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, second wife of Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset; by whom she had two daughters, Lady Frances, married to the Marquis of Granby, and Lady Charlotte to Lord Guernsey, eldest son of the Earl of Aylesford.—WALPOLE.

² Afterwards Earl of Egremont.—DOVER.

³ Afterwards created Earl of Thomond, in Ireland.—DOVER.

⁴ George Grenville. The issue of this marriage were the late Marquis of Buckingham [died 1813], the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville [famed for his Library], and Lord Grenville [died 1834]; besides several daughters.—DOVER.

⁵ The Duke's first wife was the heiress of the house of Northumberland; she made a settlement of her estate, in case her sons died without heirs-male, on the children of her daughters. Her eldest daughter, Catherine, married Sir William Wyndham, whose son, Sir Charles, by the death of Lord Beauchamp, only son of Algernon, Earl of Hertford, and afterwards Duke of Somerset, succeeded to the greatest part of the

about twelve thousand pounds a-year of the Percy estate after the present Duke's death; the other five, with the barony of Percy, must go to Lady Betty Smithson.¹ I don't know whether you ever heard that, in Lord Granville's administration, he had prevailed with the King to grant the earldom of Northumberland to Sir Charles; Lord Hertford represented against it; at last the King said he would give it to whoever they would make it appear was to have the Percy estate; but old Somerset refused to let anybody see his writings, and so the affair dropped, everybody believing there was no such settlement.

John Stanhope² of the Admiralty is dead, and Lord Chesterfield gets thirty thousand pounds for his life: I hear Mr. Villiers is most likely to succeed to that board. You know all the Stanhopes are a family *aux bon-mots*: I must tell you one of this John. He was sitting by an old Mr. Curzon, a nasty wretch, and very covetous: his nose wanted blowing, and continued to want it: at last Mr. Stanhope, with the greatest good-breeding, said, "Indeed, Sir, if you don't wipe your nose, you will lose that drop."

I am extremely pleased with Monsieur de Mirepoix's³ being named for this embassy; and I beg you will desire Princesse Craon to recommend me to Madame, for I would be particularly acquainted with her as she is their daughter. Hogarth has run a great risk since the peace; he went to France, and was so imprudent as to be taking a sketch of the drawbridge at Calais. He was seized and carried to the governor, where he was forced to prove his vocation by producing several *caricaturas* of the French; particularly a scene⁴ of the shore, with an immense piece of beef landing for the Lion-d'argent, the English inn at Calais, and several hungry friars following it. They were much diverted with his drawings, and dismissed him.

Percy estate, preferably to Elizabeth, daughter of the same Algernon, who was married to Sir Hugh Smithson.—WALPOLE.

¹ Elizabeth, daughter of Algernon, last Duke of Somerset of the younger branch. She was married to Sir Hugh Smithson, Bart., who became successively Earl and Duke of Northumberland.—DOVER.

² The Hon. John Stanhope, youngest brother of the famous Earl of Chesterfield.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The Marquis de Mirepoix, marshal of France, and ambassador to England. His wife was a woman of ability, and was long in great favour with Louis the Fifteenth and his successive mistresses.—DOVER.

⁴ He engraved and published it on his return.—WALPOLE. The "Gate of Calais." Fine the Engraver as the Friar. The original picture is in the possession of the Earl of Charlemont.—CUNNINGHAM.

Mr. Chute lives at the Heralds' office in your service, and yesterday got particularly acquainted with your great-great-grandmother. He says, by her character, she would be extremely shocked at your *wet-brown-paperiness*, and that she was particularly famous for breaking her own pads. Adieu!

283. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 26, 1748.

DID you ever know a more absolute country-gentleman? Here am I come down to what you call keep my Christmas! indeed it is not in all the forms; I have stuck no laurel and holly in my windows, I eat no turkey and chine, I have no tenants to invite, I have not brought a single soul with me. The weather is excessively stormy, but has been so warm, and so entirely free from frosts the whole winter, that not only several of my honeysuckles are come out, but I have literally a blossom upon a nectarine-tree, which I believe was never seen in this climate before on the 26th of December. I am extremely busy here planting; I have got four more acres, which makes my territory prodigious in a situation where land is so scarce, and villas as abundant as formerly at Tivoli and Baïæ. I have now about fourteen acres, and am making a terrace the whole breadth of my garden on the brow of a natural hill, with meadows at the foot, and commanding the river, the village, Richmond-hill, and the park, and part of Kingston—but I hope never to show it you. What you hint at in your last, increase of character, I should be extremely against your stirring in now: the whole system of embassies is in confusion, and more candidates than employments. I would have yours pass, as it is, for settled. If you were to be talked of, especially for a higher character at Florence, one don't know whom the additional dignity might tempt. Hereafter, perhaps, it might be practicable for you, but I would by no means advise your soliciting it at present. Sir Charles Williams is the great obstacle to all arrangement: Mr. Fox makes a point of his going to Turin; the ministry, who do not love him, are not for his going anywhere. Mr. Villiers is talked of for Vienna, though just made a lord of the Admiralty. There were so many competitors, that at last Mr. Pelham said he would carry in two names to the King, and he should choose (a great indulgence!). Sir Peter Warren and Villiers were carried in; the King chose the latter. I believe there

is a little of Lord Granville in this, and in a Mr. Hooper, who was turned out with the last ministry, and is now made a Commissioner of the Customs: the pretence is, to vacate a seat in Parliament for Sir Thomas Robinson, who is made a Lord of Trade; a scurvy reward after making the peace. Mr. Villiers, you know, has been much *gazetted*, and had his letters to the King of Prussia printed; but he is a very silly fellow. I met him the other day at Lord Granville's, where, on the subject of a new play,¹ he began to give the Earl an account of Coriolanus, with reflections on his history. Lord Granville at last grew impatient, and said, "Well! well! it is an old story; it may not be true." As we went out together, I said, "I like the approach to this house."²—"Yes," said Villiers, "and I love to be in it; for I never come here but I hear something I did not know before." Last year, I asked him to attend a controverted election in which I was interested; he told me he would with all his heart, but that he had resolved not to vote in elections for the first session, for that he owned he could not understand them—not understand them!

Lord St. John³ is dead; he had a place in the Custom-House of 1200*l.* a year, which his father had bought of the Duchess of Kendal for two lives, for 4000*l.* Mr. Pelham has got it for Lord Lincoln and his child.

I told you in my last a great deal about old Somerset's will: they have since found 150,000*l.* which goes, too, between the two daughters. It had been feared that he would leave nothing to the youngest; two or three years ago, he waked after dinner and found himself upon the floor; she used to watch him, had left him, and he had fallen from his couch. He forbade every body to speak to her; but yet to treat her with respect as his daughter. She went about the house for a year, without anybody daring openly to utter a syllable to her; and it was never known that he had forgiven her. His whole stupid life was a series of pride and tyranny.

There have been great contests in the Privy Council about the trial of the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford: the Duke of Bedford and Lord Gower pressed it extremely. The latter asked the Attorney-General [Ryder] his opinion, who told him the evidence did not appear strong enough: Lord Gower said, "Mr. Attorney, you seem

¹ Thomson's 'Coriolanus.'—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lord Granville's house, in Arlington Street, was the lowest in the street on the side of the Green Park.—DOVER.

³ Half-brother of the celebrated Viscount Bolingbroke.—CUNNINGHAM.

to be very lukewarm for your party." He replied, "My lord, I never was lukewarm for my party, *nor ever was but of one party.*"¹ There is a scheme for vesting in the King the nomination of the Chancellor of that University,² who has much power—and much noise it would make! The Lord Chancellor is to be High Steward of Cambridge, in succession to the Duke of Newcastle.

The families of Devonshire and Chesterfield have received a great blow at Derby, where, on the death of John Stanhope, they set up another of the name. One Mr. Rivett, the Duke's chief friend and manager, stood himself, and carried it by a majority of seventy-one. Lord Chesterfield had sent down credit for ten thousand pounds. The Cavendish's, however, are very happy, for Lady Hartington³ has produced a son.⁴

I asked a very intelligent person if there could be any foundation for the story of Niccolini's banishment taking its rise from complaints of our court: he answered very sensibly, that even if our court had complained, which was most unlikely, it was not at all probable that the court of Vienna would have paid any regard to it. There is another paragraph in your same letter in which I must set you right: you talk of the sudden change of my opinion about Lord Walpole:⁵ I never had but one opinion about him, and that was always most favourable: nor can I imagine what occasioned your mistake, unless my calling him *a wild boy*, where I talked of the consequences of his father's death. I meant nothing in the world by *wild*, but the thoughtlessness of a boy of nineteen, who comes to the possession of a peerage and an estate. My partiality, I am sure, could never let me say anything else of him.

Mr. Chute's sister is dead. When I came from town Mr. Whithed had heard nothing of her will: she had about four thousand pounds. The brother is so capricious a monster, that we almost hope she has not given the whole to our friend.

You will be diverted with a story I am going to tell you; it is very long, and so is my letter already; but you perceive I am in the country and have nothing to hurry me. There is about town a

¹ Lord Gower had been a Jacobite. (See vol. i, p. 176.)—CUNNINGHAM.

² In consequence of the University's always electing Jacobites to that office.—DOVER.

³ Lady Charlotte Boyle, second daughter of Richard, Earl of Burlington and Cork, and wife of William, Marquis of Hartington.—WALPOLE.

⁴ William Cavendish, afterwards fifth Duke of Devonshire, and K.G. He died in 1811.—DOVER.

⁵ George, third Earl of Orford.—DOVER.

Sir William Burdett,¹ a man of a very good family, but most infamous character. He formerly was at Paris with a Mrs. Penn, a Quaker's wife, whom he there bequeathed to the public, and was afterwards a sharper at Brussels, and lately came to England to discover a plot for poisoning the Prince of Orange, in which I believe he was poisoner, poison, and informer all himself. In short, to give you his character at once, there is a wager entered in the bet-book at White's (a MS.² of which I may one day or other give you an account), that the first baronet that will be hanged is this Sir William Burdett. About two months ago he met at St. James's a Lord Castledurrow,³ a young Irishman, and no genius as you will find, and entered into conversation with him: the Lord, seeing a gentleman, fine, polite, and acquainted with everybody, invited him to dinner for next day, and a Captain Rodney,⁴ a young seaman, who has made a fortune by very gallant behaviour during the war. At dinner it came out, that neither the Lord nor the Captain had ever been at any Pelham-levees. "Good God!" said Sir William, "that must not be so any longer; I beg I may carry you to both the Duke and Mr. Pelham: I flatter myself I am very well with both." The appointment was made for the next Wednesday and Friday: in the mean time, he invited the two young men to dine with him the next day. When they came, he presented them to a lady, dressed foreign, as a princess of the house of Brandenburg: she had a toad-eater, and there was another man, who gave himself for a count. After dinner Sir William looked at his watch, and said, "J—s! it is not so late as I thought by an hour; Princess, will your Highness say how we shall divert ourselves till it is time to go to the play!" "Oh!" said she, "for my part you know I abominate everything but pharaoh." "I am very sorry, Madam," replied he, very gravely, "but I don't know whom your Highness will get to tally to you; you know I am ruined by dealing." "Oh!"

¹ Sir William Vigers Burdett, of Dunmore, in the county of Carlow.—WRIGHT.

² See some extracts from this book in Cunningham's Handbook of London, Past and Present. Second Edition. 1850.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Henry Flower, Lord Castledurrow, and afterwards created Viscount Ashbrook.—WALPOLE.

⁴ George Brydges Rodney. He had distinguished himself in Lord Hawke's victory. In 1761 he took the French island of Martinique. In 1779 he met and defeated the Spanish fleet commanded by Don Juan de Langara, and relieved the garrison of Gibraltar, which was closely besieged; and in 1782, he obtained his celebrated victory over the French fleet commanded by Count de Grasse. For this latter service he was created a peer, by the title of Baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke, in the county of Somerset. He died May 24, 1792.—DOVER.

says she, "the Count will deal to us." "I would with all my soul," said the Count, "but I protest I have no money about me." She insisted: at last the Count said, "Since your Highness commands us peremptorily, I believe Sir William has four or five hundred pounds of mine, that I am to pay away in the city tomorrow; if he will be so good as to step to his bureau for that sum, I will make a bank of it." Mr. Rodney owns he was a little astonished at seeing the Count shuffle with the faces of the cards upwards; but concluding that Sir William Burdett, at whose house he was, was a relation or particular friend of Lord Castledurrow, he was unwilling to affront my lord. In short, my lord and he lost about a hundred and fifty a-piece, and it was settled that they should meet for payment the next morning at breakfast at Ranelagh. In the mean time Lord C. had the curiosity to inquire a little into the character of his new friend the Baronet; and being *au fait*, he went up to him at Ranelagh and apostrophised him; "Sir William, here is the sum I think I lost last night; since that I have heard that you are a professed pickpocket, and therefore desire to have no farther acquaintance with you." Sir William bowed, took the money and no notice; but as they were going away, he followed Lord Castledurrow and said, "Good God, my lord, my equipage is not come; will you be so good as to set me down at Buckingham-gate?" and without staying for an answer, whipped into the chariot, and came to town with him. If you don't admire the coolness of this impudence, I shall wonder. Adieu! I have written till I can scarce write my name.¹

284. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, March 4, 1749.

I HAVE been so shut up in the House of Commons for this last fortnight or three weeks, that I have not had time to write you a line; we have not had such a session since the famous beginning of last Parliament. I am come hither for a day or two of rest and air, and find the additional pleasure of great beauty in my improvements: I could talk to you through the whole sheet, and with much more satisfaction, upon this head; but I shall postpone my own amusement to yours, for I am sure you want much more to know what has been doing in Parliament than at Strawberry Hill. You

¹ The letter which immediately followed this miscarried.—WALPOLE.

will conclude that we have been fighting over the peace ; but we have not. It is laid before Parliament, but will not be taken up ; the Opposition foresee that a vote of approbation would pass, and therefore will not begin upon it, as they wish to reserve it for censure in the next reign—or perhaps the next reign does not care to censure now what he must hereafter maintain—and the ministry do not seem to think their treaty so perfect as not to be liable to blame, should it come to be canvassed. We have been then upon several other matters : but first I should tell you, that from the utmost tranquillity and impotence of a minority, there is at once started up so formidable an Opposition as to divide 137 against 203.¹ The minority is headed by the Prince, who has continued opposing, though very unsuccessfully, ever since the removal of Lord Granville, and the desertion of the patriots. He stayed till the Pelhams had bought off every man of parts in his train, and then began to form his party. Lord Granville has never come into it, for fear of breaking with the King ; and seems now to be patching up again with his old enemies. If Lord Bath has dealt with the Prince, it has been underhand. His ministry has had at the head of it poor Lord Baltimore, a very good-natured, weak, honest man ; and Dr. Lee, a civilian, who was of Lord Granville's Admiralty, and is still much attached to him. He is a grave man, and a good speaker, but of no very bright parts, and, from his way of life and profession, much ignorant of, and unfit for, a ministry. You will wonder what new resources the Prince has discovered—why, he has found them all in Lord Egmont, whom you have heard of under the name of Lord Perceval ; but his father, an Irish Earl, is lately dead. As he is likely to make a very considerable figure in our history, I shall give you a more particular account of him. He has always earnestly studied our history and constitution and antiquities, with very ambitious views ; and practised speaking early in the Irish Parliament. Indeed, this turn is his whole fund, for though he is between thirty and forty, he knows nothing of the world, and is always unpleasantly dragging the conversation to political dissertations. When very young, as he has told me himself, he dabbled in writing Craftsmen and party-papers ; but the first event that made him known, was his carrying the Westminster

¹ Upon the last clause of the Mutiny Bill, an amendment to render half-pay officers subject to the act, only in case of actual war, insurrection, rebellion, or invasion, was rejected by 203 to 137.—WRIGHT.

election at the end of my father's ministry, which he amply described in the history of his own family, a genealogical work called "The History of the House of Yvery,"¹ a work which cost him three thousand pounds, as the Heralds informed Mr. Chute and me, when we went to their office on your business; and which was so ridiculous, that he has since tried to suppress all the copies. It concluded with the description of the Westminster election, in these or some such words, "And here let us leave this young nobleman struggling for the dying liberties of his country!" When the change in the ministry happened, and Lord Bath was so abused by the remnant of the patriots, Lord Egmont published his celebrated pamphlet, called "Faction Detected," a work which the Pitts and Lytteltons have never forgiven him; and which, though he continued voting and sometimes speaking with the Pelhams, made him quite unpopular during all the last Parliament. When the new elections approached, he stood on his own bottom at Weobly in Herefordshire; but his election being contested, he applied for Mr. Pelham's support, who carried it for him in the House of Commons. This will always be a material blot in his life: for he had no sooner secured his seat, than he openly attached himself to the Prince, and has since been made a Lord of his Bedchamber. At the opening of this session, he published an extreme good pamphlet, which has made infinite noise, called "An Examination of the Principles and Conduct of the two Brothers," (the Pelhams,) and as Dr. Lee has been laid up with the gout, Egmont has taken the lead in the Opposition, and has made as great a figure as perhaps was ever made in so short a time. He is very bold and resolved, master of vast knowledge, and speaks at once with fire and method. His words are not picked and chosen like Pitt's, but his language is useful, clear, and strong. He has already by his parts and resolution mastered his great unpopularity, so far as to be heard with the utmost attention, though I believe nobody had ever more various difficulties to combat. All the old corps hate him, on my father and Mr. Pelham's account; the new part of the Ministry on their own. The Tories have not quite forgiven his having left them in the last Parliament: besides that, they are now governed by one Prowse,² a cold plausible fellow, and a great well-wisher to Mr. Pelham. Lord Strange,³ a busy Lord of a party by himself, yet voting generally

¹ See vol. i. p. 107.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Thomas Prowse, Esq., M.P. for Somersetshire, died 1767, aged 59.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ James, Lord Strange, eldest son of Edward Stanley, eleventh Earl of Derby. In

with the Tories, continually clashes with Lord Egmont; and besides all this, there is a faction in the Prince's family, headed by Nugent, who are for moderate measures.

Nugent is most affectedly an humble servant of Mr. Pelham, and seems only to have attached himself to the Prince, in order to make the better bargain with the Ministry: he has great parts, but they never know how to disentangle themselves from bombast and absurdities. Besides these, there are two young men who make some figure in the rising Opposition, Bathurst, attorney to the Prince; and Potter, whom I believe you have had mentioned in my letters of last year; but he has a bad constitution, and is seldom able to be in town. Neither of these are in the scale of moderation.

The Opposition set out this winter with trying to call for several negotiations during the war; but the great storm which has so much employed us of late, was stirred up by Colonel Lyttelton; who, having been ill-treated by the Duke, has been dealing with the Prince. He discovered to the House some innovations in the Mutiny-bill, of which, though he could not make much, the Opposition have, and fought the bill for a whole fortnight; during the course of which the world has got much light into many very arbitrary proceedings of the *Commander-in-Chief*,² which have been the more believed too by the defection of my Lord Townshend's³ eldest son, who is one of his aide-de-camps. Though the Ministry, by the weight of numbers, have carried their point in a great measure, yet you may be sure great heats have been raised; and those have been still more inflamed by a correspondent practice in a new Navy-bill, brought in by the direction of Lord Sandwich and Lord Anson, but vehemently opposed by half the fleet, headed by Sir Peter Warren, the conqueror of Cape Breton, richer than Anson, and absurd as Vernon. The bill has ever been petitioned against, and the mutinous were likely to go great lengths, if the Admiralty

1762 he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and died, during his father's life-time, in 1771. He always called himself Lord Strange; though the title, which was a barony in fee, had in fact descended to the Duke of Atholl, as heir-general of James, seventh Earl of Derby.—DOVER.

¹ Richard, third son of Sir Thomas, and brother of Sir George Lyttelton: he married the Duchess-dowager of Bridgewater, and was afterwards made a knight of the Bath.—WALPOLE.

² William, Duke of Cumberland. He was "Captain-general of the Forces," having been so created in 1745.—DOVER.

³ George Townshend, afterwards the first Marquis of that name and title.—DOVER.

had not bought off some by money, and others by relaxing in the material points. We began upon it yesterday, and are still likely to have a long affair of it—so much for politics; and as for any thing else, I scarce know any thing else. My Lady Huntingdon,¹ the Queen of the Methodists, has got her daughter named for Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princesses; but it is all off again, as she will not let her play at cards on Sundays. It is equally absurd on both sides, to refuse it, or to insist upon it.

Pray tell Dr. Cocchi that I shall be extremely ready to do him any service in his intended edition of the old Physicians,² but that I fear it is a kind of work that will lie very little within my sphere to promote. Learning is confined to very narrow bounds at present, and those seldom within the circle in which I necessarily live; but my regard for him and for you would make me take any pains. You see, I believe, that I do take pains for you—I have not writ such a letter to any body these three years. Adieu!

P.S. I am very sorry for your sake that the Prince and Princess [Craon] are leaving Florence: if ever I return thither, as I always flatter myself I shall, I should miss them extremely. Lord Albemarle goes ambassador to Paris.

285. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 23, 1749.

OUR debates on the two military bills, the naval one of which is not yet finished, have been so tedious, that they have rather whittled down the Opposition than increased it. In the Lords, the Mutiny-bill passed pretty easily, there happening a quarrel between Lord Bathurst and Lord Bath on the method of their measures; so there never divided above sixteen in the minority, and those scarce any of the Prince's Lords. Duke William was there and voted, which was too indecent in a rigorous bill calculated for his own power. There is great disunion among the ministers on the Naval bill: Mr. Pelham and Pitt (the latter out of hatred and jealousy of Lord Sandwich) gave up the Admiralty in a material point, but the

¹ Selina, daughter of Washington, Earl Ferrers, and widow of Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon.—WALPOLE.

² In 1754, Dr. Cocchi published his "Chirurgici Veteres," a very curious work, containing numerous valuable extracts from the Greek physicians.—WRIGHT.

paramount little Duke of Bedford has sworn that they shall recant on the report—what a figure they will make! This bill was chiefly of Anson's projecting, who grows every day into new unpopularity.¹ He has lately had a sea-piece drawn of the victory for which he was lorded, in which his own ship in a cloud of cannon was boarding the French Admiral. This circumstance, which was as true as if Mademoiselle Scudery had written his life (for he was scarce in sight when the Frenchman struck to Boscawen²), has been so ridiculed by the whole tar-hood, that the romantic part has been forced to be cancelled, and one only gun remains firing at Anson's ship. The two Secretaries of State [Newcastle and Bedford] grow every day nearer to a breach: the King's going abroad is to decide the contest. Newcastle, who Hanoverises more and more every day, pushes on the journey, as he is to be the attendant minister: his lamentable brother [Mr. Pelham] is the constant sacrifice of all these embroils.

At Leicester-house the jars are as great: Dodington, who has just resigned the Treasuryship of the Navy, in hopes of once more governing that court (and there is no court where he has not once or twice tried the same scheme!) does not succeed: Sir Francis Dashwood and Lord Talbot are strongly for him—could one conceive that he could still find a dupe? Mr. Fox had a mind to succeed him, but both King and Duke have so earnestly pressed him to remain Secretary at War, that he could not refuse. The King would not hear of any of the newer court; and Legge, who of the old was next oars, has managed the Prussian business so clumsily, that the King would not bear him in his closet: but he has got the Navy-Office, which Lyttelton would have had, but could not be rechosen at his borough, which he had stolen by surprise from his old friend and brother Tom Pitt.³ The Treasury is to be

¹ It was entitled, 'A bill for amending, explaining, and reducing into one act, the laws relating to the Navy.' "It was," says Sir John Barrow, "a most desirable and highly useful measure. The principal and, indeed, the only novelties attempted to be introduced, were, first, that of subjecting half-pay officers to courts-martial, which after much opposition was thrown out; the second was the administration of an oath of secrecy to the members, which was carried, and continues to the present time." See *Life of Lord Anson*, p. 218.—WRIGHT.

² The Hon. Edward Boscawen, third son of Hugh, first Viscount Falmouth. He was a distinguished naval commander, and had had a large share in the success of Lord Anson's engagement with the French fleet off Cape Finisterre in 1747. He died in 1761.—DOVER.

³ Thomas Pitt, Esq., of Boconnock, in Cornwall, warden of the Stannaries. He married the sister of George, Lord Lyttelton, and was the father of the first Lord Camelford.—DOVER.

filled up with that toad-eater and spy to all parties, Harry Vane : there is no enumerating all the circumstances that make his nomination scandalous and ridiculous!—but such is our world! General Charles Howard and a Mr. Saville are named to the red riband.

My friend the Duke of Modena is again coming hither, which astonishes me, considering how little reason he had to be satisfied with his first visit; and sure he will have less now! I believe I told you that King Theodore [of Corsica] is here: I am to drink coffee with him to-morrow at Lady Schaub's. I have curiosity to see him, though I am not commonly fond of sights, but content myself with the oil-cloth picture of them that is hung out, and to which they seldom come up. There are two black Princes of Anamaboe here, who are in fashion at all the assemblies, of whom I scarce know any particulars, though their story² is very like Oroonoko's: all the women know it—and ten times more than belongs to it. *Appropos* to Indian histories, half our thoughts are taken up—that is, my Lord Halifax's are—with colonising in Nova Scotia: my friend Colonel Cornwallis is going thither commander-in-chief. The Methodists will scarce follow him as they did Oglethorpe;³ since the period of his expedition their lot is fallen in a better land. Methodism is more fashionable than anything but brag; the women play very deep at both—as deep, it is much suspected, as the matrons of Rome did at the mysteries of the Bona Dea. If gracious Anne was alive, she would make an admirable

¹ Eldest son of Lord Barnard, and afterwards first Earl of Darlington. He died in 1758.—WRIGHT.

² Their story is briefly this: A Moorish king, who had entertained with great hospitality a British captain trafficking on the coast of Africa, reposed such confidence in him, as to intrust him with his son, about eighteen years of age, and another sprightly youth, to be brought to England, and educated in the European manners. The captain received them, and basely sold them for slaves. He shortly after died; and, the ship coming to England, the officers related the whole affair; upon which the government sent to pay their ransom, and they were brought to England, and put under the care of the Earl of Halifax, then at the head of the board of trade, who had them clothed and educated in a suitable manner. They were afterwards received in the higher circles, and introduced to the King. On the first of February in this year, they appeared at Covent Garden theatre, to see the tragedy of Oroonoko; where they were received with a loud clap of applause, which they returned with a genteel bow. The tender interview between Imoinda and Oroonoko so affected the Prince, that he was obliged to retire at the end of the fourth act. His companion remained, but wept all the time so bitterly, that it affected the audience more than the play.—WRIGHT.

³ See vol. i., p. 293. Oglethorpe was the founder of the colony of Georgia, whither he was accompanied by the brothers John and Samuel Wesley.—CUNNINGHAM.

defendress of the new faith, and build fifty more churches¹ for female proselytes.

If I had more paper or time, I could tell you an excellent long history of my brother Ned's [Sir Edward's] envy,² which was always up at high-water-mark, but since the publication of my book of Houghton (one should have thought a very harmless performance), has overflowed on a thousand ridiculous occasions. Another great object of his jealousy is my friendship with Mr. Fox: my brother made him a formal visit at nine o'clock the other morning, and in a set speech of three quarters of an hour, begged his pardon for not attending the last day of the Mutiny-bill, which, he said, was so particularly brought in by him, though Mr. Fox assured him that he had no farther hand in it than from his office. Another instance: when my brother went to live at Frogmore, Mr. Fox desired him to employ his tradesmen at Windsor, by way of supporting his interest in that borough. My brother immediately went to the Duke of St. Albans, to whom he had never spoke (nor indeed was his acquaintance with Mr. Fox much greater), and notified to him, that if seven years hence his grace should have any contest with Mr. Fox about that borough, he should certainly espouse the latter. Guess how the Duke stared at so strange and unnecessary a declaration!

Pigwigin's Princess [Lady Rachel Cavendish] has mis-piged, to the great—joy, I believe, of that family, for you know a child must have eaten. Adieu!

286. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 3, 1749.

I AM come hither for a few days, to repose myself after a torrent of diversions, and am writing to you in my charming bow-window with a tranquillity and satisfaction which, I fear, I am grown old enough to prefer to the hurry of amusements, in which the whole world has lived for this last week. We have at last celebrated the Peace, and that as much in extremes as we generally do everything, whether we have reason to be glad or sorry, pleased or angry. Last Tuesday it was proclaimed: the King did not go to St Paul's, but at

¹ An Act was passed in Queen Anne's reign for the erection of fifty new churches in London.—CUNNINGHAM.

² See vol. i., p. 356.—CUNNINGHAM.



ETHELREDA HARRISON _VISCOUNTESS TOWNSHEND.

Wife of Charles 3^d Viscount Townshend. Mother of Charles Townshend

FROM THE ORIGINAL FORMERLY AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

night the whole town was illuminated. The next day was what was called "a jubilee-masquerade in the Venetian manner" at Ranelagh: it had nothing Venetian in it, but was by far the best understood and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw: nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German, and belongs to court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock, and, about five, people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with masks and spread with tents, which remained all night *very commodely*. In one quarter was a May-pole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masqued, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in different parts of the garden; some like huntsmen with French-horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers, and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, japan, &c. and all the shopkeepers in mask. The amphitheatre was illuminated; and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high: under them orange-trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches too were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than anything I ever saw. It is to be once more, and probably finer as to dresses, as there has since been a subscription-masquerade, and people will go in their rich habits. The next day were the fireworks, which by no means answered the expense, the length of preparation, and the expectation that had been raised: indeed, for a week before, the town was like a country fair, the streets filled from morning to night, scaffolds building wherever you could or could not see, and coaches arriving from every corner of the kingdom. This hurry and lively scene, with the sight of the immense crowd in the Park and on every house, the guards, and the machine itself, which was very beautiful, was all that was worth seeing. The rockets, and whatever was thrown up into the air, succeeded mighty well; but the wheels, and all that was to compose the principal part, were pitiful and ill-conducted, with no changes of coloured fires and shapes: the illumination was mean, and lighted so slowly that scarce any body had patience to wait the finishing;

and then, what contributed to the awkwardness of the whole, was the right pavilion catching fire, and being burnt down in the middle of the show. The King, the Duke, and Princess Emily saw it from the Library,¹ with their courts; the Prince and Princess, with their children, from Lady Middlesex's; no place being provided for them, nor any invitation given to the library. The Lords and Commons had galleries built for them and the chief citizens along the rails of the Mall: the Lords had four tickets a-piece, and each Commoner, at first, but two, till the Speaker bounced and obtained a third. Very little mischief was done, and but two persons killed: at Paris, there were forty killed and near three hundred wounded, by a dispute between the French and Italians in the management, who, quarrelling for precedence in lighting the fires, both lighted at once and blew up the whole. Our mob was extremely tranquil, and very unlike those I remember in my father's time, when it was a measure in the Opposition to work up everything to mischief, the Excise and the French players, the Convention and the Gin-Act. We are as much now in the opposite extreme, and in general so pleased with the peace, that I could not help being struck with a passage I read lately in Pasquier, an old French author, who says, "that in the time of Francis I. the French used to call their creditors 'Des Anglois,' from the facility with which the English gave credit to them in all treaties, though they had broken so many." On Saturday we had a serenata at the Opera-house, called Peace in Europe, but it was a wretched performance. On Monday there was a subscription-masquerade, much fuller than that of last year, but not so agreeable or so various in dresses. The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cup as they were drinking tea. The Duke had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofofo, the drunken captain, in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife." The Duchess of Richmond was a Lady Mayor-ess in the time of James I; and Lord Delawarr,² Queen Elizabeth's porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber at Kensington:³ they were admirable masks. Lord Rochford, Miss Evelyn, Miss Bishop,

¹ "The Queen's Library," so called after Queen Caroline, by whom it was built. It was pulled down by Frederic Duke of York (second son of George III.) when he built his new house (now Stafford House) in the Stable-yard, St. James's.—CUNNINGHAM.

² John West, seventh Lord Delawarr, created Earl Delawarr in 1761.—DOVER.

³ Now (1857) at Hampton Court. Walpole describes a subsequent appearance of Lord Delawarr in this dress.—CUNNINGHAM.

Lady Stafford,¹ and Mrs. Pitt,² were in vast beauty; particularly the last, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. I forgot Lady Kildare. Mr. Conway was the Duke in *Don Quixote*, and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh³ was Iphigenia, but so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda; and Lady Betty Smithson [Seymour] had such a pyramid of baubles upon her head, that she was exactly the Princess of Babylon in *Grammont*.

You will conclude that, after all these diversions, people begin to think of going out of town—no such matter: the Parliament continues sitting, and will till the middle of June; Lord Egmont told us we should sit till Michaelmas. There are many private bills, no public ones of any fame. We were to have had some chastisement for Oxford, where, besides the late riots, the famous Dr. King,⁴ the Pretender's great agent, made a most violent speech at the opening of the Ratcliffe Library. The ministry denounced judgment, but, in their old style, have grown frightened, and dropped it. However, this menace gave occasion to a meeting and union between the Prince's party and the Jacobites, which Lord Egmont has been labouring all the winter. They met at the St. Alban's tavern, near Pall-mall, last Monday morning, an hundred and twelve Lords and Commoners. The Duke of Beaufort⁵ opened the assembly with a panegyric on the stand that had been made this winter against so corrupt an administration, and hoped it would continue, and desired harmony. Lord Egmont seconded this strongly, and begged they would come up to Parliament early next winter. Lord Oxford⁶ spoke next; and then Potter with great humour, and to the great abashment of the Jacobites, said he was very glad to see this union, and from thence hoped, that if

¹ Henrietta Cantillon, wife of Matthias Howard, third Earl of Stafford.—DOVER.

² Penelope Atkins, daughter of Sir Henry Atkins of Clapham, married January 4, 1745-6, to George Pitt, Esq., of Strathfieldsaye, created, in 1776, Baron Rivers of Strathfieldsaye. (See vol. i. p. 179.) She was a celebrated beauty.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Miss Chudleigh's dress, or rather undress, was remarkable; she was Iphigenia for the sacrifice, but so naked, the high-priest might easily inspect the entrails of the victim. The Maids of Honour (not of maids the strictest) were so offended they would not speak to her. Pretty Mrs. Pitt looked as if she came from heaven, but was only on her road thither in the habit of a chanoiness. *Mrs. Montagu to her sister, May 8, 1751 [1749].*—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Dr. William King, the last conspicuous Jacobite at Oxford. He was public orator of that University and principal of St. Mary Hall. He died Dec. 30, 1763. His volume of '*Anecdotes*' deserves perusal.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Lord Noel Somerset, who, in 1746, succeeded his brother in the dukedom.—WALPOLE.

⁶ Edward Harley, of Eywood, in the county of Hereford, to whom, pursuant to the limitations of the patent, the earldoms of Oxford and Mortimer descended, upon the death, without male issue, of the Lord Treasurer's only son, Edward the second Earl. Lord Oxford was of the Jacobite party. He died in 1755.—DOVER.

another attack like the last Rebellion should be made on the Royal Family, they would all stand by them. No reply was made to this. Then Sir Watkyn Williams spoke, Sir Francis Dashwood, and Tom Pitt, and the meeting broke up. I don't know what this coalition may produce: it will require time with no better heads than compose it at present, though the great Mr. Dodington had carried to the conference the assistance of his. In France a very favourable event has happened for us, the disgrace of Maurepas,¹ one of our bitterest enemies, and the greatest promoter of their marine. Just at the beginning of the war, in a very critical period, he had obtained a very large sum for that service, but which one of the other factions, lest he should gain glory and credit by it, got to be suddenly given away to the King of Prussia.

Sir Charles Williams is appointed envoy to this last King: here is an epigram which he has just sent over on Lord Egmont's opposition to the Mutiny-bill:

" Why has Lord Egmont 'gainst this bill
So much declamatory skill
So tediously exerted?
The reason's plain: but t'other day
He mutinied himself for pay,
And he has twice deserted."

I must tell you a *bon-mot* that was made the other night at the serenata of "Peace in Europe" by Wall,² who is much in fashion, and a kind of Gondomar. Grossatesta, the Modenese minister, a very low fellow, with all the jackpuddinghood of an Italian, asked, "Mais qui est ce qui représente mon maître?" Wall replied, "Mais, mon Dieu! L'abbé, ne sçavez vous pas que ce n'est pas un opéra boufon?" and here is another *bon-mot* of my Lady Townshend: we were talking of the Methodists; somebody said, "Pray, Madam, is it true that Whitfield has *recanted*?" "No, Sir, he has only *canted*."

If you ever think of returning to England, as I hope it will be long first, you must prepare yourself with Methodism. I really believe that by that time it will be necessary: this sect increases as fast as almost ever any religious nonsense did. Lady Fanny Shirley³ has

¹ Phelypeaux, Count de Maurepas, son of the Chancellor de Pontchartrain. He was disgraced in consequence of some quarrel with the King's mistress. He returned to office, unhappily for France, in the commencement of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth.—DOVER.

² General Wall, the Spanish ambassador. Gondomar was the able Spanish ambassador in England in the reign of James the First.—DOVER.

³ Lady Frances Shirley, "the Fanny, blooming fair," of Chesterfield and Sir Charles

chosen this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty; and Mr. Lyttelton is very near making the same sacrifice of the dregs of all those various characters that he has worn. The Methodists love your big sinners, as proper subjects to work upon—and indeed they have a plentiful harvest—I think what you call fragraney was never more in fashion. Drinking is at the highest wine-mark; and gaming joined with it so violent, that at the last Newmarket meeting, in the rapidity of both, a bank-bill was thrown down, and nobody immediately claiming it, they agreed to give it to a man that was standing by.

I must tell you of Stosch's letter, which he had the impertinence to give you without telling the contents. It was to solicit the arrears of his pension, which I beg you will tell him I have no manner of interest to procure: and to tell me of a Galla Placidia, a gold medal lately found. It is not for myself, but I wish you would ask him the price for a friend of mine who would like to buy it.

Adieu! my dear child; I have been long in arrears to you, but I trust you will take this huge letter as an acquittal. You see my villa makes me a good correspondent; how happy I should be to show it you, if I could, with no mixture of disagreeable circumstances to you. I have made a vast plantation! Lord Leicester told me the other day that he heard I would not buy some old china, because I was laying out all my money in trees: "Yes," said I, "my lord, I used to love blue trees, but now I like green ones."

237. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 17, 1749.

WE have not yet done diverting ourselves: the night before last the Duke of Richmond gave a firework; a codicil to the Peace. He bought the rockets and wheels that remained in the pavilion which miscarried, and took the pretence of the Duke of Modena being here to give a charming entertainment. The garden¹ lies with a slope down to the Thames, on which were lighters, from whence were

Williams, and the Lady Frances Shirley, to whom Pope addressed a copy of verses on receiving from her a standish and two pens. She died unmarried on the 15th July, 1778, aged seventy-two, and was buried in Lady Huntingdon's chapel at Bath. See Walpole's account of her death, in a letter to Mason of July 16, 1778.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ At Whitehall.—WALPOLE. On the site of what is now (1857) Richmond Terrace.—CUNNINGHAM.

thrown up, after a concert of water-music, a great number of rockets. Then from boats on every side were discharged water-rockets and fires of that kind; and then the wheels which were ranged along the rails of the terrace were played off; and the whole concluded with the illumination of a pavilion on the top of the slope, of two pyramids on each side, and of the whole length of the balustrade to the water. You can't conceive a prettier sight; the garden filled with everybody of fashion, the Duke, the Duke of Modena, and the two black Princes. The King and Princess Emily were in their barge under the terrace; the river was covered with boats, and the shores and adjacent houses with crowds. The Duke of Modena played afterwards at brag, and there was a fine supper for him and the foreigners, of whom there are numbers here; it is grown as much the fashion to travel hither as to France or Italy. Last week there was a vast assembly and music at Bedford House¹ for this Modenese; and to-day he is set out to receive his doctor's degree at the two Universities. His appearance is rather better than it used to be, for, instead of wearing his wig down to his nose to hide the humour in his face, he has taken to paint his forehead white, which, however, with the large quantity of red that he always wears on the rest of his face, makes him ridiculous enough. I cannot say his manner is more polished: Princess Emily asked him if he did not find the Duke much fatter than when he was here before? He replied "En vérité il n'est pas si effroiable qu'on m'avoit dit." She commended his diamonds; he said, "Les vôtres sont bien petits." As I had been so graciously received at his court, I went into his box the first night at the Opera: the first thing he did was to fall asleep; but as I did not choose to sit waiting his *reveil* in the face of the whole theatre, I waked him, and would discourse him: but here I was very unlucky, for of the only two persons I could recollect at his court to inquire after, one has been dead these four years, and the other, he could not remember any such man. However, Sabbatini, his secretary of state, flattered me extremely; told me he found me *beaucoup mieux*, and that I was grown very fat—I fear, I fear it was flattery! Eight years don't improve one,—and for my corpulence, if I am grown fat, what must I have been in my Modenese days!

I told you we were to have another jubilee masquerade: there was one by the King's command for Miss Chudleigh, the maid of

¹ On the north side of Bloomsbury Square, pulled down in 1800.—CUNNINGHAM.

honour, with whom our gracious monarch has a mind to believe himself in love,—so much in love, that at one of the booths he gave her a fairing for her watch, which cost him five-and-thirty guineas, —actually disbursed out of his privy purse, and not charged on the civil list. Whatever you may think of it, this is a more magnificent present than the cabinet which the late King of Poland sent to the fair Countess Konigsmark, replete with all kinds of baubles and ornaments, and ten thousand ducats in one of the drawers. I hope some future Holinshed or Stow will acquaint posterity “that five-and-thirty guineas were an immense sum in those days !”

You are going to see one of our court-beauties in Italy, my Lady Rochford :¹ they are setting out on their embassy to Turin. She is large, but very handsome, with great delicacy and address. All the Royals have been in love with her ; but the Duke [of Cumberland] was so in all the forms, till she was a little too much pleased with her conquest of his brother-in-law the Prince of Hesse. You will not find much in the correspondence of her husband : his person is good, and he will figure well enough as an ambassador ; better as a husband where cicisbés don't expect to be molested. The Duke is not likely to be so happy with his new passion, Mrs. Pitt,² who, besides being in love with her husband, whom you remember (Lady Mary Wortley's George Pitt³), is going to Italy with him. I think you will find her one of the most glorious beauties you ever saw. You are to have another pair of our beauties, the Princess Borghese's Mr. Greville⁴ and his wife, who was the pretty Fanny M'Cartney.

Now I am talking scandal to you, and court-scandal, I must tell you that Lord Conway's sister, Miss Jenny, is dead suddenly with eating lemonade at the last subscription masquerade.⁵ It is not quite unlucky for her : she had outlived the Prince's love and her

¹ Daughter of Edward Young, Esq. [of Dunford, in Wilts], and wife [1740] of William, Earl of Rochford. She had been maid of honour to the Princess of Wales. —WALPOLE. She died January 9, 1773, in the fiftieth year of her age, and was buried at St. Osyth's in Essex.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Penelope, sister of Sir Richard Atkins.—WALPOLE. See note, p. 153.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ See vol. i., p. 179.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Fulke Greville, Esq., son of the Hon. Algernon Greville, second son of Fulke, fifth Lord Brooke. His wife [Frances, daughter of James Macartney, Esq., see vol. ii. p. 36.] was the authoress of the pretty poem, entitled a 'Prayer for Indifference.'—DOVER.

⁵ This event was commemorated in the following doggrel lines :—

“ Poor Jenny Conway,
She drank lemonade
At a masquerade ;
So now she's dead and gone away.”—DOVER.

See vol. i., p. 53.—CUNNINGHAM.

own face, and nothing remained but her love and her person, which was exceedingly bad.

The graver part of the world, who have not been quite so much given up to rockets and masquing, are amused with a book of Lord Bolingbroke's, just published, but written long ago. It is composed of three letters, the first to Lord Cornbury on the Spirit of Patriotism; and two others to Mr. Lyttelton, (but with neither of their names,) on the Idea of a patriot King, and the State of Parties on the late King's accession. Mr. Lyttelton had sent him word that he begged nothing might be inscribed to him that was to reflect on Lord Orford, for that he was now leagued with all Lord Orford's friends: a message as abandoned as the book itself: but indeed there is no describing the impudence with which that set of people unsay what they have been saying all their lives,—I beg their pardons, I mean the honesty with which they recant! Pitt told me coolly, that he had read this book formerly, when he admired Lord Bolingbroke more than he does now. The book by no means answered my expectation: the style, which is his *forte*, is very fine: the deduction and impossibility of drawing a consequence from what he is saying, as bad and obscure as in his famous Dissertation on Parties: you must know the man, to guess his meaning. Not to mention the absurdity and impracticability of this kind of system, there is a long speculative dissertation on the origin of government, and even that greatly stolen from other writers, and that all on a sudden dropped, while he hurries into his own times, and then preaches (he, of all men!) on the duty of preserving decency! The last treatise would not impose upon an historian of five years old: he tells Mr. Lyttelton, that he may take it from him, that there was no settled scheme at the end of the Queen's reign to introduce the Pretender; and he gives this excellent reason; because, if there had been, he must have known it; and another reason as ridiculous, that no traces of such a scheme have since come to light. What, no traces in all the cases of himself, Atterbury, the Duke of Ormond, Sir William Windham, and others! and is it not known that the moment the Queen was expired, Atterbury proposed to go in his lawn sleeves and proclaim the Pretender at Charing-cross, but Bolingbroke's heart failing him, Atterbury swore, "There was the best cause in Europe lost for want of spirit!" He imputes Jacobitism singly to Lord Oxford, whom he exceedingly abuses; and who, so far from being suspected, was thought to have fallen into disgrace with that faction for refusing to concur with them. On my father he is much less severe than I

expected; and in general, so obliquely, that hereafter he will not be perceived to aim at him, though at this time one knows so much what was at his heart, that it directs one to his meaning.

But there is a Preface to this famous book, which makes much more noise than the work itself. It seems, Lord Bolingbroke had originally trusted Pope with the copy, to have half-a-dozen printed for particular friends. Pope, who loved money infinitely beyond any friend, got fifteen hundred copies printed privately, intending to outlive Bolingbroke, and make great advantage of them: and not only did this, but altered the copy at his pleasure, and even made different alterations in different copies. Where Lord Bolingbroke had strongly flattered their common friend Lyttelton, Pope suppressed the panegyric: where, in compliment to Pope, he had softened the satire on Pope's great friend, Lord Oxford, Pope reinstated the abuse. The first part of this transaction is recorded in the Preface; the two latter facts are reported by Lord Chesterfield and Lyttelton, the latter of whom went to Bolingbroke to ask how he had forfeited his good opinion. In short, it is comfortable to us people of moderate virtue to hear these demigods, and patriots, and philosophers, inform the world of each other's villainies.¹ What seems to make Lord Bolingbroke most angry, and I suppose does, is Pope's having presumed to correct his work. As to his printing so many copies, it certainly was a compliment, and the more profit (which however could not be immense), he expected to make, the greater opinion he must have conceived of the merit of the work: if one had a mind to defend Pope, should not one ask² if any body ever blamed Virgil's executors for not burning the *Æneid*, as he ordered them?³ Warburton, I hear, does design to defend Pope;

¹ "The publication you mention has brought no trouble upon me, though it has given occasion to many libels upon me. They are of the lowest form, and seem to be held in the contempt they deserve. There I shall leave them, nor suffer a nest of hornets to disturb the quiet of my retreat. If these letters of mine come to your hands, your lordship will find that I have left out all that was said of our friend Lord Lyttelton in one of them. He desired that it might be so; and I had at once the double mortification of concealing the good I had said of one friend, and of revealing the turpitude of another. I hope you will never have the same treatment that I have met with; neither will you. I am single in my circumstances—a species apart in the political society; and they, who dare to attack no one else, may attack me. Chesterfield says, I have made a coalition of Whig, Tory, Trimmer, and Jacobite against myself. Be it so. I have Truth, that is stronger than all of them, on my side; and, in her company, and avowed by her, I have more satisfaction than their applause and their favour could give me"—*Bolingbroke to Marchmont, 7th June, 1749.*—WRIGHT.

² This thought was borrowed by Mr. Spence, in a pamphlet published on this occasion in defence of Pope.—WALPOLE.

³ What aggravated Lord Bolingbroke's exposing his friend was, that, after his own

and my uncle Horace to answer the book: his style, which is the worst in the world, must be curious, in opposition to the other. But here comes full as bad a part of the story as any: Lord Bolingbroke, to buy himself out of the abuse in the Duke of Marlborough's Life, or to buy himself into the supervisal of it, gave these Letters to Mallet, who is writing this Life for a legacy in the old Duchess's Will, (and which, with much humour, she gave, desiring it might not be written in verse,) and Mallet sold them to the bookseller for a hundred and fifty pounds. Mallet had many obligations to Pope, no disobligations to him, and was one of his grossest flatterers; witness the sonnet on his supposed death, printed in the notes to the *Dunciad*.¹ I was this morning told an anecdote from the Dorset family that is no bad collateral evidence of the Jacobitism of the Queen's four last years.² They wanted to get Dover Castle into their hands, and sent down Prior to the present Duke of Dorset, who loved him, and probably was his brother,³ to persuade him to give it up. He sent Prior back with great anger, and in three weeks was turned out of the government himself—but it is idle to produce proofs; as idle as to deny the scheme.

I have just been with your brother Gal. who has been laid up these two days with the gout in his ankle; an absolute professed gout in all the forms, and with much pain. Mr. Chute is out of town; when he returns, I shall set him upon your brother to reduce him to abstinence and health. Adieu!

288. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE:

Arlington Street, May 18, 1749.

WHATEVER you hear of the Richmond fireworks, that is short of the prettiest entertainment in the world, don't believe it; I really never passed a more agreeable evening. Every thing succeeded; all the wheels played in time; Frederick was fortunate, and all the world in good humour. Then for royalty—Mr. Anstis³ himself

death, it was discovered that he had secretly preserved a copy of Dr. Middleton's Essay on Prayer, which his lordship had persuaded the doctor's executors to burn.—*Walpole's Memoirs of George II.*, 2 vols. 4to, vol. i., p. 195.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ The sonnet attributed by Dr. Johnson to *one Lewis*. See Boswell.—CUNNINGHAM.

² There is no evidence to support Walpole's *probability* that Prior was the brother of the first Duke of Dorset.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ See vol. i. p. 234, and vol. ii. p. 184.

"There other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave."—*Pope*.—CUNNINGHAM.

would have been glutted; there were all the Fitzes upon earth, the whole court of St. Germain's, the Duke [of Cumberland], the Duke of Modena, and two Anamaboos. The King and Princess Emily bestowed themselves upon the mob on the river; and as soon as they were gone, the Duke had the music into the garden, and himself, with my Lady Lincoln, Mrs. Pitt, Peggy Banks, and Lord Holderness, entertained the good subjects with singing "God save the King" to them over the rails of the terrace. The Duke of Modena supped there, and the Duke was asked, but he answered, it was impossible: in short, he could not adjust his dignity to a mortal banquet. There was an admirable scene: Lady Burlington brought the Violette, and the Richmonds had asked Garrick, who stood ogling and sighing the whole time, while my lady kept a most fierce look-out. Sabbatini, one of the Duke of Modena's court, was asking me, who all the people were? and who is that? "C'est miladi Hartington, la belle fille du Duc de Devonshire." "Et qui est cette autre dame?" It was a distressing question; after a little hesitation, I replied, "Mais c'est Mademoiselle Violette?" "Et comment Mademoiselle Violette! j'ai connu une Mademoiselle Violette par exemple."¹—I begged him to look at Miss Bishop.²

In the middle of all these principalities and powers was the Duchess of Queensbury, in her forlorn trim, a white apron and white hood, and would make the Duke swallow all her undress. T'other day she drove post to Lady Sophia Thomas, at Parsons-green, and told her that she was come to tell her something of importance. "What is it?"—"Why, take a couple of beef-steaks, clap them together as if they were for a dumpling, and eat them with pepper and salt; it is the best thing you ever tasted: I could not help coming to tell you this:" and away she drove back to town. Don't a course of folly for forty years make one very sick?

The weather is so hot, and the roads so dusty, that I can't get to Strawberry; but I shall begin negotiating with you now about your coming. You must not expect to find it in beauty. I hope to get my bill³ finished in ten days; I have scrambled it through the Lords; but altogether, with the many difficulties and plagues, I am

¹ Garrick's marriage with Mademoiselle Eva Maria Violette took place four days after the date of this letter.—WRIGHT.

² Daughter of Sir Cecil Bishop, Bart., of Parham in Sussex, and a great beauty. See *Letter to Montagu, July 20, 1752*. The "pretty Bishops" are frequently referred to in Walpole's letters.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ An Act for the sale of certain lands at Twickenham, See vol. i. p. lxx.—CUNNINGHAM.

a good deal out of humour; my purchases hitch, and new proprietors start out of the ground, like the crop of soldiers in the *Metamorphoses*. I expect but an unpleasant summer; my indolence and inattention are not made to wade through leases and deeds. Mrs. Chenevix brought me one yesterday to sign, and her sister Bertrand,¹ the toy-woman of Bath, for a witness. I showed them my cabinet of enamels instead of treating them with white wine. The Bertrand said, "Sir, I hope you don't trust all sorts of ladies with this cabinet!" What an entertaining assumption of dignity! I must tell you an anecdote that I found t'other day in an old French author, which is a great drawback on beaux sentiments and romantic ideas. Pasquier, in his "*Recherches de la France*," is giving an account of the Queen of Scots' execution; he says, the night before, knowing her body must be stripped for her shroud, she would have her feet washed, because she used ointment to one of them which was sore. I believe I have told you, that in a very old trial of her, which I bought from Lord Oxford's collection, it is said that she was a large lame woman. Take sentiments out of their pantouffles, and reduce them to the infirmities of mortality, what a falling off there is! I could not help laughing in myself t'other day, as I went through Holborn in a very hot day, at the dignity of human nature; all those foul old-clothes women panting without handkerchiefs, and mopping themselves all the way down within their loose jumps. Rigby gave me as strong a picture of nature: he and Peter Bathurst² t'other night carried a servant of the latter's, who had attempted to shoot him, before Fielding; who, to all his other vocations, has, by the grace of Mr. Lyttelton, added that of Middlesex justice. He sent them word he was at supper, that they must come next morning. They did not understand that freedom, and ran up, where they found him banqueting with a blind man,³ a whore, and three Irishmen, on some cold mutton and a bone of ham, both in one dish, and the dirtiest cloth. He never stirred nor asked them to sit. Rigby, who had seen him so often come to beg a guinea of Sir C. Williams, and Bathurst, at whose father's he had

¹ What *well*? what *weapon*? (Flavia cries,)

A standish, steel, and golden pen!

It came from Bertrand's, not the skies.—*Pope*.

Bertrand, a fashionable toyman at Bath, died in 1755.—*CUNNINGHAM*.

² Peter Bathurst, Esq., M.P. for New Sarum, and brother of Allen, Lord Bathurst, the friend of Pope and Swift.—*CUNNINGHAM*.

³ Sir Walter Scott suggests, that this blind man was probably Fielding's [half] brother.—*WRIGHT*.

lived for victuals, understood that dignity as little, and pulled themselves chairs; on which he civilised.¹

Millar the bookseller has done very generously by him: finding Tom Jones, for which he had given him six hundred pounds, sell so greatly, he has since given him another hundred. Now I talk to you of authors, Lord Cobham's West² has published his translation of Pindar; the poetry is very stiff, but prefixed to it there is a very entertaining account of the Olympic games, and that preceded by an affected inscription to Pitt and Lyttelton. The latter has declared his future match with Miss Rich. George Grenville has been married these two days to Miss Windham. Your friend Lord North is, I suppose you know, on the brink with the Countess of Rockingham;³ and I think your cousin Rice is much inclined to double the family alliance with her sister Furnese. It went on very currently for two or three days, but last night at Vauxhall his minionette face seemed to be sent to languish with Lord R. Berties's.

Was not you sorry for poor Cucumber?⁴ I do assure you I was; it was shocking to be hurried away so suddenly, and in so much torment. You have heard I suppose of Lord Harry Beauclerc's resignation, on his not being able to obtain a respite till November, though the lowest officer in his regiment has got much longer leave. It is incredible how Nolkejumskoi [Cumberland] has persecuted this poor man for these four years, since he could not be persuaded to alter his vote at a court-martial for the acquittal of a man whom the Duke would have had condemned. Lord Ossulston, too, has resigned his commission.

I must tell you a good story of Charles Townshend: you know his political propensity and importance; his brother George was at supper at the King's Arms with some more young men. The conversation somehow or other rambled into politics, and it was started that the national debt was a benefit. "I am sure it is not," said Mr. Townshend; "I can't tell why, but my brother Charles can, and I will send to him for arguments." Charles was at supper

¹ This is a humiliating anecdote, even after we have made allowance for the aristocratic exaggeration of Walpole; who, in noticing Fielding's talents elsewhere [the Parish Register of Twickenham] has not failed to stigmatise the lowness of his society and habits. *Sir Walter Scott's Life of Fielding*.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Gilbert West, the poet, died 1756.—See Walpole's *Memoirs of George III.* vol. i. p. 296.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Katherine, daughter and co-heir of Sir Robert Furnese, Bart., and widow of Lewis Watson, Earl of Rockingham. This marriage was further from consummation than Walpole thought. It did not take place till 1751.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ See vol. ii. p. 25.—CUNNINGHAM.

at another tavern, but so much the dupe of this message, that he literally called for ink and paper, wrote four long sides of arguments, and sent word that, when his company broke up, he would come and give them more, which he did at one o'clock in the morning. I don't think you will laugh much less at what happened to me: I wanted a print out of a booth, which I did not care to buy at Osborn's shop: the next day he sent me the print, and begged that when I had anything to publish, I would employ him.

I will now tell you, and finish this long letter, how I shocked Mr. Mackenzie inadvertently at Vauxhall: we had supped there a great party, and coming out, Mrs. More, who waits at the gate, said, "Gentlemen and ladies, will you walk in and hear the surprising alteration of voice?" I forgetting Mackenzie's connexions, and that he was formerly of the band, replied, "No, I have seen patriots enough."

I intend this letter shall last you till you come to Strawberry Hill; one might have rolled it out into half-a-dozen. My best compliments to your sisters.

239. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 4, 1749.

As summerly as June and Strawberry Hill may sound, I assure you I am writing to you by the fire-side: English weather will give vent to its temper, and whenever it is out of humour it will blow east and north and all kinds of cold. Your brothers Ned and Gal. dined with me to-day, and I carried the latter back to Richmond: as I passed over the green, I saw Lord Bath, Lord Lonsdale,¹ and half-a-dozen more of the White's Club sauntering at the door of a house which they have taken there, and come to every Saturday and Sunday to play at whist. You will naturally ask why they can't play at whist in London on these two days as well as on the other five; indeed I can't tell you, except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week, that people do go, though it be only into another town. It made me smile to see Lord Bath sitting there, like a citizen that has left off trade!

Your brother Ned has not seen Strawberry Hill since my great

¹ Henry Lowther, third Viscount Lonsdale, of the first creation. He was the second son of John, the first Viscount, and succeeded his elder brother Richard in the title in 1713. He was a lord of the bedchamber, and at one period of his life was privy seal.—DOVER.

improvements; he was astonished: it is pretty: you never saw so tranquil a scene, without the least air of melancholy: I should hate it, if it was dashed with that. I forgot to ask Gal. what is become of the books of Houghton which I gave him six months ago for you and Dr. Cocchi. You perceive I have got your letter of May 23rd, and with it Prince Craon's simple epistle to his daughter:¹ I have no mind to deliver it: it would be a proper recommendation of a staring boy on his travels, and is consequently very suitable to my colleague, Master St. Leger; but one hates to be coupled with a romping greyhound puppy, "qui est moins prudent que Monsieur Valpol!" I did not want to be introduced to Madame de Mirepoix's assemblies, but to be acquainted with her, as I like her family: I concluded, simple as he is, that an old Frenchman knew how to make these distinctions. By thrusting St. Leger into the letter with me, and talking of my prudence, I shall not wonder if she takes me for his bear-leader, his travelling governor!

Mr. Chute, who went from hence this morning, and is always thinking of blazoning your pedigree² in the noblest colours, has turned over all my library, till he has tapped a new and very great family for you: in short, by your mother it is very clear that you are descended from Hubert de Burgh, Grand Justiciary to Richard the Second: indeed I think he was hanged; but that is a misfortune that will attend very illustrious genealogies; it is as common to them as to the pedigrees about Paddington and Blackheath. I have had at least a dozen great-great-grandfathers that came to untimely ends. All your virtuosos in heraldry are content to know that they had ancestors who lived five hundred years ago, no matter how they died. A match with a low woman corrupts a stream of blood as long as the Danube,—tyranny, villainy, and executions are mere fleabites, and leave no stain. The good Lord of Bath, whom I saw on Richmond-green this evening, did intend, I believe, to ennoble my genealogy with another execution: how low is he sunk now from those views! and how entertaining to have lived to see all those virtuous patriots proclaiming their mutual iniquities! Your friend Mr. Dodington, it seems, is so reduced as to be relapsing into virtue. In my last I told you some curious anecdotes of another

¹ Madame de Mirepoix, French ambassadress in England, to whom her father, Prince Craon, had written a letter of introduction for Horace Walpole.—DOVER.

² Count Riehcourt, and some Florentines, his creatures, had been very impertinent about Mr. Mann's family, which was very good, and which made it necessary to have his pedigree drawn out, and sent over to Florence.—WALPOLE.

part of the band, of Pope and Bolingbroke. The friends of the former have published twenty pamphlets against the latter; I say against the latter, for, as there is no defending Pope, they are reduced to satirise Bolingbroke. One of them¹ tells him how little he would be known himself from his own writings, if he were not immortalised in Pope's; and still more justly, that if he destroys Pope's moral character, what will become of his own, which has been retrieved and sanctified by the embalming art of his friend? However, there are still new discoveries made every day of Pope's dirty selfishness. Not content with the great profits which he proposed to make of the work in question, he could not bear that the interest of his money should be lost till Bolingbroke's death; and therefore told him that it would cost very near as much to have the press set for half-a-dozen copies as it would for a complete edition, and by this means made Lord Bolingbroke pay very near the whole expense of the fifteen hundred. Another story I have been told on this occasion, was of a gentleman who, making a visit to Bishop Atterbury in France, thought to make his court by commending Pope. The Bishop replied not: the gentleman doubled the dose: at last the Bishop shook his head, and said, "Mens curva in corpore curvo!" The world will now think justly of these men: that Pope was the greatest poet, but not the most disinterested man in the world; and that Bolingbroke had not all those virtues and not all those talents which the other so proclaimed; and that he did not even deserve the friendship which lent him so much merit; and for the mere loan of which he dissembled attachment to Pope, to whom in his heart he was as perfidious and as false as he has been to the rest of the world.

The Duke of Devonshire has at last resigned,² for the unaccountable and unenvied pleasure of shutting himself up at Chatsworth with his ugly mad Duchess;³ the more extraordinary sacrifice, as he turned her head, rather than give up a favourite match for his son. She has consented to live with him there, and has even been with him in town for a few days, but did not see either her son or Lady

¹ Warburton.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Coxe, in his Memoirs of Lord Walpole, vol. ii. p. 264, says that the Duke of Devonshire resigned, because he was disgusted with the feuds in the cabinet, and perplexed with the jealous disposition of Newcastle and the desponding spirit of Pelham.—WRIGHT.

³ Katherine, daughter and heir of John Hoskins, Co. Middlesex, Esq.—CUNNINGHAM.

Hartington. On his resignation he asked and obtained an English barony for Lord Besborough, whose son Lord Duncannon, you know, married the Duke's eldest daughter. I believe this is a great disappointment to my uncle, who hoped he would ask the peerage for him or Pigwiggin. The Duke of Marlborough succeeds as Lord Steward. Adieu.

290. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 25, 1749.

Don't flatter yourself with your approaching year of jubilee; its poms and vanities will be nothing to the shows and triumphs we have had, and are having. I talk like an Englishman: here you know we imagine that a jubilee is a season of pageants, not of devotion; but our Sabbath has really been all tilt and tournament. There have been, I think, no less than eight masquerades, the fireworks, and a public act at Oxford: to-morrow is an installation of six Knights of the Bath, and in August of as many Garters: Saturday, Sunday, and Monday next, are the banquets¹ at Cambridge, for the instalment of the Duke of Newcastle as chancellor. The whole world goes to it: he has invited, summoned, pressed the entire body of nobility and gentry from all parts of England. His cooks² have been there these ten days, distilling essences of every living creature, and massacring and confounding all the species that Noah and Moses took such pains to preserve and distinguish. It would be pleasant to see pedants and professors searching for etymologies of strange dishes, and tracing more wonderful transformations than any in the *Metamorphoses*. How miserably Horace's *unde et quo Catius* will be hacked about in clumsy quotations! I have seen some that will be very unwilling performers at the creation of this ridiculous *Mamamouchi*.³ I have set my heart on their giving a doctor's degree to the Duchess of Newcastle's favourite—this favourite is at present

¹ Gray, in giving an account of the installation to his friend Wharton, says, "Every one, while it lasted, was very gay and very busy in the morning, and very owlish and very tipsy at night. I make no exceptions, from the Chancellor to Blewcoat. Mason's Ode was the only entertainment that had any tolerable elegance, and for my own part, I think it (with some little abatements) uncommonly well on such an occasion." *Works by Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 67.—WRIGHT.

² Of whom Chloe (*ante*, vol. i. p. 185) was one.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ See Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*; in which the *nouveau riche* is persuaded that the Grand Seigneur has made him a mamamouchi, a knight of an imaginary order, and goes through the ceremony of a mock installation.—WRIGHT.

neither a lover nor an apothecary, but a common pig, that she brought from Hanover: I am serious; and Harry Vane, the new Lord of the Treasury, is entirely employed, when he is not at the Board, in opening and shutting the door for it. Tell me, don't you very often throw away my letters in a passion, and believe that I invent the absurdities I relate!—Were not we as mad when you was in England?

The King, who has never dined out of his own palaces, has just determined to dine at Claremont to-morrow—all the cooks are at Cambridge—imagine the distress!

Last Thursday, the Monarch of my last paragraph gave away the six vacant ribands: one to a Margrave of Anspach, a near relation of the late Queen; others to the Dukes of Leeds¹ and Bedford, Lords Albemarle and Granville: the last, you may imagine, gives some uneasiness. The Duke of Bedford has always been unwilling to take one, having tied himself up in the days of his patriotism to forfeit great sums if ever he did. The King told him one day this winter, that he would give none away but to him and to Anspach. This distinction struck him: he could not refuse the honour; but he has endeavoured to waive it, as one imagines, by a scruple he raised against the oath, which obliges the knights, whenever they are within two miles of Windsor, to go and offer. The King would not abolish the oath, but has given a general dispensation for all breaches of it, past, present, and to come. Lord Lincoln and Lord Harrington are very unhappy at not being in the list. The sixth riband is at last given to Prince George: the Ministry could not prevail for it till within half an hour of the ceremony; then the Bishop of Salisbury was sent to notify the gracious intention. The Prince was at Kew, so the message was delivered to Prince George² himself. The child, with great good sense, desired the Bishop to give his duty and thanks, and to assure the King that he should always obey him; but that, as his father was out of town, he could send no other answer. Was not it clever? The design of not giving one riband to the Prince's children had made great noise: there was a "Remembrancer"³ on that subject ready for the press. This is the "Craftsman" of the present age, and is generally

¹ Thomas Osborne, fourth Duke of Leeds.—DOVER.

² Afterwards George the Third.—DOVER.

³ A weekly paper edited by Ralph. It was undertaken a short time previous to the rebellion, to serve the purposes of Bubb Dodington; in whose Diary Ralph is frequently mentioned with especial approbation.—WRIGHT.

levelled at the Duke [of Cumberland], and filled with very circumstantial cases of his arbitrary behaviour. It has absolutely written down Hawley, his favourite general and executioner, who was to have been upon the staff.

Garrick is married to the famous Violette, first at a Protestant, and then at a Roman Catholic chapel. The chapter of this history is a little obscure and uncertain as to the consent of the protecting Countess,¹ and whether she gives her a fortune or not.

Adieu! I believe I tell you strange rhapsodies; but you must consider that our follies are not only very extraordinary, but are our business and employment: they enter into our politics, nay, I think they are our politics²—and I don't know which are the simplest. They are Tully's description of poetry, "hæc studia juventutem alunt, senectutem oblectant; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur:" so, if you will that I write to you, you must be content with a detail of absurdities. I could tell you of Lord Mountford's³ making cricket-matches, and fetching up parsons by express from different parts of England to play matches on Richmond-green; of his keeping aide-de-camps to ride to all parts to lay bets *for him* at horse-races, and of twenty other peculiarities; but I fancy you are tired: in short, you, who know me, will comprehend all best when I tell you that I live in such a scene of folly as makes me even think myself a creature of common sense.

291. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE,

Mistley, July 5, 1749.

I HAVE this moment received your letter, and it makes me very

¹ Dorothy, Countess of Burlington. The Violette was a German dancer, first at the Opera, and then at the playhouse; and in such favour at Burlington House, that the tickets for her benefits were designed by Kent and engraved by Vertue.—WALPOLE.

² This was frequently the case while the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham were ministers: it was so true, that in the case of the Violette just mentioned, one night that she had advertised three dances and danced but two, Lord Bury and some young men of fashion began a riot, and would have had her sent for from Burlington House. It being feared that she would be hissed on her next appearance, and Lord Hartington, the cherished of Mr. Pelham, being son-in-law of Lady Burlington, the ministry were in great agitation to secure a good reception for the Violette from the audience, and the Duke was even desired to order Lord Bury (one of his lords) not to hiss.—WALPOLE.

³ Henry Bromley, first Lord Montfort, so created in 1741. He died in 1755.—DOVER.

unhappy. You will think me a brute for not having immediately told you how glad I should be to see you and your sisters; but I trust that you will have seen Mrs. Boscawen, by whom I sent you a message to invite you to Strawberry Hill, when we should be returned from Roel and Mistle. I own my message had rather a cross air; but as you have retrieved all your crimes with me by your letter, I have nothing to do but to make myself as well with you as you are with me. Indeed I am extremely unlucky, but I flatter myself that Messrs. Montagus will not drop their kind intention, as it is not in my power to receive it now: they will give me infinite pleasure by a visit. I stay there till Monday se'night; will that be too late to see you before your journey to Roel? You must all promise, at least, to be engaged to me at my return. If the least impediment happens afterwards, I shall conclude my brother has got you from me: you know jealousy is the mark of my family.

Mr. Rigby makes you a thousand compliments, and wishes you would ever think his Roel worth your seeing: you cannot imagine how he has improved it! You have always heard me extravagant in the praises of the situation. He has demolished all his paternal intrenchments of walls and square gardens, opened lawns, swelled out a bow-window, erected a portico, planted groves, stifled ponds, and flounced himself with flowering shrubs and Kent fences. You may imagine that I have a little hand in all this. Since I came hither, I have projected a colonnade to join his mansion to the offices, have been the death of a tree that intercepted the view of a bridge, for which, too, I have drawn a white rail, and shall be an absolute travelling Jupiter at Baucis and Philemon's; for I have persuaded him to transform a cottage into a church, by exalting a spire upon the end of it, as Talbot has done. By the way, I have dined at the Vineyard.¹ I dare not trust you with what I think, but I was a little disappointed. To-morrow we go to the ruins of the Abbey of St. Osyth; it is the seat of the Rochfords, but I never chose to go there while they were there. You will probably hear from Mr. Lyttelton (if in any pause of love he rests) that I am going to be first minister to the Prince [of Wales]: in short, I have occasioned great speculation, and diverted myself with the important mysteries that have been alembicked out of a trifle. In short, he had seen my *Ædes Walpoleanæ* at Sir Luke Schaub's, and sent by

¹ Mr. Chute's.—WALPOLE.

him to desire one. I sent him one bound quite in coronation robes, and went last Sunday to thank him for the honour. There were all the new Knights of the Garter. After the Prince had whispered through every curl of Lord Granville's periwig, he turned to me, and said such a crowd of civil things that I did not know what to answer; commended the style and the quotations; said I had sent him back to his Livy; in short, that there were but two things he disliked—one, that I had not given it to him of my own accord, and the other, that I had abused his friend Andrea del Sarto; and that he insisted, when I came to town again, I should come and see two very fine ones that he has lately bought of that master.¹ This drew on a very long conversation on painting, every word of which I suppose will be reported at the other court as a plan of opposition for the winter. Prince George was not there: when he went to receive the riband, the Prince carried him to the closet door, where the Duke of Dorset received and carried him. Ayscough,² or Nugent, or some of the genius's, had taught him a speech; the child began it, the Prince cried "No, no!" When the boy had a little recovered his fright, he began again; but the same tremendous sounds were repeated, and the oration still-born.

I believe that soon I shall have a pleasanter tale to tell you; it is said my Lady Anson, not content with the profusion of absurdities she utters, (by the way, one of her sayings, and extremely in the style of Mr. Lyttelton's making love, was, as she sat down to play at brag at the corner of a square table: Lady Fitzwalter said she was sorry she had no better room; "Oh! Madam," said my Lady Anson, "I can sit like a nightingale, with my breast against a thorn:") in short, that, not content with so much wit, she proposes to entertain the town to the tune of Doctors' Commons. She does not mince her disappointments: here is an epigram that has been made on the subject:—

As Anson his voyage to my lady was reading,
 And recounting his dangers—thank God she's not breeding
 He came to the passage, where, like the old Roman,
 He stoutly withstood the temptation of woman:
 The Baroness smiled; when continuing, he said,
 "Think what terror must there fill the poor lover's head."
 "Alack!" quoth my lady, "he had nothing to fear,
 Were that Scipio as harmless as you are, my dear."

¹ "His collection of the best masters will always show his taste, though not the extent of his judgment and inclinations. He has done more in collections than any Prince in England since King Charles the First, and emulated that worthy great King, wishing he could form so considerable a collection."—*Vertue the Engraver*.—*Warburton's Memoirs of Walpole*, i. 265.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Francis Ayscough, Dean of Bristol, tutor to Prince George.—WRIGHT.

292. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1749.

I AM returned to my Strawberry, and find it in such beauty, that I shall be impatient till I see you and your sisters here. They must excuse me if I don't marry for their reception; for it is said the Drax's have impeached fifteen more damsels, and till all the juries of matrons have finished their inquest, one shall not care to make one's choice: I was going to say, "throw one's handkerchief," but at present that term would be a little equivocal.

As I came to town [from Mistley] I was extremely entertained with some excursions I made out of the road in search of antiquities. At Layer Marney is a noble old remnant of the palace of the Lords of Marney, with three very good tombs in the church well preserved. At Messing I saw an extreme fine window of painted glass in the church: it is the duties prescribed in the Gospel, of visiting the sick and prisoners, &c. I mistook, and called it the seven deadly sins. There is a very old tomb of Sir Robert Messing, that built the church. The hall-place is a fragment of an old house belonging to Lord Grimston; ¹ Lady Luckyn his mother, of fourscore and six, lives in it with an old son and daughter. The servant who showed it told us much history of another brother that had been parson there: this history was entirely composed of the anecdotes of the doctor's drinking, who, as the man told us, had been *a blood*. There are some Scotch arms taken from the rebels in the '15, and many old coats of arms on glass brought from Newhall, which now belongs to Olmius. Mr. Conyers bought a window ² there for only a hundred pounds, on which was painted Harry the Eighth and one of his queens at full length: he has put it up at Copt-hall, a seat which he has bought that belonged to Lord North and Grey. You see I persevere in my heraldry. T'other day the parson of Rigby's parish dined with us; he has conceived as high an opinion of my skill in genealogies, as if I could say the first chapter of Matthew by heart. Rigby drank my health to him, and that I might come to be garter king at arms: the poor man replied with great

¹ Sir Samuel Grimston, Bart., left an heiress, who married Sir Capel Luckyn, Bart. Their son changed his name to Grimston, and was created a baron and a viscount.—*Note in Montagu's Letters*.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The noble window now in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.—CUNNINGHAM.

zeal, "I wish he may with all my heart." Certainly, I am born to preferment; I gave an old woman a penny once, who prayed that I might live to be Lord Mayor of London! What pleased me most in my travels was Dr. Sayer's parsonage at Witham, which, with Southcote's help, whose old Roman Catholic father lives just by him, he has made one of the most charming villas in England. There are sweet meadows falling down a hill, and rising again on t'other side of the prettiest little winding stream you ever saw.

You did not at all surprise me with the relation of the keeper's brutality to your family, or of his master's to the dowager's handmaid. His savage temper increases every day. George Boscawen is in a scrape with him by a court-martial, of which he is one; it was appointed on a young poor soldier, who to see his friends had counterfeited a furlough only for a day. They ordered him two hundred lashes; but Nolkejumskoi [Cumberland], who loves blood like a leech, insisted it was not enough—has made them sit three times (though every one adheres to the first sentence), and swears they shall sit these six months till they increase the punishment. The fair Mrs. Pitt [Atkyns] has been mobbed in the Park, and with difficulty rescued by some gentlemen, only because this bashaw is in love with her. You heard, I suppose, of his other amour with the Savoyard girl. He sent her to Windsor and offered her a hundred pounds, which she refused because he was a heretic; he sent her back on foot. Inclosed is a new print on this subject, which I think has more humour than I almost ever saw in one of that sort.

Should I not condole with you upon the death of the head of the Cues?¹ If you have not heard his Will, I will tell you. The settled estate of eight thousand a year is to go between the two daughters, out of which is a jointure of three thousand a year to the Duchess-dowager, and to that he has added a thousand more out of the unsettled estate, which is nine thousand. He gives, together with his blessing, four thousand per annum rent-charge to the Duchess of Manchester in present, provided she will contest nothing with her sister, who is to have all the rest, and the reversion of the whole after Lady Cardigan and her children: but in case she disputes, Lady Hinchinbrooke and hers are in the entail next to the Cardigans, who are to take the Montagu name and livery. I don't know what Mr. Hussey will think of the blessing, but they say his Duchess will be inclined to mind it; she always wanted to be well

¹ John, the last Duke of Montagu, died July 6, 1749.—CUNNINGHAM.

with her father, but hated her mother. There are two codicils, one in favour of his servants, and the other of his dogs, cats, and creatures; which was a little unnecessary, for Lady Cardigan has exactly his turn for saving every thing's life. As he was making the codicil, one of his cats jumped on his knee: "What," says he, "have you a mind to be a witness too! You can't, for you are a party concerned."¹ Lord Stafford is going to send his poor wife with one maid and one horse to a farm-house in Shropshire for ever. The Mirepoix's are come; but I have not yet seen them. A thousand compliments to your sisters.

293. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 24, 1749.

You and Dr. Cocchi have made me ashamed with the civilities you showed to my book—I hope it blushed!

You have seen the death of the Duke of Montagu in all the papers. His loss will be extremely felt! he paid no less than 2700*l.* a year in private pensions, which ought to be known, to balance the immense history of his places; of which he was perpetually obtaining new, and making the utmost of all: he had quartered on the Great Wardrobe no less than thirty nominal tailors and arras-workers. This employment is to be dropped; his others are not yet given away. My father had a great opinion of his understanding, and at the beginning of the war was most desirous of persuading him to be Generalissimo; but the Duke was very diffident of himself, and, having seen little service, would not accept it. In short, with some foibles, he was a most amiable man, and one of the most feeling I ever knew. His estate is 17,000*l.* a year; the Duchess of Manchester must have four of it; all the rest he has given, after four thousand a year to the Duchess-dowager shall fall in, to his other daughter Lady Cardigan. Lord Vere Beauclerc² has thrown his into the list of vacant employments: he resigned his Lordship of the Admiralty on Anson's being preferred to him for Vice-Admiral of England; but what heightened the disgust, was Lord Vere's going a party to visit the docks with Sandwich and Anson, after this was done, and yet they never mentioned it to him. It was not possible to converse with them upon

¹ "Die, and endow a college or a cat."—*Pope*.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lord Vere Beauclerc, brother of the Duke of St. Albans, afterwards created Lord Vere of Hanworth.—WALPOLE.

good terms every day afterwards. You perceive our powers and places are in a very fluctuating situation: the Prince will have a catalogue of discontented ready to fill the whole civil list. My Lord Chancellor [Hardwicke] was terrified the other day with a vision of such a revolution: he saw Lord Bath kiss hands, and had like to have dropped the seals with the agony of not knowing what it was for—it was only for his going to Spa. However, as this is an event which the Chancellor has never thought an impossible one, he is daily making Christian preparation against it. He has just married his other daughter to Sir John Heathcote's son;¹ a Prince little inferior to Pigwiggin in person; and procreated in a greater bed of money and avarice than Pigwiggin himself: they say, there is a peerage already promised to him by the title of Lord Normanton. The King has consented to give two earldoms to replace the great families of Somerset and Northumberland in their descendants; Lady Betty Smithson is to have the latter title after the Duke of Somerset's death, and Sir Charles Windham any other appellation he shall choose. You know Lord Granville had got a grant of Northumberland for him, but it was stopped. These two hang a little, by the Duke of Somerset's wanting to have the earldom for his son-in-law [Sir Hugh Smithson], instead of his daughter.²

You ask me about the principles of the Methodists: I have tried to learn them, and have read one of their books. The *visible* part seems to be nothing but stricter practice than that of our Church, clothed in the old exploded cant of mystical devotion. For example, you take a metaphor; we will say our passions are *weeds*; you immediately drop every description of the passions, and adopt everything peculiar to weeds: in five minutes a true Methodist will talk with the greatest compunction of *hoeing*—this catches women of fashion and shopkeepers.

I have now a request to make to you: Mrs. Gibberne is extremely desirous of having her son come to England for a short time. There is a small estate left to the family, I think by the uncle; his presence is absolutely necessary: however, the poor woman is so happy

¹ Sir John Heathcote, Bart., of Normanton Park, in Rutlandshire. He was the son of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Lord Mayor of London, who acquired a vast fortune, and was created a baronet in 1733. Sir John's son, Sir Gilbert, the third baronet, married to his first wife, Margaret, youngest daughter of the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke.—DOVER.

² The Duke of Somerset was eventually created Earl of Northumberland with remainder to Sir Hugh Smithson, and Earl of Egremont with remainder to Sir Charles Wyndham.—DOVER.

in his situation with you, that she talks of giving up everything rather than disoblige you by fetching him to England. She has been so unfortunate as to lose a favourite daughter, that was just married greatly to a Lisbon merchant; the girl was so divided in her affections, that she had a mind not to have followed her husband to Portugal. Mrs. Leneve, to comfort the poor woman, told her what a distress this would have been either way: she was so struck with this position, that she said, "Dear Madam, it is very lucky she died!"—and since that, she has never cried, but for joy! Though it is impossible not to smile at these awkward sensations of unrefined nature, yet I am sure your good-nature will agree with me in giving the poor creature this satisfaction; and therefore I beg it. Adieu!

294. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 17, 1749.

I HEAR of nothing but your obliging civilities to the Barrets:¹ I don't wonder you are attentive to please; my amazement is, when I find it well distributed: you have all your life been making Florence agreeable to everybody that came there, who have almost all forgot it—or worse. But Mr. and Mrs. Barret do you justice, and as they are very sensible and agreeable, I am persuaded you will always find that they know how to esteem such goodness as yours. Mr. Chute has this morning received here a letter from Mr. Barret, and will answer it very soon. Mr. Montagu is here too, and happy to hear he is so well, and recommends several compliments to your conveyance. Your brother mentions your being prevented writing to me, by the toothache; I hate you should have any pain.

You always let us draw upon you for such weight of civilities to anybody we recommend, that if I did not desire to show my attention, and the regard I have for Count Lorenzi,² yet it would be burning ingratitude not to repay you. I have accordingly been trying to be very civil to the Chevalier; I did see him once at Florence. To-morrow I am to fetch him hither to dinner, from Putney, where the Mirepoix's have got a house. I gave Madame her father's simple letter, of which she took no more notice than it deserved; but Prince Beauvau³ has written her a very particular

¹ Thomas Barret-Lennard, afterwards Lord Daere of the South, and his wife, Anne, daughter of Lord Chief Justice Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden.—WALPOLE.

² The French minister at Florence.—WALPOLE.

³ The brother of Madame de Mirepoix, afterwards a marshal of France.—DOVER.

one about me, and is to come over himself in the winter to make me a visit: this has warmed their *politesse*. I should have known the Ambassadors anywhere by the likeness to her family. He is cold and stately, and not much tasted here. She is very sensible; but neither of them satisfy me in one point; I wanted to see something that was the quintessence of the newest *bon ton*, that had the last *bel air*, and spoke the freshest jargon. These people have scarce ever lived at Paris, are reasonable, and little amusing with follies. They have brought a cousin of his, a Monsieur de Levi, who has a *tantino* of what I wanted to see. You know they pique themselves much upon their Jewish name, and call cousins with the Virgin Mary. They have a picture in the family, where she is made to say to the founder of the house, "Couvrez vous, mon cousin." He replies, "Non pas, ma très sainte cousine, je sçai trop bien le respect que je vous dois."¹

There is nothing like news: Kensington Palace had like to have made an article the other night; it was on fire: my Lady Yarmouth has an ague, and is forced to keep a constant fire in her room against the damp. When my Lady Suffolk lived in that apartment, the floor produced a constant crop of mushrooms. Though there are so many vacant chambers, the King hoards all he can, and has locked up half the palace since the Queen's death: so he does at St. James's, and I believe would put the rooms out to interest, if he could get a closet a year for them! Somebody told my Lady Yarmouth they wondered she would live in that unwholesome apartment, when there are so many other rooms: she replied, "Mais pas pour moy."

The scagliola tables are arrived, and only one has suffered a little on the edge: the pattern is perfectly pretty. It would oblige me much if you could make the Friar make a couple more for me, and with a little more expedition.

Don't be so humble about your pedigree: there is not a pipe of good blood in the kingdom but we will tap for you: Mr. Chute has it now in painting; and you may depend on having it with the most satisfactory proofs, as soon as it can possibly be finished. He has taken great pains, and fathomed half the genealogies in England for you.

¹ There is said to have been another equally absurd picture in the same family, in which Noah is represented going into the ark, carrying under his arm a small trunk, on which was written "Papiers de la maison de Levi."—DOVER.

You have been extremely misinformed about my father's writing his own history: I often pressed it, but he never once threw a thought that way. He neither loved reading nor writing; and at last, the only time he had leisure, was not well enough. He used to say, "that but few men should ever be Ministers, for it let them see too much of the badness of mankind." Your story, I imagine, was inoculated on this speech. Adieu!

295. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE:

Strawberry Hill, August 26, 1749.

I FLATTER myself that you are quite recovered of your disorder, and that your sisters will not look with an evil eye on Strawberry Hill. Mr. Chute and I are returned from our expedition miraculously well, considering all our distresses. If you love good roads, conveniences, good inns, plenty of postilions and horses, be so kind as never to go into Sussex. We thought ourselves in the northest part of England; the whole country has a Saxon air, and the inhabitants are savage, as if King George the Second was the first monarch of the East Angles. Coaches grow there no more than balm and spices; we were forced to drop our post-chaise, that resembled nothing so much as harlequin's calash, which was occasionally a chaise or a baker's cart. We journeyed over Alpine mountains, drenched in clouds, and thought of harlequin again, when he was driving the chariot of the sun through the morning clouds, and so was glad to hear the *aqua vite* man crying a dram. At last we got to Arundel Castle, which was visibly built for defence in an impracticable country. It is now only a heap of ruins, with a new indifferent apartment clapt up for the Norfolks, when they reside there for a week or a fortnight. Their priest showed us about. There are the walls of a round tower where a garrison held out against Cromwell; he planted a battery on the top of the church, and reduced them. There is a gloomy gateway and dungeons, in one of which I conclude is kept the old woman who, in the time of the late Rebellion, offered to show Lord Robert Sutton¹ where arms were hidden at Worksop [in Nottinghamshire.] The Duchess complimented him into dining before his search, and in the mean time the woman was spirited away, and adieu the arms.

¹ Lord Robert Sutton, died 1762, third son of the third Duke of Rutland. He died in 1762.—CUNNINGHAM.

There are fine monuments of the old Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel, in the church. Mr. Chute, whom I have created *Strawberry king of arms*, has had brave sport *à la chasse aux armes*.

We were charmed with the magnificence of the park at Petworth, which is Percy to the back-bone; but the house and garden did not please our antiquarian spirit. The house is entirely new-fronted in the style of the Tuileries, and furnished exactly like Hampton Court. There is one room gloriously flounced all round with whole-length pictures, with much the finest carving of Gibbons that ever any eyes beheld. There are birds absolutely feathered; and two antique vases with bas-relieves, as perfect and beautiful as if they were carved by a Grecian master. There is a noble Claude Lorrain,¹ a very curious picture of the haughty Anne Stanhope, the Protector's wife, pretty, but not giving one an idea of her character, and many old portraits; but the housekeeper was at London, and we did not learn half. The chapel is grand and proper. At the inn we entertained ourselves with the landlord, whom my Lord Hervey had abineted when he went to woo one of the Lady Seymours.

Our greatest pleasure was seeing Cowdry, which is repairing;² Lord Montacute³ will at last live in it. We thought of old Margaret of Clarence, who lived there; one of her accusations was built on the bulls found there. It was the palace of her great uncle, the Marquis Montacute. I was charmed with the front, and the court, and the fountain; but the room called Holbein's, except the curiosity of it, is wretchedly painted, and infinitely inferior to those delightful stories of Harry the Eighth in the private apartment at Windsor.

I was much pleased with a whole-length picture of Sir Anthony Brown in the very dress in which he wedded Anne of Cleves by proxy. He is in blue and white, only his right leg is entirely white, which was certainly robed for the act of putting into bed to her; but when the King came to marry her, he only put his leg into bed to kick her out of it.

I have set up my staff, and finished my pilgrimages for this year. Sussex is a great damper of curiosity. Adieu! my compliments to our sisters.

¹ The Egremont 'Claude,' engraved by Woollett.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Cowdry was destroyed by fire Sept. 27, 1793. The pictures (of which Walpole has given some account in his 'Anecdotes of Painting') were destroyed with the house.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Anthony, the sixth Viscount Montagu, descended from Anthony Brown, created Viscount Montagu in 1554, being descended from John Neville, Marquis of Montagu.—WALPOLE.

296. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 12, 1749.

I HAVE your two letters to answer of August 15th and 26th, and, as far as I see before me, have a great deal of paper, which I don't know how to fill. The town is notoriously empty; at Kensington they have scarce company enough to pay for lighting the candles. The Duke [of Cumberland] has been for a week with the Duke of Bedford at Woburn: Princess Emily remains, saying *civil things*; for example, the second time she saw Madame de Mirepoix, she cried out, "Ah! Madame, vous n'avez pas tant de rouge aujourd'hui: la première fois que vous êtes venue ici, vous aviez une quantité horrible." This the Mirepoix herself repeated to me; you may imagine her astonishment,—I mean, as far as your duty will give you leave. I like her extremely; she has a great deal of quiet sense. They try much to be English, and whip into frocks without measure, and fancy they are doing the fashion. Then she has heard so much of that villanous custom of giving money to the servants of other people, that there is no convincing her that women of fashion never give; she distributes with both hands. The Chevalier Lorenzi has dined with me here: I gave him venison, and, as he was determined to like it, he protested it was "as good as beef." You will be delighted with what happened to him: he was impatient to make his brother's compliments to Mr. Chute, and hearing somebody at Kensington call *Mr. Schutz*, he easily mistook the sound, and went up to him, and asked him if he had not been at Florence! Schutz with the utmost Hanoverian gravity replied, "Oui, oui, j'ai été à Florence, oui, oui:—mais où est-il, ce Florence?"

The Richcourts¹ are arrived, and have brought with them a strapping lad of your Count; sure, is it the boy that my Lady O. used to bring up by hand? he is pretty picking for her now. The woman is handsome, but clumsy to a degree, and as much too masculine as her lover Rice is too little so. Sir Charles Williams too is arrived, and tells me how much he has heard in your praise in Germany. Villettes is here, but I have had no dealings with him. I think I talk nothing but foreign ministers to-day, as if I were just landed from the Diet at Ratisbon. But I shall have done on this

¹ Count Richcourt, brother of the minister at Florence, and envoy from the Emperor: his wife was a Piedmontese [See vol. i. p. 87, 159, and 197].—WALPOLE.

chapter, and I think on all others, for you say such extravagant things of my letters, which are nothing but gossiping gazettes, that I cannot bear it. Then you have undone yourself with me, for you compare them to Madame Sevigné's; absolute treason! Do you know, there is scarce a book in the world I love so much as her letters?

How infinitely humane you are about Gibberne! Shall I amuse you with the truth of that history, which I have discovered? The poor silly woman, his mother, has pressed his coming for a very private reason—only to make him one of the most considerable men in this country!—and by what wonderful means do you think this mighty business is to be effected? only by the beauties of his person! As I remember, he was as little like an Adonis as could be: you must keep this inviolably; but depend upon the truth of it—I mean, that his mother really has this idea. She showed his picture to—why, to the Duchess of Cleveland, to the Duchess of Portsmouth, to Madame Pompadour; in short, to one of them, I don't know which, I only know it was *not* to my Lady Suffolk, the King's *former* mistress. “Mon Dieu! Madame, est-il frai que fotre fils est si sholi que ce bortrait? il faut que je le garte; je feux apsolument l'afoir.” The woman protested nothing ever was so handsome as her lad, and that the nasty picture did not do him half justice. In short, she flatters herself that the Countess [of Yarmouth] will do him whole justice: I don't think it impossible but, out of charity, she may make him groom of the chambers. I don't know, indeed, how the article of beauty may answer; but if you should lose your Gibberne, it is good to have a friend at court.

Lord Granby is going to be married to the eldest of the Lady Seymours; she has above a hundred and thirty thousand pounds. The Duke of Rutland will take none of it, but gives at present six thousand a-year.

That I may keep my promise to myself of having nothing to tell you, I shall bid you good night; but I really do know no more. Don't whisper my anecdote even to Gibberne, if he is not yet set out; nor to the Barrets. I wish you a merry, merry baths of Pisa, as the link-boys say at Vauxhall. Adieu!

297. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 22, 1749.

I EXPECT Sir Charles Williams to scold me excessively. He wrote me a letter, in which he desired that I would send you word by last night's post, that he expected to meet you here by Michaelmas, according to your promise. I was unfortunately at London; the letter was directed hither from Lord Ilchester's, where he is; and so I did not receive it till this morning. I hope, however, this will be time enough to put you in mind of your appointment; but while I am so much afraid of Sir Charles's anger, I seem to forget the pleasure I shall have in seeing you myself; I hope you know that: but he is still more pressing, as he will stay so little time in England. Adieu!

298. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1749.

I AM much obliged to you, dear Sir, and agree with your opinion about the painting of Prince Edward, that it cannot be original and authentic, and consequently not worth copying. Lord Cholmondeley is, indeed, an original; but who are the wise people that build for him? Sir Philip Harvey seems to be the only person likely to be benefited by this new extravagance. I have just seen a collection of tombs like those you describe—the house of Russell robed in alabaster and painted. There are seven monuments in all; one is immense, in marble, cherubim'd and seraphim'd, crusted with bas-reliefs and titles, for the first Duke of Bedford and his Duchess.¹ All these are in a chapel of the church at Cheneys,² the seat of the first Earls. There are but piteous fragments of the house remaining, now a farm, built round three sides of a court. It is dropping down, in several places without a roof, but in half the windows are beautiful arms in painted glass. As these are so totally neglected, I propose making a push, and begging them of the Duke of Bedford. They would be magnificent for Strawberry-castle. Did I tell you that I have found a text in Deuteronomy to authorise my future battlements? “When

¹ Anne, daughter of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset.—CUNNINGHAM.

² In Buckinghamshire.—CUNNINGHAM.

thou buildest a new house, then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thy house, if any man fall from thence."

I saw Chenneys at a visit I have been making to Harry Conway at Latimers.¹ This house, which they have hired, is large, and bad, and old, but of a bad age; finely situated on a hill in a beech wood, with a river at the bottom, and a range of hills and woods on the opposite side belonging to the Duke of Bedford. They are fond of it; the view is melancholy. In the church at Chenneys Mr. Conway put on an old helmet we found there: you cannot imagine how it suited him, how antique and handsome he looked; you would have taken him for Rinaldo. Now I have dipped you so deep in heraldry and genealogies, I shall beg you to step into the church of Stoke;² I know it is not asking you to do a disagreeable thing to call there; I want an account of the tomb of the first Earl of Huntingdon,³ an ancestor of mine, who lies there. I asked Gray, but he could tell me little about it. You know how out of humour Gray has been about our diverting ourselves with pedigrees, which is at least as wise as making a serious point of haranguing against the study. I believe neither Mr. Chute nor I ever contracted a moment's vanity from any of our discoveries, or ever preferred them to any thing but brag and whist. Well, Gray has set himself to compute, and has found out that there must go a million of ancestors in twenty generations to everybody's composition.

I dig and plant till it is dark; all my works are revived and proceeding. When will you come and assist? You know I have an absolute promise, and shall now every day expect you. My compliments to your sisters.

299. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 27, 1749.

You never was more conveniently in fault in your life: I have been going to make you excuses these ten days for not writing; and while I was inventing them, your humble letter of Oct. 10th arrives.

¹ In Buckinghamshire.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Stoke Poges, in Buckinghamshire, the church of Gray's Elegy, and in the churchyard of which he was buried by his own desire.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ There is no tomb in Stoke Poges church of the first Earl of Huntingdon.—CUNNINGHAM.

I am so glad to find it is you that are to blame, not I. Well, well, I am all good-nature, I forgive you; I can overlook such little negligences.

Mr. Chute is indefatigable in your service, but Anstis¹ has been very troublesome; he makes as many difficulties in signing a certificate about folks that are dead as if they were claiming an estate. I am sorry you are so pressed, for poor Mr. Chute is taken off from this pursuit: he was fetched from hence this day se'nnight to his infernal brother's, where a Mrs. Mildmay, whom you must have heard him mention, is dead suddenly: this may turn out a very great misfortune to our friend.

Your friend, Mr. Dodington, has not quite stuck to the letter of the declaration he sent you: he is first minister at Carlton-house, and is to lead the Opposition; but the misfortune is, nobody will be led by him. That whole court is in disorder by this event: everybody else laughs.

I am glad the Barrets please you, and that I have pleased Count Lorenzi. I must tell you a speech of the Chevalier, which you will reconnoitre for Florentine; one would think he had seen no more of the world than his brother.² He was visiting Lady Yarmouth with Mirepoix: he drew a person into a window, and whispered him; "Dites moi un peu en ami, je vous en prie; qu'est ce que c'est que Miledi Yarmouth?"—"Eh! bien, vous ne sçavez pas?"—"Non, ma foi: nous sçavons ce que c'est que Miledi Middlesex."

Gibberne is arrived. I don't tell you this *apropos* to the foregoing paragraph: he has wanted to come hither, but I have waived his visit till I am in town.

I announce to you the old absurd Countess—not of Orford, but Pomfret. Bistino will have enough to do: there is Lady Juliana [Fermor],³ who is very like, but not so handsome as Lady Granville; and Lady Granville's little child. They are actually in France; I don't doubt but you will have them. I shall pity you under a second edition of her follies. Adieu! Pray ask my pardon for my writing you so short a letter.

¹ Garter King at Arms [vol. i. p. 234, and vol. ii. p. 160.]—WALPOLE. It was to him Lord Chesterfield said, "You foolish man, you do not know your own foolish business."—DOVER.

² Who had never been out of Tuscany.—WALPOLE.

³ In 1751 married to Thomas Penn, Esq., of Stoke Poges.—WRIGHT.

800. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1749.

At last I have seen *le beau* Gibberne: I was extremely glad to see him, after I had done contemplating his person, which surely was never designed to figure in a romance. I never saw a creature so grateful! It is impossible not to be touched with the attachment he has for you. He talks of returning; and, indeed, I would advise it for his sake: he is quite spoiled for living in England, and had entirely forgot what Visigoths his countrymen are. But I must drop him to thank you for the charming intaglio which you have stolen upon me by his means: it is admired as much as it deserves; but with me it has all the additional merit of coming from you. Gibberne says you will be frightened at a lamentable history¹ that you will read of me in the newspapers; but pray don't be frightened: the danger, great as it was, was over before I had any notion of it; and the hurt did not deserve mentioning. The relation is so near the truth, that I need not repeat it; and, indeed, the frequent repetition has been much worse than the robbery. I have at last been relieved by the riots² at the new French theatre, and by Lord Coke's lawsuit.³ The first has been opened twice; the latter to-day. The young men of fashion, who espouse the French players, have hitherto triumphed: the old ladies who countenance Lady Mary Coke, are likely to have their grey beards brought with sorrow to the grave. It will be a new æra (or, as my Lord Baltimore calls it, a new *area*), in English history, to have the mob and the Scotch⁴

¹ Mr. Walpole had been robbed the week before in Hyde Park, and narrowly escaped being killed by the accidental going off of the highwayman's pistol, which did stun him, and took off the skin of his cheek-bone.—WALPOLE. "One night in the beginning of November, 1749, as I was returning from Holland House by moonlight, about ten at night, I was attacked by two highwaymen [M'Lean and Plunket] in Hyde Park, and the pistol of one of them [the accomplished M'Lean] going off accidentally, razed the skin under my eye, left some marks of shot on my face, and stunned me. The ball went through the top of the chariot, and if I had sat an inch nearer to the left side, must have gone through my head."—*Walpole's Short Notes*. (See vol. i. p. lxxvi.)—CUNNINGHAM.

² The mob was determined not to suffer French players; and Lord Trentham's engaging in their defence was made great use of against him at the ensuing election for Westminster; where he was to be re-chosen, on being appointed a lord of the Admiralty.—WALPOLE.

³ Lady Mary Coke swore the peace against her husband.—WALPOLE.

⁴ The Scotch were indignant at the English Lord Coke's treatment of his wife, a daughter of the great Duke of Argyll and Greenwich.—CUNNINGHAM.

beat out of two points that they have endeavoured to make national. I dare say the Chevalier Lorenzi will write ample accounts to Florence of these and all our English phenomena. I think, if possible, we brutalise more and more: the only difference is, that though everything is anarchy, there seems to be less general party than ever. The humours abound, but there wants some notable physician to bring them to a head.

The Parliament met yesterday: we had opposition, but no division on the address.

Now the Barrets have left you, Mr. Chute and I will venture to open our minds to you a little; that is, to comfort you for the loss of your friends: we will abuse them—that is enough in the way of the world. Mr. Chute had no kind of acquaintance with Mr. Barret till just before he set out: I, who have known him all my life, must tell you that all those nerves are imaginary, and that as long as there are distempers in the world, he will have one or two constantly upon his list. I don't know her; I never heard much of her understanding, but I had rather take your opinion; or at least, if I am not absolutely so complaisant, I will believe that you was determined to like them on Mr. Chute's account. I would not speak so plainly to you (and have not I been very severe?) if I were not sure that your good-nature would not relax any offices of friendship to them. You will scold me black and blue; but you know I always tell you when the goodness of your heart makes you borrow a little from that of other people to lend to their heads. Good night!

301. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 10, 1750.

I DON'T at all know what to say to you, for not having writ to you since the middle of November: I only know that nothing has happened, and so I have omitted telling you nothing. I have had two from you in the interim, one of Nov. 28th, and one without a date, in which you are extremely kind about my robbery, of which in my last I assured you there were no consequences: thank you a thousand times for having felt so much on my account. Gibberne has been with me again to-day, as his mother was a fortnight ago: she talked me to death, and three times after telling me her whole history, she said, "Well, then, Sir, upon the whole," and began it all again. *Upon the whole*, I think she has a mind to keep her son

in England; and he has a mind to be kept, though in my opinion he is very unfit for living in England—he is too polished! For trade, she says, he is in a cold sweat if she mentions it; and so they propose, by the acquaintance, he says, his mother has among the quality, to get him that nothing called something. I assured them, you had too much friendship for him to desire his return, if it would be a prejudice to his interest—did not I say right? He seems a good creature; too good to make his way here.

I beg you will not omit sending me every tittle that happens to compose my Lady Pomfret's second volume. We see perpetual articles of the sale of the furniture in the Great Duke's villas: is there any truth in it? You would know me again, if you saw me playing at pharaoh on one side of Madame de Mirepoix, as I used to do by her mother: I like her extremely, though she likes nothing but gaming. His pleasure is dancing: don't you envy anybody that can have spirits to be so simple as to like themselves in a minuet after fifty? Don't tell his brother, but the Chevalier Lorenzi is the object of the family's entertainment. With all the Italian thirst for English knowledge, he vents as many absurdities as if he had a passion for Ireland too. He saw some of the Florentine Gesses at Lord Lincoln's; he showed them to the Ambassadors with great transport, and assured her that the Great Duke had the originals, and that there never had been made any copies of them. He told her the other day that he had seen a sapphire of the size of her diamond ring, and worth more: she said that could not be. "Oh!" said he, "I mean, supposing your diamond were a sapphire."

I want to know Dr. Cocchi's and your opinion of two new French books, if you have seen them. One is Montesquieu's "Esprit des Loix;" which I think the best book that ever was written—at least I never learned half so much from all I ever read. There is as much wit as useful knowledge. He is said to have hurt his reputation by it in France, which I can conceive, for it is almost the interest of everybody there that can understand it to decry it. The other, far inferior, but entertaining, is Hainault's "Abregé Chronologique de l'Histoire de France." It is very amusing, though very full of Frenchisms; and though an abridgment, often so minute as to tell you when the Quinzevingts first wore flower-de-luces on their shoulders: but there are several little circumstances that give one an idea of the manners of old time, like Dr. Cocchi's treatise on the old rate of expenses.

There has been nothing particular in Parliament: all our conver-

sation has turned on the Westminster election, on which, after a vast struggle, Lord Trentham had the majority. Then came on the scrutiny: after a week's squabbling on the right of election, the High-bailiff declared what he would take to be the right. They are now proceeding to disqualify votes on that foot; but as his decision could not possibly please both sides, I fear it will come to us at last.

Lord Pembroke¹ died last night: he had been at the Bridge Committee² in the morning, where, according to custom, he fell into an outrageous passion; as my Lord Chesterfield told him, that ever since the pier sunk he has constantly been *damming and sinking*. The watermen say to-day, that now the great *pier* (*peer*) is quite gone. Charles Stanhope [Lord Harrington's brother] carried him home in his chariot; he desired the coachman to drive gently, for he could not avoid those passions; and afterwards, between shame and his asthma, he always felt daggers, and should certainly one day or other die in one of those fits. Arundel,³ his great friend and relation, came to him soon after: he repeated the conversation, and said, he did not know but he might die by night. "God bless you! If I see you no more, take this as my last farewell!" He died in his chair at seven o'clock. He certainly is a public loss; for he was public-spirited and inflexibly honest, though prejudice and passion were so predominant in him that honesty had not fair play whenever he had been set upon any point that had been given him for right. In his lawsuit with my Lady Portland he was scurrilously indecent, though to a woman; and so blasphemous at tennis, that the present primate of Ireland⁴ was forced to leave off playing with him. Last year he went near to destroy post-chaises, on a quarrel with the postmaster at Hounslow, who, as he told the Bishop of Chichester, had an hundred devils and Jesuits in his belly. In short, he was one of the lucky English madmen who get people to say, that whatever extravagance they commit, "Oh, it is his way." He began

¹ Henry Herbert, ninth Earl of Pembroke, the architect Earl, of whom Walpole has given some account in his 'Anecdotes of Painting.' He died January 9, 1750-51. Of his widow, who married a Captain Barnard in the Dragoon Guards, see an amusing notice in Rigby's Letter to the Duke of Bedford, of September 10, 1751.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The Westminster Bridge Committee. Labeyle, the architect and engineer of Westminster Bridge, had been employed on that work mainly by the influence of the Earl of Pembroke.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Richard Arundel, treasurer of the chambers: his mother, the Dowager Lady Arundel, was second wife of Thomas, Earl of Pembroke, father of Earl Henry.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Dr. George Stone.—WALPOLE.

his life with boxing, and ended it with living upon vegetables, into which system avarice a little entered. At the beginning of the present war, he very honourably would resign his regiment, though the King pressed him to keep it, because his rupture hindered his serving abroad. My father, with whom he was always well, would at any time have given him the blue riband; but he piqued himself on its being offered to him without asking it: the truth was, he did not care for the expense of the instalment. His great excellence was architecture: the bridge at Wilton is more beautiful than any thing of Lord Burlington or Kent. He has left an only son, a fine boy about sixteen.¹ Last week, Lord Crawford² died too, as is supposed, by taking a large quantity of laudanum, under impatience at the badness of his circumstances, and at the seventeenth opening of the wound which he got in Hungary, in a battle with the Turks. I must tell you a story *apropos* of two noble instances of fidelity and generosity. His servant, a French papist, saw him fall; watched, and carried him off into a ditch. Lord Crawford told him the Turks would certainly find them, and that, as he could not live himself, it was in vain for him to risk his life too, and insisted on the man making his escape. After a long contest, the servant retired, found a priest, confessed himself, came back, and told his lord that he was now prepared to die, and would never leave him. The enemy did not return, and both were saved. After Lord Crawford's death, this story was related to old Charles Stanhope, Lord Harrington's brother, whom I mentioned just now: he sent for the fellow, told him he could not take him himself, but, as from his lord's affairs he concluded he had not been able to provide for him, he would give him fifty pounds, and did.

To make up for my long silence, and to make up a long letter, I will string another old story, which I have just heard, to this. General Wade was at a low gaming-house, and had a very fine snuff-box, which on a sudden he missed. Everybody denied having taken it: he insisted on searching the company. He did: there remained only one man, who had stood behind him, but refused to be searched, unless the General would go into another room alone with him: there the man told him, that he was born a gentleman,

¹ Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke, and seventh Earl of Montgomery. He died in 1794.—DOVER.

² John Lindsay, Earl of Crawford, premier Earl of Scotland. His life, which indeed had little remarkable in it, was published afterwards, in a large quarto.—WALPOLE.

was reduced, and lived by what little bets he could pick up there, and by fragments which the waiters sometimes gave him. "At this moment I have half a fowl in my pocket; I was afraid of being exposed; here it is! Now, Sir, you may search me." Wade was so struck, that he gave the man a hundred pounds; and immediately the genius of generosity, whose province is almost a sinecure, was very glad of the opportunity of making him find his own snuff-box, or another very like it, in his own pocket again.

Lord Marchmont is to succeed Lord Crawford as one of the sixteen: the House of Lords is so inactive that at last the Ministry have ventured to let him in there. His brother Hume Campbell, who has been in a state of neutrality, begins to frequent the House again.

It is plain I am no monied man; as I have forgot, till I came to my last paragraph, what a ferment the money-changers are in! Mr. Pelham, who has flung himself entirely into Sir John Barnard's hands, has just miscarried in a scheme for the reduction of interest, by the intrigues of the three great companies and other usurers. They all detest Barnard, who, to honesty and abilities, joins the most intolerable pride. By my next, I suppose, you will find that Mr. Pelham is grown afraid of somebody else, of some director, and is governed by him. Adieu!—Sure I am out of debt now!

P.S. My dear Sir, I must trouble you with a commission, which I don't know whether you can execute. I am going to build a little gothic castle at Strawberry Hill. If you can pick me up any fragments of old painted glass, arms, or anything, I shall be excessively obliged to you. I can't say I remember any such things in Italy; but out of old chateaus, I imagine, one might get it cheap, if there is any.

302. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 31, 1750.

You will hear little news from England, but of robberies;¹ the numbers of disbanded soldiers and sailors have all taken to the road,

¹ On the preceding day, in consequence of the number of persons of distinction who had recently been robbed in the streets, a proclamation appeared in the London Gazette, offering a reward of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of any robber.—WALPOLE.

or rather to the street: people are almost afraid of stirring after it is dark. My Lady Albemarle¹ was robbed the other night in Great Russell Street, by nine men: the King gave her a gold watch and chain the next day. She says, "the manner was all"—and indeed so it was, for I never saw a more frippery present; especially considering how great a favourite she is, and my Lady Yarmouth's friend. The monarch is never less generous than when he has a mind to be so: the only present he ever made my father was a large diamond, cracked quite through. Once or twice, in his younger and gallant days, he has brought out a handful of maimed topazes and amethysts, and given them to be raffled for by the Maids of Honour. I told my Lady Yarmouth it had been a great loss to me that there was no Queen, for then I suppose I should have had a watch too when I was robbed.

We have had nothing remarkable in Parliament, but a sort of secession the other day on the Mutiny bill, when Lord Egmont and the Opposition walked out of the House, because the Ministry would go on upon the Report, when they did not like it. It is a measure of the Prince's court to lie by, and let the Ministry demolish one another, which they are hurrying to do. The two Secretaries [Newcastle and Bedford] are on the brink of declaring war: the occasion is likely to be given by a Turnpike bill, contested between the counties of Bedford and Northampton; and it grows almost as vehement a contest as the famous one between Aylesbury and Buckingham. The Westminster election is still hanging in scrutiny; the Duke of Bedford paid the election,² which he owns to have cost seven thousand pounds; and Lord Gower pays the scrutiny, which will be at least as much. This bustling little Duke has just had another miscarriage in Cornwall, where he attacked a family-borough of the Morrises. The Duke [of Cumberland] espouses the Bedford; and Lord Sandwich is espoused by both. He goes once or twice a-week to hunt with the Duke; and as the latter has taken a turn of gaming, Sandwich, to make his court—and fortune—carries a box and dice in his pocket; and so they throw a main, whenever the hounds are at fault, "upon every green hill, and under every green tree."

¹ Lady Anne Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, wife of William Anne Keppel, Earl of Albemarle, ambassador at Paris, and lady of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline.—WALPOLE.

² The Duke of Bedford's second wife was sister of Lord Trentham, the candidate.—WALPOLE.

But we have one shocking piece of news, the dreadful account of the hurricane in the East Indies : you will see the particulars in the papers ; but we reckon that we don't yet know the worst. Poor Admiral Boscawen¹ has been most unfortunate during his whole expedition ; and what increases the horror is, that I have been assured by a very intelligent person, that Lord Anson projected this business on purpose to ruin Boscawen, who, when they came together from the victory off Cape Finisterre, complained loudly of Anson's behaviour. To silence and to hurt him, Anson despatched him to Pondicherry, upon slight intelligence and upon improbable views.

Lord Coke's suit is still in suspense ; he has been dying : she was to have died, but has recovered wonderfully on his taking the lead. Mr. Chute diverted me excessively with a confidence that Chevalier Lorenzi made him the other night—I have told you the style of his *bon mots* ! He said he should certainly return to England again, and that whenever he did, he would land at Bristol, because baths are the best places to make acquaintance,—just as if Mr. Chute, after living seven years in Italy, and keeping the best company, should return thither, and land at Leghorn, in order to make Italian acquaintance at Pisa !

Among the robberies, I might have told you of the eldest Miss Pelham leaving a pair of diamond earrings, which she had borrowed for the birth-day, in a hackney chair ; she had put them under the seat for fear of being attacked, and forgot them. The chairmen have sunk them. The next morning, when they were missed, the damsel began to cry ; Lady Catherine² grew frightened, lest her *infanta* should vex herself sick, and summoned a jury of matrons to consult whether she should give her hartshorn or lavender drops ? Mrs. Selwyn,³ who was on the panel, grew very peevish, and said, “Pho ! give her brilliant drops.” Such are the present anecdotes of the Court of England ! Adieu !

¹ Edward, next brother of Lord Falmouth.—WALPOLE.

² Lady Catherine Manners, sister of John, Duke of Rutland, and wife of Henry Pelham, chancellor of the exchequer.—WALPOLE.

³ Mary Farenden [Farringdon ?] or Farrington, wife of John Selwyn, treasurer of Queen Caroline [vol. i. p. 45], and woman of the bedchamber.—WALPOLE. See vol. i. p. cxxiv. “Mrs. Selwyn, mother of the famous George, and herself of much vivacity and pretty.”—CUNNINGHAM.

303. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 25, 1750.

I AM come hither for a little repose and air. The fatigue of a London winter, between Parliaments and rakery, is a little too much without interruption for an elderly personage, that verges towards—I won't say what. This accounts easily for my wanting quiet—but air in February will make you smile—yet it is strictly true, that the weather is unnaturally hot: we have had eight months of warmth beyond what was ever known *in any other country*; Italy is quite north with respect to us!—You know we have had an earthquake. Mr. Chute's Francesco says, that a few evenings before it there was a bright cloud, which the mob called *the bloody cloud*; that he had been told there never were earthquakes in England, or else he should have known by that symptom that there would be one within a week. I am told that Sir Isaac Newton foretold a great alteration in our climate in the year '50, and that he wished he could live to see it. Jupiter, I think, has jogged us three degrees nearer to the sun.

The Bedford Turnpike, which I announced to you in my last, is thrown out by a majority of fifty-two against the Duke of Bedford. The Pelhams, who lent their own persons to him, had set up the Duke of Grafton, to list their own dependents under against their rival. When the Chamberlain would head a party, you may be sure the opposite power is in the wane. The Newcastle is at open war, and has left off waiting on the Duke, who espouses the Bedfords. Mr. Pelham tries to patch it up, and is getting the Ordnance for the Duke; but there are scarce any terms kept. Lord Sandwich, who governs the little Duke [of Bedford] through the Duchess, is the chief object of the Newcastle's hatred. Indeed there never was such a composition! he is as capable of all little knavery, as if he was not practising all great knavery. During the turnpike contest, in which he laboured night and day against his friend Halifax, he tried the grossest tricks to break agreements, when the opposite side were gone away on the security of a suspension of action: and in the very middle of that I came to the knowledge of a cruel piece of flattery which he paid to his protector. He had made interest for these two years for one Parry, a poor clergyman, schoolfellow and friend of his, to be fellow of Eton, and had secured a majority for him. A

Fellow died: another wrote to Sandwich to know if he was not to vote for Parry according to his engagement,—“No, he must vote for one who had been tutor to the Duke of Bedford,” who by that means has carried it. My Lady Lincoln was not suffered to go to a ball which Sandwich made the other night for the Duke, who tumbled down in the middle of a country dance; they imagined he had beat his nose flat, but he lay like a tortoise on the topshell, his face could not reach the ground by some feet. My Lady Anson was there, who insisted on dancing minuets, though against the rule of the night, with as much eagerness as you remember in my Lady Granville. Then she proposed herself for a Louvre; all the men vowed they had never heard of such a dance, upon which she dragged out Lady Betty Leveson,¹ and made her dance one with her.

At the last ball at the same house, a great dispute of precedence, which the Duchess of Norfolk had set on foot but has dropped, came to a trial. Lord Sandwich *contrived* to be on the outside of the door to hand down to supper whatever lady came out first. Madame de Mirepoix and the Duchess of Bedford were the rival queens; the latter made a faint offer to the ambassadress to go first; she returned it, and the other briskly accepted it; upon which the ambassadress, with great cleverness, made all the other women go before her, and then asked the Duke of Bedford if he would not go too. However, though they continue to visit, the wound is incurable: you don't imagine that a widow² of the House of Lorraine, and a daughter of Princess Craon, can digest such an affront. It certainly was very absurd, as she is not only an ambassadress but a stranger; and consequently all English women, as being at home, should give her place. King George the Second and I don't agree in our explication of this text of ceremony; he approves the Duchess—so he does Miss Chudleigh, in a point where ceremony is out of the question. He opened the trenches before her a fortnight ago, at the masquerade—but at the last she had the gout, and could not come; he went away *fort* cross. His son [the Prince of Wales] is not so fickle. My Lady Middlesex has been miscarrying; he attends as incessantly as Mrs. Cannon.³ The other morning the Princess came to call him to go to Kew; he made her wait in her coach above half an hour at the

¹ Daughter of John, second Lord Gower. Married in 1751 to the Hon. John Waldegrave.—DOVER.

² Madame de Mirepoix, eldest daughter of Prince Craon, and widow of the Prince of Lixin.—WALPOLE.

³ The midwife.—WALPOLE. Mrs. Kennon, “the virtuosa wife” of Walpole's Strawberry Hill catalogue.—CUNNINGHAM.

door. You will be delighted with a *bon-mot* of a chair-maker, whom he has discarded for voting for Lord Trentham; one of his black caps was sent to tell this Vaughan that the Prince would employ him no more; "I am going to bid another person make his Royal Highness a chair."—"With all my heart," said the chair-maker; "I don't care what they make him, so they don't make him a throne."

The Westminster election, which is still scrutinising, produced us a parliamentary event this week, and was very near producing something much bigger. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt moved to send for the High-Bailiff to inquire into the delay. The Opposition took it up very high, and on its being carried against them, the Court of Requests was filled next day with mob, and the House crowded, and big with expectation. Nugent had flamed and abused Lord Sandwich violently, as author of this outrageous measure. When the Bailiff appeared, the pacific spirit of the other part of the administration had operated so much, that he was dismissed with honour; and only instructed to abridge all delays by authority of the House—in short, "we spit in his hat on Thursday, and wiped it off on Friday." This is a new fashionable proverb which I must construe to you. About ten days ago, at the new Lady Cobham's assembly, Lord Hervey¹ was leaning over a chair talking to some women, and holding his hat in his hand. Lord Cobham came up and spit in it—yes, spit in it!—and then, with a loud laugh, turned to Nugent, and said, "Pay me my wager." In short, he had laid a guinea that he committed this absurd brutality, and that it was not resented. Lord Hervey, with great temper and sensibility, asked if he had any farther occasion for his hat?—"Oh! I see you are angry!"—"Not very well pleased." Lord Cobham took the fatal hat, and wiped it, made a thousand foolish apologies, and wanted to pass it for a joke. Next morning he rose with the sun, and went to visit Lord Hervey; so did Nugent: he would not see them, but wrote to the Spitter, (or, as he is now called, Lord Gob'em,) to say, that he had affronted him very grossly before company, but having involved Nugent in it, he desired to know to which he was to address himself for satisfaction. Lord Cobham wrote him a most submissive answer, and begged pardon both in his own and Nugent's name. Here it rested for a few days; till getting wind, Lord Hervey

¹ Anna Chamber, wife of Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, afterwards Earl Temple.—WALPOLE.

² George, eldest son of John, late Lord Hervey, son of the Earl of Bristol; whom this George succeeded in the title.—WALPOLE.

wrote again to insist on an explicit apology under Lord Cobham's own hand, with a rehearsal of the excuses that had been made to him. This too was complied with, and the *fair conqueror*¹ shows all the letters.² Nugent's disgraces have not ended here: the night of his having declaimed so furiously against Lord Sandwich, he was standing by Lady Catherine Pelham, at the masquerade, without his mask: she was telling him a history of a mad dog, (which I believe she had bit herself,) young Leveson, the Duchess of Bedford's brother, came up, without his mask too, and looking at Nugent, said, 'I have seen a mad dog to-day, and a silly dog too.'—"I suppose, Mr. Leveson,³ you have been looking in the glass."—"No, I see him now." Upon which they walked off together, but were prevented from fighting, (if Nugent would have fought,) and were reconciled at the side-board. You perceive by this that our factions are ripening. The Argyll⁴ carried all the Scotch against the turnpike: they were willing to be carried, for the Duke of Bedford, in case it should have come into the Lords, had writ to the sixteen Peers to solicit their votes; but with so little deference, that he enclosed all the letters under one cover, directed to the British Coffee-house!⁵

The new Duke of Somerset⁶ is dead: that title is at last restored to Sir Edward Seymour, after his branch had been most unjustly deprived of it for about one hundred and fifty years. Sir Hugh Smithson and Sir Charles Windham are Earls of Northumberland and Egremont, with vast estates; the former title, revived for the blood of Percy, has the misfortune of being coupled with the blood of a man that either let or drove coaches—such was Sir Hugh's grandfather! This peerage vacates his seat for Middlesex, and has opened a contest for the county, before even that for Westminster is decided. The Duchess of Richmond takes care that house

¹ George, Lord Hervey was a very effeminate-looking man; which probably encouraged Lord Temple to risk this disgusting act of incivility.—DOVER.

² Wraxall, in his *Historical Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 139, relates the same story, with a few trifling alterations.—WRIGHT.

³ The Hon. Richard Leveson Gower, second son of John, second Lord Gower Member for Lichfield. Born 1726; died 1753.—DOVER.

⁴ Archibald Campbell, third Duke of Argyll, during the lifetime of his elder brother, Duke John, Earl of Islay. He died in 1765.—DOVER.

⁵ In Cockspur Street, and long a house of call for Scotchmen. It was kept by the sister of the Bishop of Douglas, and at another period by Mrs. Anderson, described in Mackenzie's *Life of Home*, as "a woman of uncommon talents, and the most agreeable conversation." It still exists.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁶ Algernon, last Duke of Somerset, of the younger branch.—DOVER.

shall not be extinguished: she again lies in, after having been with child seven-and-twenty times: but even this is not so extraordinary as the Duke's fondness for her, or as the vigour of her beauty: her complexion is as fair and blooming as when she was a bride.

We expect some chagrin on the new Regency, at the head of which is to be the Duke; "An Augustum fessâ ætate totiens in Germaniam commear potuisse," say the mutineers in Tacitus—*Augustus* goes in April. He has notified to my Lord Orford his having given the reversion of New Park to his daughter Emily; and has given him leave to keep it in the best repair. One of the German women, Madame Munchausen, his minister's wife, contributes very kindly to the entertainment of the town. She is ugly, devout, and with that sort of coquetry which proceeds from a virtue that knows its own weakness so much as to be alarmed, even when nothing is meant to its prejudice.¹ At a great dinner which they gave last week, some body observed that all the sugar-figures in the dessert were girls: the Baron replied, "Sa est frai; ordinairement les petits cupitons sont des garçons; mais ma femme s'est amusée toute la matinée à en ôter tout sà par motestie." This improvement of hers is a curious refinement, though all the geniuses of the age are employed in designing new plans for desserts. The Duke of Newcastle's last was a baby Vauxhall, illuminated with a million of little lamps of various colours.

We have been sitting this fortnight on the African Company: *we*, the British Senate, that temple of liberty, and bulwark of Protestant Christianity, have this fortnight been pondering methods to make more effectual that horrid traffic of selling negroes. It has appeared to us that six-and-forty thousand of these wretches are sold every year to our plantations alone!—it chills one's blood. I would not have to say that I voted in it for the continent of America! The destruction of the miserable inhabitants by the Spaniards was but a momentary misfortune, that flowed from the discovery of the New World, compared to this lasting havoc which it brought upon Africa. We reproach Spain, and yet do not even pretend the nonsense of butchering these poor creatures for the good of their souls!

I have just received your long letter of Feb. 13th, and am pleased

¹ Dodington, in his Diary of the 25th of February, says, "I met the Prince and Princess by order at Lady Middlesex's, where came Madame de Munchausen: we went to a fortune-teller's, who was young Des Noyers [p. 25], disguised and instructed to surprise Madame de Munchausen, which he effectually did."—WRIGHT.

that I had writ this volume to return it. I don't know how almost to avoid wishing poor Prince Craon dead, to see the Princess end upon a throne.' I am sure she would invert Mr. Vaughan's wish, and compound to have nothing else made for her, provided a throne were.

I despise your literati enormously for their opinion of Montesquieu's book. Bid them read that glorious chapter on the subject I have been mentioning, the selling of African slaves. Where did he borrow that? In what book in the world is there half so much wit, sentiment, delicacy, humanity?

I shall speak much more gently to you, my dear child, though you don't like Gothic architecture. The Grecian is only proper for magnificent and public buildings. Columns and all their beautiful ornaments, look ridiculous when crowded into a closet or a cheesecake-house. The variety is little, and admits no charming irregularities. I am almost as fond of the *Sharawaggi*, or Chinese want of symmetry, in buildings, as in grounds or gardens. I am sure, whenever you come to England, you will be pleased with the liberty of taste into which we are struck, and of which you can have no idea! Adieu!

304. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 11, 1750.

"Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name."²

MY text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if by next post you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, (exactly a month since the first shock,) the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted near half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang

¹ There was a notion that King Stanislaus, who lived in Lorraine, was in love with her.—WALPOLE.

² Dryden's "All for Love."—WALPOLE.

my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses: in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say, they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, "Lord! one can't help going into the country!" The only visible effect it has had, was on the Ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalised, and said, "I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgment." If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrati and orange-flower water: I am already planning a *terreno* for Strawberry Hill.

The Middlesex election is carried against the Court: the Prince, in a green frock, (and I won't swear, but in a Scotch plaid waistcoat,) sat under the Park-wall in his chair, and halloed the voters on to Brentford.¹ The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant—this is wise! They will spend their money to carry a few more seats in a Parliament where they will never have the majority, and so have none to carry the general elections. The omen, however, is bad for Westminster; the High-Bailiff went to vote for the Opposition.

I now jump to another topic; I find all this letter will be detached seraps; I can't at all contrive to hide the seams: but I don't care. I began my letter merely to tell you of the earthquake, and I don't pique myself upon doing any more than telling you what you would be glad to have told you. I told you too how pleased I was with the triumphs of another old beauty, our friend the Princess.² Do you know, I have

¹ Then the only polling place for the county. The votes were—for Fraser Honeywood, Esq. (the Court candidate), 1201; for George Cooke, Esq., 1617.—
CUNNINGHAM.

² The Princess Craon, who, it had been reported, was to marry Stanislaus

found a history that has great resemblance to hers; that is, that will be very like hers, if hers is but like it. I will tell it you in as few words as I can. Madame la Marechale de l'Hôpital was the daughter of a sempstress;¹ a young gentleman fell in love with her, and was going to be married to her, but the match was broken off. An old fermier-general, who had retired into the province where this happened, hearing the story, had a curiosity to see the victim; he liked her, married her, died, and left her enough not to care for her inconstant. She came to Paris, where the Marechal de l'Hôpital married her for her riches. After the Marechal's death, Casimir, the abdicated King of Poland, who was retired into France, fell in love with the Marechale, and privately married her. If the event ever happens, I shall certainly travel to Nancy, to hear her talk of *ma belle fille la Reine de France*. What pains my Lady Pomfret would take to prove² that an abdicated King's wife did not take place of an English countess; and how the Princess herself would grow still fonder of the Pretender³ for the similitude of his fortune with that of *le Roi mon mari*! Her daughter, Mirepoix, was frightened the other night, with Mrs. Nugent's calling out, *un voleur! un voleur!* The ambassadress had heard so much of robbing, that she did not doubt but *dans ce pais cy*, they robbed in the middle of an assembly. It turned out to be a *thief in the candle!* Good night!

305. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 2, 1750.

You will not wonder so much at our earthquakes as at the effects they have had. All the women in town have taken them up upon the foot of *Judgments*; and the clergy, who have had no windfalls of a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion.

Leczinsky, Duke of Lorraine and ex-King of Poland, whose daughter Maria Leczinska was married to Louis XV., King of France.—DOVER.

¹ This is the story of a woman named Mary Mignot. She was near marrying a young man of the name of La Gardie, who afterwards entered the Swedish service, and became a field-marshal in that country. Her first husband was, if I mistake not, a *Procureur* of Grenoble; her second was the Marshal de l'Hôpital; and her third is supposed to have been Casimir, the ex-King of Poland, who had retired, after his abdication, to the monastery of St. Germain des Près. It does not, however, appear certain whether Casimir actually married her or not.—DOVER.

² Lady Pomfret and Princess Craon did not visit at Florence, upon a dispute of precedence.—WALPOLE.

³ The Pretender, when in Lorraine, lived in Prince Craon's house.—WALPOLE.

There has been a shower of sermons and exhortations: Secker, the jesuitical Bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the next shock; and so, for fear of losing his Easter offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's good pleasure in fear and trembling. But what is more astonishing, Sherlock,¹ who has much better sense, and much less of the Popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter, of which ten thousand were sold in two days; and fifty thousand have been subscribed for, since the two first editions.

I told you the women talked of going out of town: several families are literally gone, and many more going to-day and to-morrow; for what adds to the absurdity, is, that the second shock having happened exactly a month after the former, it prevails that there will be a third on Thursday next, another month, which is to swallow up London. I am almost ready to burn my letter now I have begun it, lest you should think I am laughing at you: but it is so true, that Arthur² of White's told me last night, that he should put off the last *ridotto*, which was to be on Thursday, because he hears nobody would come to it. I have advised several who are going to keep their next earthquake in the country, to take the bark for it, as it is so periodic.³ Dick Leveson and Mr. Rigby, who had supped and stayed late at Bedford House the other night, knocked at several doors, and in a watchman's voice cried, "Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!" But I have done with this ridiculous panic: two pages were too much to talk of it.

We have had nothing in Parliament but trade-bills, on one of which the Speaker humbled the arrogance of Sir John Barnard, who had reflected upon the proceedings of the House. It is to break up on Thursday se'nnight, and the King goes this day fortnight. He has made Lord Vere Beauclerc a baron,⁴ at the solicitation of the Pelhams, as this Lord had resigned upon a pique with Lord Sandwich. Lord Anson, who is treading in the same path, and

¹ Thomas Sherlock, Master of the Temple; first, bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards of London.—WALPOLE.

² Mr. Arthur, master of White's Chocolate House, died June 6, 1761. His name survives in Arthur's Club House. In October, 1761, Arthur's only daughter married Bob Mackreth, afterwards knighted, of whom we shall hear more.—СУННИКОНАМ.

³ "I remember," says Addison, in the 240th *Tatler*, "when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, that there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were 'very good against an earthquake.'"—WRIGHT.

⁴ Lord Vere of Hauworth, in Middlesex.—DOVER.

leaving the Bedfords to follow his father-in-law, the Chancellor [Hardwicke], is made a privy councillor, with Sir Thomas Robinson and Lord Hyndford. Lord Conway is to be an earl,¹ and Sir John Rawdon² (whose follies you remember, and whose boasted loyalty of having been kicked down-stairs for not drinking the Pretender's health, though even that was false, is at last rewarded,) and Sir John Vesey are to be Irish lords; and a Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, and a Mr. Loyd, Knights of the Bath.

I was entertained the other night at the house of much such a creature as Sir John Rawdon, and one whom you remember too, Naylor. He has a wife who keeps the most indecent house of all those that are called decent: every *Sunday* she has a contraband assembly: I had had a card for *Monday* a fortnight before. As the day was new, I expected a great assembly, but found scarce six persons. I asked where the company was—I was answered, "Oh! they are not come yet: they will be here presently; they all supped here last night, stayed till morning, and I suppose are not up yet."

My Lord Bolingbroke has lost his wife.³ When she was dying, he acted grief; flung himself upon her bed, and asked her if she could forgive him. I never saw her, but have heard her wit and parts excessively commended. Dr. Middleton told me a compliment she made him two years ago, which I thought pretty. She said she was persuaded that he was a very great writer, for she understood his works better than any other English book, and that she had observed that the best writers were always the most intelligible.

Wednesday.

I had not time to finish my letter on Monday. I return to the earthquake, which I had mistaken; it is to be to-day. This frantic terror prevails so much, that within these three days seven hundred and thirty coaches have been counted passing Hyde Park corner, with whole parties removing into the country. Here is a good advertisement which I cut out of the papers to-day;

"On Monday next will be published (price 6*d.*) A true and exact List of all the Nobility and Gentry who have left, or shall leave, this place through fear of another Earthquake."

¹ Lord Conway was made Earl of Hertford.—DOVER.

² Sir John Rawdon was created in this year Baron Rawdon, and in 1761 Earl of Moira in Ireland. Sir John Vesey was created Lord Knapton; and his son was made Viscount de Vesci in Ireland, in 1766.—DOVER.

³ Mary Clara des Champ de Marcellly, Marchioness of Vilette, and the second wife of the great Lord Bolingbroke. She was bred in the Court of Louis XIV., and was the niece of Madame de Maintenon. She died March 18, 1750, aged 74.

Several women have made earthquake gowns; that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all to-night. These are of the more courageous. One woman, still more heroic, is come to town on purpose: she says, all her friends are in London, and she will not survive them. But what will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel,¹ and Lord and Lady Galway,² who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back—I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish. The prophet of all this (next to the Bishop of London) is a trooper of Lord Delawar's, who was yesterday sent to Bedlam. His *colonel* sent to the man's wife, and asked her if her husband had ever been disordered before. She cried, "Oh dear! my lord, he is not mad now; if your *lordship* would but get any *sensible* man to examine him, you would find he is quite in his right mind."

I shall now tell you something more serious: Lord Dalkeith³ is dead of the small-pox in three days. It is so dreadfully fatal in his family, that besides several uncles and aunts, his eldest boy died of it last year; and his only brother, who was ill but two days, putrefied so fast that his limbs fell off as they lifted the body into the coffin. Lady Dalkeith⁴ is five months gone with child; she was hurrying to him, but was stopped on the road by the physician, who told her that it was a miliary fever. They were remarkably happy.

The King goes on Monday se'nnight;⁵ it is looked upon as a great event that the Duke of Newcastle has prevailed on him to speak to Mr. Pitt, who has detached himself from the Bedfords. The Monarch, who had kept up his Hanoverian resentments, though

"Nobody," says Lord Hervey, "had ever more insinuation and dexterity than Lady Bolingbroke."—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ Lady Frances Arundell was the daughter of John Manners, second Duke of Rutland, and was married to the Hon. Richard Arundell, second son of John, Lord Arundell of Trerice, and a lord of the Treasury. Lady Frances was sister of Lady Catherine Pelham, the wife of the minister.—DOVER.

² John Monkton, first Viscount Galway in Ireland. The Lady Galway mentioned here was his second wife, Jane, daughter of Henry Westera, Esq., of Dublin. His first wife, who died in 1730, was Lady Elizabeth Manners, the sister of Lady Catherine Pelham and Lady Frances Arundell.—DOVER.

³ Francis Scott, eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch.—WALPOLE.

⁴ "Poor Lord Dalkeith's death is a cruel circumstance to his family, but most particularly to his wife; they were extremely happy in each other: I pity her with all my soul."—*Lady Hervey's Letters*, p. 176. Lady Dalkeith (a daughter of the great Duke of Argyll) married the Hon. Charles Townshend, and was created Baroness Greenwich in her own right. She died in 1794.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ To Hanover.—WALPOLE.

he had made him Paymaster, is now beat out of the dignity of his silence: he was to pretend not to know Pitt, and was to be directed to him by the Lord in Waiting. Pitt's jealousy is of Lord Sandwich, who knows his own interest and unpopularity so well, that he will prevent any breach, and thereby what you fear, which yet I think you would have no reason to fear. I could not say enough of my anger to your father, but I shall take care to say nothing, as I have not forgot how my zeal for you made me provoke him once before.

Your genealogical affair is in great train, and will be quite finished in a week or two. Mr. Chute has laboured at it indefatigably: General Guise has been attesting the authenticity of it to-day before a Justice of Peace. You will find yourself mixed with every drop of blood in England that is worth bottling up: the Duchess of Norfolk and you grow on the same bough of the tree. I must tell you a very curious anecdote that Strawberry King-at-Arms [Mr. Chute] has discovered by the way, as he was tumbling over the mighty dead in the Heralds' Office. You have heard me speak of the great injustice that the Protector Somerset did to the children of his first wife, in favour of those by his second; so much, that he not only had the dukedom settled on the younger brood, but, to deprive the eldest of the title of Lord Beauchamp, which he wore by inheritance, he caused himself to be anew created *Viscount* Beauchamp. Well, in Vincent's Baronage, a book of great authority, speaking of the Protector's wives, are these remarkable words: "Katherina, filia et una Coh. Gul: Fillol de Fillol's hall in Essex, uxor prima; repudiata, quia Pater ejus post nuptias eam cognovit." The Speaker [Onslow] has since referred me to our Journals, where are some notes of a trial in the reign of James the First, between Edward, the second son of Katherine the *dutiful*, and the Earl of Hertford, son of Anne Stanhope, which in some measure confirms our MS.; for it says, the Earl of Hertford objected, that John, the eldest son of all, was begotten while the Duke was in France. This title, which now comes back at last to Sir Edward Seymour, is disputed: my Lord Chancellor [Hardwicke] has refused him the writ, but referred his case to the Attorney-General [Ryder], the present great Opinion of England, who, they say, is clear for Sir Edward's succession.¹

I shall now go and show you Mr. Chute in a different light from heraldry, and in one in which I believe you never saw him. He will shine as usual; but, as a little more severely than his good-

¹ Sir Edward Seymour, when he became Duke of Somerset, did not inherit the title of Beauchamp.—DOVER.

nature is accustomed to, I must tell you that he was provoked by the most impertinent usage. It is an epigram on Lady Caroline Petersham, whose present fame, by the way, is coupled with young Harry Vane.¹

WHO IS THIS!

Her face has beauty, we must all confess,
 But beauty on the brink of ugliness :
 Her mouth 's a rabbit feeding on a rose ;
 With eyes—ten times too good for such a nose !
 Her blooming cheeks—what paint could ever draw 'em !
 That paint, for which no mortal ever saw 'em.
 Air without shape—of royal race divine—
 'Tis Emily—oh ! fie !—'tis Caroline.

Do but think of my beginning a third sheet ! but as the Parliament is rising, and I shall probably not write you a tolerably long letter again these eight months, I will lay in a stock of merit with you to last me so long. Mr. Chute has set me too upon making epigrams ; but as I have not his art, mine is almost a copy of verses : the story he told me, and is literally true, of an old Lady Bingley :²

Celia now had completed some thirty campaigns,
 And for new generations was hammering chains ;
 When whetting those terrible weapons, her eyes,
 To Jenny, her handmaid, in anger she cries,
 " Careless creature ! did mortal e'er see such a glass !
 Who that saw me in this, could e'er guess what I was !
 Much you mind what I say ! pray how oft have I bid you
 Provide me a new one ? how oft have I chid you ! "
 " Lord, Madam ! " cried Jane, " you're so hard to be pleased !
 I am sure every glassman in town I have teased :
 I have hunted each shop from Pall Mall to Cheapside :
 Both Miss Carpenter's³ man, and Miss Banks's⁴ I've tried."
 " Don't tell me of those girls !—all I know, to my cost,
 Is, the looking-glass art must be certainly lost !
 One used to have mirrors so smooth and so bright,
 They did one's eyes justice, they heightened one's white,
 And fresh roses diffused o'er one's bloom—but, alas !
 In the glasses made now, one detests one's own face ;
 They pucker one's cheeks up and furrow one's brow,
 And one's skin looks as yellow as that of Miss⁵ Howe ! " ⁶

¹ Henry Vane, afterwards (1758) second Viscount Vane and Earl of Darlington. His mother was a Fitzroy.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lady Elizabeth Finch, eldest daughter of Heneage, Earl of Aylesford, and widow of Robert Benson, Lord Bingley.—WALPOLE.

³ Countess of Egremont.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Miss Margaret Banks, a celebrated beauty.—WALPOLE. Afterwards married to the Hon. Henry Grenville, brother to Earl Temple. See p. 14.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Charlotte, sister of Lord Howe, and wife of Mr. Fettiplace.—WALPOLE.

⁶ These lines are published in Walpole's Works [iv. 381].—DOVER.

After an epigram that seems to have found out the longitude, I shall tell you but one more, and that wondrous short. It is said to be made by a cow. You must not wonder; we tell as many strange stories as Baker and Livy:

A warm winter, a dry spring,
A hot summer, a new King.

Though the sting is very epigrammatic, the whole of the distich has more of the truth than becomes prophecy; that is, it is false, for the spring is wet and cold.

There is come from France a Madame Bocage,¹ who has translated Milton: my Lord Chesterfield prefers the copy to the original; but that is not uncommon for him to do, who is the patron of bad authors and bad actors. She has written a play too, which was damned, and worthy my lord's approbation. You would be more diverted with a Mrs. Holman,² whose passion is keeping an assembly, and inviting literally everybody to it. She goes to the drawing-room to watch for sneezes; whips out a curtsey, and then sends next morning to know how your cold does, and to desire your company next Thursday.

Mr. Whithed has taken my Lord Pembroke's house at Whitehall; a glorious situation, but as madly built as my lord himself was. He has bought some delightful pictures too, of Claude, Gaspar and good masters, to the amount of four hundred pounds.

Good night! I have nothing more to tell you, but that I have lately seen a Sir William Boothby, who saw you about a year ago, and adores you, as all the English you receive ought to do. He is much in my favour.

306. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 15, 1750.

THE High-Bailiff, after commending himself and his own impartiality for an hour this morning, not unlike your cousin Pelham, has

¹ Madame du Boccage published a poem in imitation of Milton, and another founded on Gesner's Death of Abel. She also translated Pope's Temple of Fame; but her principal work was 'La Columbiade.' It was at the house of this lady, at Paris, in 1775, that Johnson was annoyed at her footman's taking the sugar in his fingers and throwing it into his coffee. "I was going," says the Doctor, "to put it aside, but hearing it was made on purpose for me, I e'en tasted Tom's fingers." She died in 1802.—WRIGHT.

² See Walpole to Bentley, Dec. 13, 1754, vol. ii. p. 412.—CUNNINGHAM.

declared Lord Trentham. The mob declare they will pull his house down to show their impartiality. The Princess has luckily produced another boy;¹ so Sir George Vandeput may be recompensed with being godfather. I stand to-morrow, not for a member, but for godfather to my sister's [Lady Mary Churchill] girl, with Mrs. Selwyn and old Dunch:² were ever three such dowagers? when shall three such meet again? If the babe has not a most sentimentally yellow complexion after such sureties, I will burn my books, and never answer for another skin.

You have heard, I suppose, that Nugent must answer a little more seriously for Lady Lymington's child. Why, she was as ugly as Mrs. Nugent, had had more children, and was not so young. The pleasure of wronging a woman, who had bought him so dear, could be the only temptation.

Adieu! I have told you all I know, and as much is scandal, very possibly more than is true. I go to Strawberry on Saturday, and so shall not know even scandal.

307. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 19, 1750.

I DID not doubt but you would be diverted with the detail of absurdities that were committed after the earthquake: I could have filled more paper with such relations, if I had not feared tiring you. We have swarmed with sermons, essays, relations, poems, and exhortations on that subject. One Stukely, a parson, has accounted for it, and I think prettily, by electricity—but that is the fashionable cause, and everything is resolved into electrical appearances, as formerly everything was accounted for by Descartes's vortices, and Sir Isaac's gravitation. But they all take care, after accounting for the earthquake systematically, to assure you that still it was nothing less than a judgment. Dr. Barton, the Rector of St. Andrews, was the only sensible, or at least honest divine, upon the occasion. When some women would have had him pray to them in his parish church against the intended shock, he excused himself on having a great cold. "And besides," said he, "you may go to St. James's church; the

¹ Prince Frederic William, born 1750, died 1765.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Mrs. Dunch, daughter of Colonel Godfrey and Arabella Churchill (King James II.'s mistress), and widow of Edmund Dunch, Esq., Comptroller of the Household to George I. She died Nov. 4, 1761, aged 89.—CUNNINGHAM.

Bishop of Oxford is to preach there all night about earthquakes." Turner, a great china-man, at the corner of next street, had a jar cracked by the shock: he originally asked ten guineas for the pair: he now asks twenty, "because it is the only jar in Europe that has been cracked by an earthquake." But I have quite done with this topic. The Princess of Wales is lowering the price of princes, as the earthquake has raised old china; she has produced a fifth boy. In a few years we shall have Dukes of York and Lancaster popping out of bagnios and taverns as frequently as Duke Hamilton.¹ George Selwyn said a good thing the other day on another cheap dignity: he was asked who was playing at tennis? He replied, "Nobody but three markers and a *Regent*," your friend Lord Sandwich. While we are undervaluing all principalities and powers, you are making a rout with them, for which I shall scold you. We had been diverted with the pompous accounts of the reception of the Margrave of Baden Dourlach at Rome; and now you tell me he has been put upon the same foot at Florence! I never heard his name when he was here, but on his being mobbed as he was going to Wanstead, and the people's calling him the Prince of Bad-door-lock. He was still less noticed than he of Modena.

Lord Bath is as well received at Paris as a German Margrave in Italy. Everybody goes to Paris: Lord Mountford was introduced to the King, who only said brutally enough, "*Ma foi! il est bien nourri!*" Lord Albemarle keeps an immense table there, with sixteen people in his kitchen; his aide-de-camps invite everybody, but he seldom graces the banquet himself, living retired out of the town with his old Columbine.² What an extraordinary man! with no fortune at all, and with slight parts, he has seventeen thousand a year from the government, which he squanders away, though he has great debts, and four or five numerous broods of children of one sort or other!

The famous Westminster election is at last determined, and Lord Trentham returned: the mob were outrageous, and pelted Colonel Waldegrave (whom they took for Mr. Leveson), from Covent Garden to the Park, and knocked down Mr. Offley, who was with him. Lord Harrington³ was scarce better treated when he went on board a

¹ James, sixth Duke of Hamilton, the husband of the beautiful Miss Gunning. He died in 1758.—DOVER.

² Mademoiselle Gaucher.—WALPOLE. The portrait by Liotard of Mademoiselle Gaucher "in a Turkish dress, sitting," was bought in Walpole's lifetime from the Earl of Harrington by the Earl of Sefton.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, Lord Lieutenant.—WALPOLE.

ship from Dublin. There are great commotions there about one Lucas, an apothecary, and favourite of the mob. The Lord Lieutenant bought off a Sir Richard Cox, a patriot, by a place in the revenue, though with great opposition from that silly mock-virtuoso, Billy Bristow, and that sillier Frederick Frankland, two oafs, whom you have seen in Italy, and who are commissioners there. Here are great disputes in the Regency, where Lord Harrington finds there is not spirit enough to discard these puppet-show heroes!

We have got a second volume of Bower's History of the Popes, but it is tiresome and pert, and running into a warmth and partiality that he had much avoided in his first volume. He has taken such pains to disprove the Pope's supremacy being acknowledged pretty early, that he has convinced me it was acknowledged. Not that you and I care whether it were or not. He is much admired here; but I am not good Christian enough to rejoice over him, because turned Protestant; nor honour his confessorship, when he ran away with the materials that were trusted to him to write for the papacy, and makes use of them to write against it. You know how impartial I am; I can love him for being shocked at a system of cruelty supporting nonsense; I can be pleased with the truths he tells; I can and do admire his style, and his genius in recovering a language that he forgot by six years old, so well as to excel in writing it, and yet I wish that all this had happened without any breach of trust!

Stosch has grievously offended me; but that he will little regard, as I can be of no use to him: he has sold or given his charming intaglio of the Gladiator to Lord Duncannon. I must reprove you a little who sent it; you know how much I pressed you to buy it for me, and how much I offered. I still think it one of the finest rings¹ I ever saw, and am mortified at not having it.

Apropos to Bower; Miss Pelham had heard that he had foretold the return of the earthquake-fit: her father sent for him, to convince her that Bower was too sensible; but had the precaution to talk to him first: he replied gravely, that a fire was kindled under the earth, and he could not tell when it would blaze out. You may be sure he was not carried to the girl! Adieu!

¹ It is engraved in Stosch's book: it is a Gladiator standing, with a vase by him on a table, on an exceedingly fine garnet.—WALPOLE.

308. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE :

Arlington Street, June 23, 1750.

As I am not Vanneck'd,¹ I have been in no hurry to thank you for your congratulation, and to assure you that I never knew what solid happiness was till I was married. Your Trevors and Rices dined with me last week at Strawberry Hill, and would have had me answer you upon the matrimonial tone, but I thought I should imitate cheerfulness in that style as ill as if I were really married. I have had another of your friends with me here some time, whom I adore, Mr. Bentley;² he has more sense, judgment, and wit, more taste, and more misfortunes, than sure ever met in any man. I have heard that Dr. Bentley, regretting his want of taste for all such learning as his, which is the very want of taste, used to sigh and say, "Tully had his Marcus." If the sons resembled as much as the fathers did, at least in vanity, I would be the modest agreeable Marcus. Mr. Bentley tells me that you press him much to visit you at Hawkhurst.³ I advise him, and assure him he will make his fortune under you there; that you are an agent from the Board of Trade to the smugglers, and wallow in contraband wine, tea, and silk handkerchiefs. I found an old newspaper t'other day, with a list of outlawed smugglers; there were John Price, alias Miss

¹ That is, unmarried. In the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1750, p. 284, is this announcement, among the marriages: "26 May, 1750. Horatio Walpole, Esq., brother to Lord Orford, to the eldest daughter of Joshua Van Neck, Esq., merchant." It was his cousin who was married and Vannecked.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Richard Bentley, Walpole's correspondent, son of Dr. Bentley, the great scholar. "Richard was a man of various and considerable accomplishments; he had a fine genius, great wit, and brilliant imagination; he had also the manners and address of a perfect gentleman; but there was a certain eccentricity, and want of worldly prudence, in my uncle's character, that involved him in distresses, and reduced him to situations uncongential with his feelings, and unpropitious to the cultivation and encouragement of his talents. His connexion with Mr. Horace Walpole, the late Lord Orford, had too much of the bitter of dependence in it to be gratifying to the taste of a man of his spirit and sensibility; the one could not be abject, and the other, I suspect, was not by nature very liberal and large-minded. They carried on for a long time a sickly kind of friendship, which had its hot fits and its cold; was suspended and renewed; but I believe never totally broken or avowedly laid aside. Walpole had by nature a propensity, and by constitution a plea, for being captious and querulential, for he was a martyr to the gout. He wrote prose, and published it; he composed verses, and circulated them; and was an author, who seemed to play at *hide and seek* with the public. There was a mysterious air of consequence in his private establishment of a domestic printing-press, that seemed to augur great things but performed little."—*Cumberland Memoirs*, vol. i., p. 23.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Near Staplehurst, in Kent.—CUNNINGHAM.

Marjoram, Bob Plunder, Bricklayer Tom, and Robin Cursemother, all of Hawkhurst, in Kent. When Miss Harriet is thoroughly hardened at Buxton, as I hear she is by lying in a public room with the whole Wells, from drinking waters, I conclude she will come to sip nothing but new brandy.

As jolly and as abominable a life as she may have been leading, I defy all her enormities to equal a party of pleasure that I had t'other night. I shall relate it to you to show you the manners of the age, which are always as entertaining to a person fifty miles off as to one born an hundred and fifty years after the time. I had a card from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her and the little Ashe,¹ or the Pollard Ashe, as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. On the cabinet-door stood a pair of Dresden candlesticks, a present from the virgin hands of Sir John Bland:² the branches of each formed a little bower over a cock and hen, yes, literally. We issued into the Mall to assemble our company, which was all the town, if we could get it; for just so many had been summoned, except Harry Vane, whom we met by chance. We mustered the Duke of Kingston,³ whom Lady Caroline says she has been trying for these seven years; but alas! his beauty is at the fall of the leaf; Lord March,⁴ Mr. Whitehed, a pretty Miss Beaulere, and a very foolish Miss Sparre. These two damsels were trusted by their mothers for the first time of their lives to the matronly care of Lady Caroline. As we sailed up the Mall with all our colours flying, Lord Petersham,⁵ with his hose and legs twisted to every point of crossness, strode by us on the outside, and repassed again on the return. At the end of the Mall she called to him; he would not answer: she gave a familiar spring, and, between laugh and confusion, ran up to him, "My lord, my lord! why, you don't see us!" We advanced at a little distance, not a little awkward in expectation how all this would end, for my lord never stirred his hat, or took the least notice

¹ Miss Ashe was said to have been of very high parentage. She married Mr. Falconer, an officer in the navy.—WRIGHT.

² Sir John Bland, of Kippax Park, in Yorkshire, a great gamester, who made away with himself in 1755.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Miss Chudleigh's husband.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Afterwards better known as the Duke of Queensbury, or "old Q." He died in 1810.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Afterwards Earl of Harrington. His gait was so singular, that he was generally known by the nick-name of Peter Shamble.—WRIGHT.

of anybody: she said, "Do you go with us, or are *you going anywhere else?*"—"I don't go with you, I am going *somewhere else;*" and away he stalked, as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first. We got into the best order we could, and marched to our barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall: there, if we had so pleased, we might have had the vivacity of our party increased by a quarrel; for a Mrs. Lloyd,¹ who is supposed to be married to Lord Haddington, seeing the two girls following Lady Petersham and Miss Ashe,² said aloud, "Poor girls, I am sorry to see them in such bad company!" Miss Sparre, who desired nothing so much as the fun of seeing a duel,—a thing which, though she is fifteen, she has never been so lucky to see,—took due pains to make Lord March resent this; but he, who is very lively and agreeable, laughed her out of this charming frolic with a great deal of humour. Here we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny's Whim;³ where, instead of going to old Strafford's catacombs to make honourable love, he had dined with Lady Fanny,⁴ and left her and eight other women and four other men playing at Brag.⁵

¹ Mrs. Lloyd, of Spring Gardens, to whom the Earl of Haddington was married this year.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Young Wortley is gone to France with Miss Ashe. He is certainly a gentleman of infinite vivacity; but methinks he might as well have deferred this exploit till the death of his father.—*Mrs. Montagu to her husband, Sept. 1751.*

Miss Ashe is happily reconciled to Lady Caroline Petersham, who had broke with her on account of her indiscretion, but who has taken her under her protection again, upon the assurance that she is *as good as married* to Mr. Wortley Montagu, who seems so puzzled between Le Châtelet in France and his wife in England; but it is not yet known in favour of which he will determine.—*Chesterfield to Dayrolles, Dec. 6, 1751. Mahon's Chesterfield, vol. iii., p. 452.* (See Letter to Mann, 22nd Nov., 1751.)—CUNNINGHAM.

³ A tavern at the end of the wooden bridge at Chelsea, at that period much frequented by his lordship and other men of rank.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Anne, daughter and heiress of Sir Henry Johnson, widow of Thomas Lord Raby, created Earl of Strafford in 1711.—WRIGHT.

⁵ Lady Frances Seymour, eldest daughter of the proud Duke of Somerset, by his second Duchess, Lady Charlotte Finch. She was married in the following September to the Marquis of Granby.—WRIGHT.

6
 "Skill'd in each art that can adorn the fair,
 The sprightly dance, the soft Italian air,
 The toss of quality, and high-bred floor,
 Now Lady Harriot reached her fifteenth year.
 Wing'd with diversions all her moments flew,
 Each, as it pass'd, presenting something new;
 Breakfasts and auctions wear the morn away,
 Each evening gives an opera or a play;
 Then Brag's eternal joys all night remain,
 And kindly usher in the morn again."

Soume Jenyns, 'The Modern Fine Lady,' 1750.—CUNNINGHAM.

He would fain have made over his honourable love upon any terms to poor Miss Beauclerc, who is very modest, and did not know at all what to do with his whispers or his hands. He then addressed himself to the Sparre, who was very well disposed to receive both; but the tide of champagne turned, he hiccupped at the reflection of his marriage (of which he is wondrous sick), and only proposed to the girl to shut themselves up and rail at the world for three weeks. If all the adventures don't conclude as you expect in the beginning of a paragraph, you must not wonder, for I am not making a history, but relating one strictly as it happened, and I think with full entertainment enough to content you. At last, we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizer of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl,¹ with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. There was a Mr. O'Brien arrived from Ireland, who would get the Duchess of Manchester from Mr. Hussey, if she were still at liberty. I took up the biggest hautboy in the dish, and said to Lady Caroline, "Madam, Miss Ashe desires you would eat this O'Brien strawberry;" she replied immediately, "I won't, you hussey." You may imagine the laugh this reply occasioned. After the tempest was a little calmed, the Pollard said, "Now, how anybody would spoil this story

¹ 1797, August 30. Died, aged 67, at her house, facing St. James's Street, at the top of Park Place, Mrs. Elizabeth Neale, better known by the name of Betty. She had kept, for very many years, a house in St. James's Street, as a fruit-shop, from which she had retired about fourteen years. She had the first preeminence in her occupation, and might be justly called the Queen of Apple-women. Her knowledge of families and characters of the last and present age was wonderful. She was a woman of pleasing manners and conversation, and abounding with anecdote and entertainment. Her company was even sought for by the highest of our men of rank and fortune. She was born in the same street in which she ever lived, and used to say she never slept out of it but twice, on a visit to a friend in the country, and at a Windsor installation.—*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1797. Mason has introduced her name into the 'Heroic Epistle,'—

"And patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there;"

adding, in a note, "the name of a woman who kept a fruit-shop in St. James's Street." See also Jesse's *Schoyn*, vol. I., p. 230.—CUNNINGHAM.

that was to repeat it, and say, I won't, you jade!" In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden; so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one we had the whole concourse round our booth: at last, they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper, and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home. I think I have told you the chief passages. Lord Granby's temper had been a little ruffled the night before: the Prince had invited him and Dick Lyttelton to Kew, where he won eleven hundred pounds of the latter, and eight of the former, then cut, and told them he would play with them no longer, for he saw they played so idly, that they were capable of "losing more than they would like."

Adieu! I expect in return for this long tale that you will tell me some of your frolics with Robin Cursemother, and some of Miss Marjoram's *bon-mots*.

P.S. Dr. Middleton called on me yesterday: he is come to town to consult his physician for a jaundice and swelled legs, symptoms which, the doctor tells him, and which he believes, can be easily cured; I think him visibly broke, and near his end.¹ He lately advised me to marry, on the sense of his own happiness; but if anybody had advised him to the contrary, at his time of life,² I believe he would not have broke so soon.

309. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 25, 1750.

I TOLD you my idle season was coming on, and that I should have great intervals between my letters; have not I kept my word? For

¹ Warburton, in a letter to Hurd, of the 11th of July, says, "I hear Dr. Middleton has been lately in London, (I suppose, to consult Dr. Heberden about his health,) and is returned in an extreme bad condition. The scribblers against him will say they have killed him; but, by what Mr. Yorke told me, his bricklayer will dispute the honour of his death with them."—WRIGHT.

² The Doctor had recently taken a third wife, the relict of a Bristol merchant. On making her a matrimonial visit, Bishop Gooch told Mrs. Middleton that "he was glad she did not dislike the *Ancients* so much as her husband did." She replied, "that she hoped his lordship did not reckon her husband among the *Ancients* yet." The Bishop answered, "You, Madam, are the best judge of that."—*Nichols's Literary Anecdotes*, vol. v. p. 422.—WRIGHT.

anything I have to tell you, I might have kept it a month longer. I came out of Essex last night, and find the town quite depopulated: I leave it to-morrow, and go to Mr. Conway's,¹ in Buckinghamshire, with only giving a transient glance on Strawberry Hill. Don't imagine I am grown fickle; I thrust all my visits into a heap, and then am quiet for the rest of the season. It is so much the way in England to jaunt about, that one can't avoid it; but it convinces me that people are more tired of themselves and the country than they care to own.

Has your brother told you that my Lord Chesterfield has bought the Houghton lantern? the famous lantern, that produced so much patriot wit;² and very likely some of his lordship's? My brother had bought a much handsomer at Lord Cholmondeley's sale; for with all the immensity of the celebrated one, it was ugly, and too little for the hall. He would have given it to my Lord Chesterfield rather than he should not have had it.

You tell us nothing of your big events, of the quarrel of the Pope and the Venetians, on the Patriarchate of Aquileia. We look upon it as so decisive that I should not wonder if Mr. Lyttelton, or Whitfield the Methodist, were to set out for Venice, to make them a tender of some of our religions.

Is it true too what we hear, that the Emperor has turned the tables on her Cæsarean jealousy,³ and discarded Metastasio the poet, and that the latter is gone mad upon it, instead of hugging himself on coming off so much better than his predecessor in royal love and music, David Rizzio? I believe I told you that one of your sovereigns, and an intimate friend of yours, King Theodore, is in the King's Bench prison. I have so little to say, that I don't care if I do tell you the same thing twice. He lived in a privileged place; his creditors seized him by making him believe Lord Granville wanted him on business of importance; he bit at it, and concluded they were both to be re-instated at once. I have desired Hogarth to go and steal his picture for me; though I suppose one might easily buy a sitting of him. The King of Portugal (and when I have told

¹ Mr. Conway had hired Latimers, in Buckinghamshire, for three years.—WALPOLE

² In one pamphlet, the noise on this lantern was so exaggerated, that the author said, on a journey to Houghton, he was carried first into a glass-room, which he supposed was the porter's lodge, but proved to be the lantern.—WALPOLE. This lantern, which hung from the ceiling of the hall, was for eighteen candles, and of copper gilt. It was the Craftsman which made so much noise about it.—WRIGHT.

³ The Empress Maria Theresa, who was very jealous, and with reason, of her husband, the Emperor Francis.—DOVER.

you this, I have done with kings) has bought a handsome house here' for the residence of his ministers.

I believe you have often heard me mention a Mr. Ashton,² a clergyman, who, in one word, has great preferments, and owes everything upon earth to me. I have long had reason to complain of his behaviour; in short, my father is dead, and I can make no bishops. He has at last quite thrown off the mask, and in the most direct manner, against my will, has written against my friend Dr. Middleton, taking for his motto these lines,

“Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri,
Quid verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.”

I have forbid him my house, and wrote this paraphrase upon his picture,

“Nullius addictus munus meminisse Patroni,
Quid vacat et qui dat, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.”

I own it was pleasant to me the other day, on meeting Mr. Tonson, his bookseller, at the Speaker's and asking him if he had sold many of Mr. Ashton's books, to be told, “Very few indeed, Sir!”

I beg you will thank Dr. Cocchi much for his book; I will thank him much more when I have received and read it. His friend, Dr. Mead, is undone; his fine collection is going to be sold: he owes about five-and-twenty thousand pounds. All the world thought him immensely rich; but, besides the expense of his collection, he kept a table for which alone he is said to have allowed seventy pounds a-week.

310. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 2, 1750.

I HAD just sent my letter to the Secretary's office the other day when I received yours: it would have prevented my reproving you for not mentioning the quarrel between the Pope and the Venetians; and I should have had time to tell you that Dr. Mead's bankruptcy is contradicted. I don't love to send you falsities, so I tell you this

¹ In South Audley Street.—WALPOLE. It continued to be the residence of the Portuguese ambassadors till the year 1831.—DOVER.

² Thomas Ashton, fellow of Eton College, and rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate.—WALPOLE. See vol. i. p. 2.—CUNNINGHAM.

is contradicted, though it is by no means clear that he is not undone—he is scarce worth making an article in two letters.

I don't wonder that Marquis Acciaudi's villa did not answer to you: by what I saw in Tuscany and by the prints, their villas are strangely out of taste, and laboured by their unnatural regularity and art to destroy the romanticness of the situations. I wish you could see the villas and seats here! the country wears a new face; everybody is improving their places, and as they don't fortify their plantations with entrenchments of walls and high hedges, one has the benefit of them even in passing by. The dispersed buildings, I mean, temples, bridges, &c., are generally Gothic or Chinese, and give a whimsical air of novelty that is very pleasing. You would like a drawing-room in the latter style that I fancied and have been executing at Mr. Rigby's in Essex; it has large and very fine Indian landscapes, with a black fret round them, and round the whole entablature of the room, and all the ground or hanging is of pink paper. While I was there, we had eight of the hottest days that ever were felt; they say, some degrees beyond the hottest in the East Indies, and that the Thames was more so than the hot well at Bristol. The guards died on their posts at Versailles; and here a Captain Halyburton, brother-in-law of Lord Morton, went mad with the excess of it.

Your brother Gal. will, I suppose, be soon making improvements like the rest of the world: he has bought an estate in Kent, called Bocton Malherbe, famous enough for having belonged to two men who, in my opinion, have very little title to fame, Sir Harry Wotton and my Lord Chesterfield. I must have the pleasure of being the first to tell you that your pedigree is finished at last; a most magnificent performance, and that will make a pompous figure in a future great hall at Bocton Malherbe, when your great-nephews or great grandchildren shall be Earls, &c. My cousin Lord Conway is made Earl of Hertford, as a branch of the Somersets: Sir Edward Seymour gave his approbation handsomely. He has not yet got the dukedom himself, as there is started up a Dr. Seymour who claims it, but will be able to make nothing out.

Dr. Middleton is dead—not killed by Mr. Ashton—but of a decay that came upon him at once. The Bishop of London [Sherlock] will perhaps make a jubilee for his death, and then we shall draw off some of your crowds of travellers. *Tacitus* Gordon¹ died the same

¹ Thomas Gordon, the translator of Sallust and Tacitus; and also a political writer of his day of considerable notoriety.—WRIGHT.

day; he married the widow of Trenchard,¹ (with whom he wrote Cato's letters,) at the same time that Dr. Middleton married her companion. The Bishop of Durham [Chandler],² another great writer of controversy, is dead too, immensely rich; he is succeeded by Butler³ of Bristol, a metaphysic author, much patronised by the late Queen;⁴ she never could make my father read his book, and which she certainly did not understand herself: he told her his religion was fixed, and that he did not want to change or improve it. A report is come of the death of the King of Portugal, and of the young Pretender; but that I don't believe.

I have been in town for a day or two, and heard no conversation but about M'Lean, a fashionable highwayman, who is just taken, and who robbed me⁵ among others; as Lord Eglinton, Sir Thomas Robinson of Vienna, Mrs. Talbot, &c. He took an odd booty from the Scotch Earl, a blunderbuss, which lies very formidably upon the justice's table. He was taken by selling a laced waistcoat to a pawnbroker,⁶ who happened to carry it to the very man who had just sold the lace. His history is very particular, for he confesses everything, and is so little of a hero, that he cries and begs, and I believe, if Lord Eglinton had been in any luck, might have been robbed of his own blunderbuss. His father was an Irish Dean; his brother is a Calvinist minister in great esteem at the Hague. He himself was a grocer [in Welbeck Street], but losing a wife that he loved extremely about two years ago, and by whom he has one little girl, he quitted his business with two hundred pounds in his pocket, which he soon spent, and then took to the road with only one companion, Plunket, a journeyman apothecary, my other friend, whom he has impeached, but who is not taken. M'Lean had a lodging in St. James's Street, over against White's, and another at Chelsea; Plunket one in Jermyn Street; and their faces are as known about St. James's as any gentleman who lives in that quarter, and who perhaps goes upon the road too. M'Lean had a

¹ John Trenchard, son of Sir John Trenchard, secretary of state to King William III., died 1723.—DOVER.

² Edward Chandler, a learned prelate, and author of various polemical works. He had been raised to the see of Durham in 1730, as it was then said, by simoniacal means.—DOVER.

³ The celebrated author of the 'Analogy.'—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ "The Queen desired the Archbishop, if she died, to take care of Dr. Butler, her clerk of the closet; and he was the only body I ever heard of her recommending particularly, and by name, all the while she was ill."—*Lord Hervej's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 529.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ See vol. i. p. lxxvii.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁶ In Monmouth Street.—CUNNINGHAM.

quarrel at Putney¹ bowling-green two months ago with an officer, whom he challenged for disputing his rank; but the captain declined, till M'Lean should produce a certificate of his nobility, which he has just received. If he had escaped a month longer, he might have heard of Mr. Chute's genealogic expertness, and come hither to the College of Arms for a certificate. There was a wardrobe of clothes, three-and-twenty purses, and the celebrated blunderbuss found at his lodgings, besides a famous kept mistress. As I conclude he will suffer, and wish him no ill, I don't care to have his idea, and am almost single in not having been to see him. Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day: his aunt was crying over him: as soon as they were withdrawn, she said to him, knowing they were of White's, "My dear, what did the lords say to you? have you ever been concerned with any of them?"—Was not it admirable? what a favourable idea people must have of White's!—and what if White's should not deserve a much better! But the chief personages who have been to comfort and weep over this fallen hero are Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe: I call them Polly and Lucy, and asked them if he did not sing

"Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around."²

Another celebrated Polly has been arrested for thirty pounds, even the old Cuzzoni.³ The Prince of Wales bailed her—who will do as much for him?

I am much obliged to you for your intended civilities to my liking Madame Capello; but as I never liked any thing of her but her prettiness, for she is an idiot, I beg you will dispense with them on my account: I should even be against your renewing your garden assemblies: you would be too good to pardon the impertinence of the Florentines, and would very likely expose yourself to more: besides, the absurdities which English travelling boys are capable of,

¹ For sixty years, 1690—1750, the most celebrated bowling-green in the neighbourhood of London.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The last song in the Beggars' Opera.—WALPOLE. Gray has made him immortal in his 'Long Story.'

"A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor M'Lean."

See also Soame Jenyns in his poem of 'The Modern Fine Lady,' written this year:—

"She weeps if but a handsome thief is hung."

To which he appends this note—"Some of the brightest eyes were at this time in tears for one Maclean, condemned for a robbery on the highway."—CUNNINGHAM.

³ A celebrated Italian singer.—DOVER.

and likely to act or conceive, always gave me apprehensions of your meeting with disagreeable scenes—and then there is another animal still more absurd than Florentine men or English boys, and that is, travelling governors, who are mischievous into the bargain, and whose pride is always hurt because they are sure of its never being indulged. They will not learn the world, because they are sent to teach it, and as they come forth more ignorant of it than their pupils, take care to return with more prejudices, and as much care to instil all theirs into their pupils. Don't assemble them!

Since I began my letter, the King of Portugal's death is contradicted: for the future, I will be as circumspect as one of your Tuscan residents was, who being here in Oliver's time, wrote to his court, "Some say the Protector is dead; others that he is not: for my part, I believe neither one nor t'other."

Will you send me some excellent melon seeds? I have a neighbour who shines in fruit, and have promised to get him some: Zatteè, I think he says, is a particular sort. I don't know the best season for sending them, but you do, and will oblige me by some of the best sorts.

I suppose you know all that execrable history that occasioned an insurrection lately at Paris, where they were taking up young children to try to people one of their colonies, in which grown persons could never live. You have seen too, to be sure, in the papers the bustle that has been all this winter about purloining some of our manufacturers to Spain. I was told to-day that the informations, if they had had rope given them, would have reached to General Wall. Can you wonder? Why should Spain prefer a native of England¹ to her own subjects, but because he could and would do us more hurt than a Spaniard could? a grandee is a more harmless animal by far than an Irish Papist. We stifled this evidence: we are in their power; we forgot at the last peace to renew the most material treaty! Adieu! *You* would not forget a material treaty.

¹ General Richard Wall was of Irish parents, but I believe not born in these dominions.—WALPOLE. He came to England in 1747, on a secret mission from Ferdinand, and continued as ambassador at the British court till 1754, when he was recalled, to fill the high office of minister for foreign affairs.—WALTON.

311. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 1, 1750.

HERE, my dear child, I have two letters of yours to answer. I will go answer them; and then, if I have anything to tell you, I will. I accept very thankfully all the civilities you showed to Madame Capello on my account, but don't accept her on my account: I don't know who has told you that I liked her, but you may believe me, I never did. For the Damers,¹ they have lived much in the same world that I do. He is moderately sensible, immoderately proud, self-sufficient, and whimsical. She is very sensible, has even humour, if the excessive reserve and silence that she draws from both father and mother would let her, I may almost say, ever show it. You say, "What people do we send you!" I reply, "What people we do not send you!" Those that travel are reasonable, compared with those who can never prevail on themselves to stir beyond the atmosphere of their own whims. I am convinced that the opinions I give you about several people must appear very misanthropic; but yet, you see, you are generally forced to own at last that I did not speak from prejudice: but I won't triumph, since you own that I was in the right about the Barrets. I was a little peevish with you in your last, when I came to the paragraph where you begin to say "I have made use of all the interest I have with Mr. Pelham."² I concluded you was proceeding to say, "to procure your arrears;" instead of that, it was, to make him serve Mr. Milbank—will you never have done obliging people? do begin to think of being obliged. I dare say Mr. Milbank is a very pretty sort of man, very sensible of your attentions, and who will never forget them—till he is past the Giogo.³ You recommend him to me: to show you that I have not naturally an inclination to hate people, I am determined not to be acquainted with him, that I may not hate him for forgetting you. Mr. Pelham will be a little surprised at not finding his sister⁴ at Hanover. That was all a pretence of his wise

¹ Joseph Damer, afterwards created Baron Milton in Ireland, married Lady Caroline Sackville, daughter of Lionel, Duke of Dorset.—WALPOLE.

² Thomas Pelham, of Stanmer; a young gentleman who travelled with Mr. Milbank.—WALPOLE.

³ The highest part of the Apennine between Florence and Bologna.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Mrs. Temple, widow of Lord Palmerston's son: she was afterwards married to Lord Abergavenny.—WALPOLE.

relations here, who grew uneasy that he was happy in a way that they had not laid out for him: Mrs. Temple is in Sussex. They looked upon the pleasure of an amour of choice as a transient affair; so, to make his satisfaction permanent, they proposed to *marry* him, and to a girl¹ he scarce ever saw!

I suppose you have heard all the exorbitant demands of the Heralds for your pedigree! I have seen one this morning, infinitely richer and better done, which will not cost more: it is for my Lady Pomfret. You would be entertained with all her imagination in it. She and my lord both descend from Edward I., by his two Queens. The pedigree is painted in a book: instead of a vulgar genealogical tree, she has devised a pine-apple plant, sprouting out of a basket, on which is King Edward's head; on the leaves are all the intermediate arms: the fruit is sliced open, and discovers the busts of the Earl and Countess, from whence issue their issue! I have had the old Vere pedigree lately in my hands, which derives that house from Lucius Verus; but I am now grown to bear no descent but my Lord Chestersfield's, who has placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed *Adam de Stanhope* and *Ece de Stanhope*; the ridicule is admirable. Old Peter Le Neve,² the herald, who thought ridicule consisted in not being of an old family, made this epitaph, and it was a good one, for young Craggs, whose father³ had been a footman, "Here lies the last who died before the first of his family!" Pray mind, how I string old stories to-day! This old Craggs, who was angry with Arthur Moore,⁴ who had worn a livery too, and who was getting into a coach with him, turned about and said, "Why, Arthur, I am always going to get up behind; are not you?" I told this story the other day to George Selwyn, whose passion is to see coffins and corpses, and executions: he replied, "that Arthur Moore had had his coffin chained to that of his

¹ Frances, second daughter of Henry Pelham, chancellor of the exchequer. Mr. Thomas Pelham married Miss Frankland.—WALPOLE.

² Peter Le Neve, Norroy King of Arms. In his own strange will (printed by Curll), he describes himself as "son and heir of Francis Neve alias Le Neve, late citizen and draper of London, son of Fermian Neve, alias Le Neve, late of Ringland in the county of Norfolk, gent., both long since deceased."—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The elder Craggs was *footman* to Lady Mary Mordaunt, the gallant Duchess of Norfolk. (See Lady Mary Wortley's 'Account of the Court of George I.'). He died March 16, 1720-1, exactly one month after his son, the secretary, and friend of Addison and Pope.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Arthur Moore, father of James Moore Smyth. Pope has made him immortal:—
"Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my d—d works the cause."—CUNNINGHAM.

mistress."—"Lord!" said I, "how do you know?"—"Why, I saw them the other day in a vault at St. Giles's." He was walking this week in Westminster Abbey with Lord Abergavenny, and met the man who shows the tombs, "Oh! your servant, Mr. Selwyn; I expected to have seen you here the other day, when the old Duke of Richmond's body was taken up." Shall I tell you another story of George Selwyn before I tap the chapter of Richmond, which you see opens here very *apropos*? With this strange and dismal turn, he has infinite fun and humour in him. He went lately on a party of pleasure to see places with Lord Abergavenny and a pretty Mrs. Frere, who love one another a little. At Cornbury there are portraits of all the royalists and regicides, and illustrious headless.² Mrs. Frere ran about, looked at nothing, let him look at nothing, screamed about Indian paper, and hurried over all the rest. George grew peevish, called her back, told her it was monstrous, when he had come so far with her, to let him see nothing; "And you are a fool, you don't know what you missed in the other room."—"Why, what?"—"Why, my Lord Holland's picture."—"Well! what is my Lord Holland to me?"—"Why, do you know," said he, "that my Lord Holland's body lies in the same vault in Kensington church with my Lord Abergavenny's mother?"⁴ Lord! she was so obliged, and thanked him a thousand times.

The Duke of Richmond¹ is dead, vastly lamented: the Duchess is left in great circumstances. Lord Albemarle, Lord Lincoln, the Duke of Marlborough, Duke of Leeds, and the Duke of Rutland, are talked of for Master of the Horse. The first is likeliest to succeed; the Pelhams wish most to have the last: you know he is Lady Catherine's brother, and at present attached to the Prince. His son Lord Granby's match, which is at last to be finished tomorrow, has been a mighty topic of conversation lately. The bride is one of the great heiresses of old proud Somerset. Lord Winchilsea, who is her uncle, and who has married the other sister very loosely to his own relation, Lord Guernsey, has tied up Lord Granby so

¹ The first Duke of Richmond, natural son of Charles II. by the Duchess of Portsmouth. His body was removed (1750) from Henry VII.'s Chapel to Chichester Cathedral.—CUNNINGHAM.

² See Note ¹, vol. i. p. 6.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, beheaded 1649, and buried at Kensington.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Catherine, daughter of Lieutenant-General Tatton, buried at Kensington, Dec. 12, 1729.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Charles, second Duke of Richmond, grandson of King Charles II. Fielding calls him "the late excellent Duke of Richmond," (on Robbers, p. 107.)—CUNNINGHAM.

rigorously that the Duke of Rutland has endeavoured to break the match. She has four thousand pounds a-year: he is said to have the same in present, but not to touch hers. He is in debt ten thousand pounds. She was to give him ten, which now Lord Winchelsea refuses. Upon the strength of her fortune, Lord Granby proposed to treat her with presents of twelve thousand pounds; but desired her to buy them. She, who never saw nor knew the value of ten shillings while her father lived, and has had no time to learn it, bespoke away so roundly, that for one article of the plate she ordered ten sauceboats: besides this, she and her sister have squandered seven thousand pounds a-piece in all kinds of baubles and frippery; so her four thousand pounds a-year is to be set apart for two years to pay her debts. Don't you like this English management? two of the greatest fortunes meeting and setting out with poverty and want! Sir Thomas Bootle, the Prince's Chancellor, who is one of the guardians, wanted to have her tradesmen's bills taxed; but in the mean time he has wanted to marry her Duchess-mother: his love-letter has been copied and dispersed everywhere. To give you a sufficient instance of his absurdity, the first time he went with the Prince of Wales to Cliefden, he made a night-gown, cap, and slippers of gold brocade, in which he came down to breakfast the next morning.

My friend M'Lean¹ is still the fashion: have not I reason to call him my friend? He says, if the pistol had shot me, he had another for himself. Can I do less than say I will be hanged if he is? They have made a print, a very dull one, of what I think I said to Lady Caroline Petersham about him,

"Thus I stand like the Turk with his doxies around!"

You have seen in the papers a Hanoverian duel, but may be you don't know that it was an affair of jealousy. Swiegel, the slain, was here two years ago, and paid his court so assiduously to the Countess,² that it was intimated to him to return; and the summer *we* went thither afterwards, he was advised to stay at his villa. Since that, he has grown more discreet and a favourite. Freychappel came hither lately, was proclaimed a beauty by the monarch, and to return the compliment, made a tender of all his charms where Swiegel had. The latter recollected his own passion, jostled Freychappel, fought,

¹ James M'Lean, called "the gentleman highwayman," executed at Tyburn, October 3, 1750.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lady Yarmouth.—WALPOLE.

and was killed. I am glad he never heard what poor Gibberne was intended for.

They have put in the papers a good story made on White's: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him, the wagers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet.

Mr. Whithed has been so unlucky as to have a large part of his seat,¹ which he had just repaired, burnt down: it is a great disappointment to me too, who was going thither gothicising. I want an act of parliament to make master-builders liable to pay for any damage occasioned by fire before their workmen have quitted it. Adieu! This I call a very gossiping letter; I wish you don't call it worse.

312. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 10, 1750.

You must not pretend to be concerned at having missed one here, when I had repeatedly begged you to let me know what day you would call; and even after you had learnt that I was to come the next day, you paraded by my house with all your matrimonial treamers flying, without even saluting the future castle. To punish his slight, I shall accept your offer of a visit on the return of your progress: I shall be here, and Mrs. Leneve will not.

I feel for the poor Handasyde.² If I wanted examples for to deter me from making all the world happy, from obliging, from being always in good-humour and spirits, she should be my memento. You find long wise faces every day, that tell you riches cannot make me happy. No, can't they? What pleasantry is that poor woman taken from! and what a joyous feel must Vanneck³ have expired in, who could call and think the two Schutzers his friends, and leave five hundred pounds a-piece to their friendship: nay, riches made him so happy, that, in the overflowing of his satisfaction, he has bequeathed a hundred pounds a-piece to eighteen fellows, whom

¹ Southwick, in Hampshire.—WALPOLE. Rich at one time in carvings by Grinling Gibbons.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The widow of Brigadier-General Handasyde.—WRIGHT.

³ The legacies bequeathed by Gerard Vanneck amounted altogether to more than a hundred thousand pounds. The residue of his property he left to his brother, Joshua Vanneck, ancestor of Lord Huntingfield.—WRIGHT.

he calls his good friends, that favoured him with their company on Fridays. He took it mighty kind that Captain James de Normandie, and twenty such names, that came out of the Minories, would constrain themselves to live upon him once a week.¹

I should like to visit the castles and groves of your old Welsh ancestors with you: by the draughts I have seen, I have always imagined that Wales preserved the greatest remains of ancient days, and have often wished to visit Picton Castle, the seat of my Philipps-progenitors.

Make my best compliments to your sisters, and with their leave make haste to this side of the world; you will be extremely welcome hither as soon and for as long as you like: I can promise you nothing very agreeable, but that I will try to get our favourite Mr. Bentley to meet you. Adieu!

313. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 20, 1750.

I ONLY write you a line or two to answer some of your questions, and to tell you that I can't answer others. I have inquired much about Dr. Mead, but can't tell you any thing determinately: his family positively deny the foundation of the reports, but everybody does not believe their evidence. Your brother is positive that there is much of truth in his being undone, and even that there will be a sale of his collection² when the town comes to town. I wish for Dr. Cocchi's sake it may be false. I have given your brother Middleton's last piece to send you. Another fellow of Eton³ has popped out a sermon against the Doctor since his death, with a note to one of the pages, that is the true sublime of ecclesiastic absurdity. He is speaking against the custom of dividing the Bible into chapters and verses, and says it often encumbers the sense. This note, though long, I must transcribe, for it would wrong the author to paraphrase his nonsense:—"It is to be wished, therefore, I think, that a fair edition were set forth of the original Scriptures, *for the use of learned men in their closets*, in which there should be no notice, either in the text or margin, of chapter, or verse, or paragraph, or

¹ See Gerard Vanneck's curious will, in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for 1750, p. 393.—CUNNINGHAM.

² His collection was not sold till after his death, in the years 1754 and 1755.—WALPOLE.

³ William Cooke.—WALPOLE.

any such arbitrary distinctions, (now mind,) and I might go so far as to say even *any pointings or stops*. It could not but be matter of much satisfaction, and much use, to have it in our power to recur occasionally to such an edition, where the understanding might have full range, free from any external influence from the eye, and the continual danger of being either confined or misguided by it." Well, Dr. Cocchi, do English divines yield to the Romish for refinements in absurdity! did one ever hear of a better way of making sense of any writing than by reading it without stops! Most of the parsons that read the first and second lessons practise Mr. Cooke's method of making them intelligible, for they seldom observe any stops. George Selwyn proposes to send the man his own sermon, and desire him to scratch out the stops, in order to help it to some sense.

For the questions in Florentine politics, and who are to be your governors, I am totally ignorant: you must ask Sir Charles Williams: he is the present ruling star of our negotiations. His letters are as much admired as ever his verses were. He has met the ministers of the two angry Empresses, and pacified Russian savageness and Austrian haughtiness. He is to teach the monarch of Prussia to fetch and carry, unless they happen to treat in iambs, or begin to settle the limits of Parnassus instead of those of Silesia. As he is so good a pacificator, I don't know but we may want his assistance at home before the end of the winter:

With secretaries, secretaries jar,
And rival bureaux threat approaching war.

Those that deal in elections look still higher, and snuff a new parliament; but I don't believe the King ill, for the Prince is building baby-houses at Kew; and the Bishop of Oxford [Secker] has laid aside his post-obit views on Canterbury, and is come roundly back to St. James's for the deanery of St. Paul's.¹ I could not help being diverted the other day with the life of another Bishop of Oxford, one Parker, who, like Secker, set out a Presbyterian, and died King James the Second's arbitrary master of Maudlin college.

M'Lean is condemned, and will hang. I am honourably mentioned in a Grub-street ballad for not having contributed to his sentence. There are as many prints and pamphlets about him as about the earthquake. His profession grows no joke: I was sitting in my

¹ Dr. Secker. In November he was appointed to the said deanery.—WRIGHT.

own dining-room on Sunday-night, the clock had not struck eleven, when I heard a loud cry of "Stop thief!" a highwayman had attacked a post-chaise in Piccadilly, within fifty yards of this house: the fellow was pursued, rode over the watchman, almost killed him, and escaped. I expect to be robbed some night in my own garden at Strawberry; I have a pond of gold fish, that to be sure they will steal to burn like old lace; and they may very easily, for the springs are so much sunk with this hot summer that I am forced to water my pond once a-week! The season is still so fine, that I yesterday, in Kensington town, saw a horse-chestnut tree in second bloom.

As I am in town, and not within the circle of Pope's walks, I may tell you a story without fearing he should haunt me with the ghost of a satire. I went the other day to see little Spence,¹ who fondles an old mother in imitation of Pope. The good old woman was mighty civil to me, and, among other chat, said she supposed I had a good neighbour in Mr. Pope. "Lord! Madam, he has been dead these seven years!"—"Alas! ay, Sir, I had forgot." When the poor old soul dies, how Pope will set his mother's spectre upon her for daring to be ignorant "if Dennis be alive or dead!"²

314. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Oct. 18, 1750.

I HAD determined so seriously to write Dr. Cocchi a letter myself to thank him for his Baths of Pisa, that it was impossible not to break my resolution. It was to be in Italian, because I thought their superlative *issimos* would most easily express how much I like it, and I had already gathered a tolerable quantity together, of *entertaining, charming, useful, agreeable*, and had cut and turned them into the best sounding Tuscan adjectives I could find in my memory or my Crusca: but, alack! when I came to range them, they did not fadge at all; they neither expressed what I would say, nor half what I would say, and so I gave it all up, and am reduced to beg you would say it all for me; and make as many excuses and

¹ The Rev. Joseph Spence, author of an Essay on Pope's *Odyssey*, *Polymetis*, &c.—WALPOLE. See vol. i. p. 30.—CUNNINGHAM.

² "I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead."

Pope, Prologue to Satires.—WRIGHT.

ny thanks for me as you can, between your receiving this, and next going to bully Richcourt, or whisper Count Lorenzi. I ed heartily at your idea of the latter's *hopping into matrimony*; [like as much Stainville's jumping into Richcourt's place. If pedigree, which is on its journey, arrives before his fall, he will are to exclude you from the *libro d'oro*—why, child, you will yourself as sumptuously descended as

—“All the blood of all the Howards,”

the best-bred Arabian mare, that ever neighed beneath Abou-saba-bedin-lolo-ab-alnin! But pray now, how does *cet homme* ; the Princess used to call him, dare to tap the chapter of birth? ight he had not had a grandfather since the creation, that was born within these twenty years!—But come, I must tell you . big news! the treaty of commerce with Spain is arrived *signed*. dy expected it would ever come, which I believe is the reason reckoned so good; for *autrement* one should not make the most rable conjectures, as they don't tell us how good it is. In ral, they say, the South Sea Company is to have one hundred sand pounds in lieu of their annual ship; which, if it is not over above the ninety-five thousand pounds that was allowed to be to them, it appears to me only as if there were some halfpence aining when the bill was paid, and the King of Spain had given to the Company to drink his health. What does look well for reaty is, that stocks rise to high-water mark; and what is to me ear, is, that the exploded *Don Benjamin*¹ has repaired what the ot Lord Sandwich had forgot, or not known to do at Aix-la- nelle. I conclude Keene will now come over and enjoy the Sab- of his toils. He and Sir Charles [H. Williams] are the pleni- tiaries in fashion. Pray, brush up your *Minyhood*, and figure blow the coals between the Pope and the Venetians, till the isition burns the latter, and they the Inquisition. If you ld happen to receive instructions on this head, don't wait for *St.*

Benjamin Keene, [died 1758] afterwards knight of the bath, ambassador at Madrid, exceedingly abused by the Opposition in Sir Robert Walpole's time, under the name of Don Benjamin, for having made the convention in 1739.—WALPOLE. Mr. Keene, in a letter to Mr. Pitt of the 12th of October 1750, announcing the signing of a treaty with Spain, says, “I hope and believe, when you see it and consider the hole, you will be of opinion, that my friend Keene has acted ably, honestly, bravely; but, poor man! he is so sore with old bruises, that he still feels the pain, and fears another thrashing.” See *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 50.—
BT.

George's day before you present your memorial to the Senate, as they say Sir Harry Wotton was forced to do for St. James's, when those aquatic republicans had quarrelled with Paul the Fifth, and James the First thought the best way in the world to broach a schism was by beginning it with a quibble. I have had some *Protestant* hopes too of a civil war in France, between the King and his clergy: but it is a dull age, and people don't set about cutting one another's throats with any spirit! Robbing is the only thing that goes on with any vivacity, though my friend Mr. M'Lean is hanged. The first Sunday after his condemnation, three thousand people went to see him; he fainted away twice with the heat of his cell. You can't conceive the ridiculous rage there is of going to Newgate; and the prints that are published of the malefactors, and the memoirs of their lives and deaths set forth with as much parade as—as—Marshal Turenne's—we have no Generals worth making a parallel.

The pasquinade was a very good one.¹ When I was desiring you to make speeches for me to Dr. Cocchi, I might as well have drawn a bill upon you too in Mr. Chute's name; for I am sure he will never write himself. Indeed, at present he is in his brother's purgatory, and then you will not wonder if he does nothing but pray to get out of it. I am glad you are getting into a villa: my castle will, I believe, begin to rear its battlements next spring. I have got an immense cargo of painted glass from Flanders: indeed, several of the pieces are Flemish arms; but I call them the achievements of the old Counts of Strawberry. Adieu!

315. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 19, 1750.

I STAYED to write to you, till I could tell you that I had seen Mr. Pelham and Mr. Milbank, and could give you some history of a new administration—but I found it was too long to wait for either. I pleaded with your brother as I did with you against visiting your friends, especially when, to encourage me, he told me that you had given them a very advantageous opinion of me. That is the very reason, says I, why I don't choose to see them: they will be extremely civil to me at first: and then they will be told I have

¹ It alluded to the quarrel between the Pope and the Venetians.—Marforio asked Pasquin, "Perche si triste?"—"Perche non avremo più Commedia, *Pantalone* è partito."—DOVER.

horns and hoofs, and they will shun me, which I should not like. I know how unpopular I am with the people with whom they must necessarily live: and, not desiring to be otherwise, I must either seek your friends where I would most avoid them, or have them very soon grow to avoid me. However, I went and left my name for Mr. Pelham, where your brother told me he lodged, eight days ago; he was to come but that night to his lodgings, and by his telling your brother he believed I had not been, I concluded he would not accept that for a visit; so last Thursday, I left my name for both—to-day is Monday, and I have heard nothing of them—very likely I shall before you receive this—I only mention it to show you that you was in the wrong and I in the right, to think that there would be no *empressement* for an acquaintance. Indeed, I would not mention it, as you will dislike being disappointed by any odd behaviour of your friends, if it were not to justify myself, and convince you of my attention in complying with whatever you desire of me. The King, I hear, commends Mr. Pelham's dancing; and he must like Mr. Milbank, as he distinguished himself much in a tournament of bears at Hanover.

For the Ministry, it is all in shatters; the Duke of Newcastle is returned more averse to the Bedfords than ever: he smothered that Duke with embraces at their first meeting, and has never borne to be in the room with him since. I saw the meeting of Octavia and Cleopatra;¹ the Newcastle was all haughtiness and coldness. Mr. Pelham, who foresaw the storm, had prudently prepared himself for the breach by all kind of invectives against the house of Leveson. The ground of all, besides Newcastle's natural fickleness and jealousy, is, that the Bedford and Sandwich have got the Duke [of Cumberland]. A crash has been expected, but people now seem to think that they will rub on a little longer, though all the world seems indifferent whether they will or not. Mankind is so sick of all the late follies and changes, that nobody inquires or cares whether the Duke of Newcastle is Prime Minister, or whom he will associate with him. The Bedfords have few attachments, and Lord Sandwich is universally hated. The only difficulty is, who shall succeed them; and it is even a question whether some of the old discarded must not cross over and figure in again. I mean, it has even been said, that Lord Granville² will once more be brought upon the stage:—if he should,

¹ The Duchesses of Newcastle and Bedford.—WALPOLE.

² "So anxious was the Duke of Newcastle to remove his colleague, that he actually

and should push too forward, could they again persuade people to resign with them? The other nominees for the Secretaryship are, Pitt, the Vienna Sir Thomas Robinson, and even that formal piece of dullness at the Hague, Lord Holderness. The talk of the Chancellor's [Hardwicke] being president, in order to make room, by the promotion of the Attorney [Ryder] to the seals, for his second son [Charles Yorke] to be Solicitor, as I believe I once mentioned to you, is revived; though he told Mr. Pelham, that if ever he retired, it should be to Wimple.¹ In the mean time, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole, the Presidentship, (vacant by the nomination of Dorset to Ireland in the room of Lord Harrington, who is certainly to be given up to his master's dislike,) and the Blues, are still vacant. Indeed, yesterday I heard that Honeywood² was to have the latter. Such is the Interregnum of our politics! The Prince's faction lie still, to wait the event, and the disclosing of the new treaty. Your friend Lord Fane³ some time ago had a mind to go to Spain: the Duke of Bedford, who I really believe is an honest man, said very bluntly, "Oh! my lord, nobody can do there but Keene." Lord North is made governor to Prince George with a thousand a-year, and an earl's patent in his pocket; but as the passing of the patent is in the pocket of time, it would not sell for much. There is a new preceptor, one Scott,⁴ recommended by Lord Bolingbroke. You may add that recommendation to the chapter of our wonderful politics.

I have received your letter from Fiesoli Hill; poor Strawberry blushes to have you compare it with such a prospect as yours. I say nothing to the abrupt sentences about Mr. B. I have long seen his humour—and a little of your partiality to his wife.

We are alarmed with the distemper being got among the horses: few have died yet, but a farrier who attended General Ligonier's dropped down dead in the stable. Adieu!

proposed, either to open a negotiation with Earl Granville for settling a new administration, or to conciliate the Duke of Cumberland, without the interposition of Mr. Pelham, by agreeing to substitute Lord Sandwich in the room of the Duke of Bedford."—*Coxe's Pelham*, vol. ii. p. 137.—WRIGHT.

¹ Wimple; the Chancellor's seat in Cambridgeshire.—WALPOLE.

² Sir Philip Honeywood, knight of the bath.—WALPOLE.

³ Charles, Lord Viscount Fane, formerly minister at Florence.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Coxe states, that Mr. Scott was recommended to the Prince of Wales by Lord Bathurst, at the suggestion of Lord Bolingbroke, and that he was favoured by the Princess. WRIGHT.—Scott was sub-preceptor, and though a good man and clever, as Lord Waldegrave tells us (p. 10), had but little weight and influence:—the mother and the nursery were too influential.—CUNNINGHAM.

316. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 19, 1750.

WELL! you may be easy; your friends have been to see me at last, but it has so happened that we have never once met, nor have I even seen their persons. They live at Newcastle-house; and though I give you my word my politics are exceedingly neutral, I happen to be often at the court of Bedford. The Interministerium still subsists; no place is filled up but the Lieutenancy of Ireland; the Duke of Dorset was too impatient to wait. Lord Harrington remains a melancholy sacrifice to the famous general Resignation,¹ which he led up, and of which he is the only victim. Overtures have been made to Lord Chesterfield to be President; but he has declined it; for he says he cannot hear causes, as he is grown deaf. I don't think the proposal was imprudent, for if they should happen, as they have now and then happened, to want to get rid of him again, they might without consequence; that is, I suppose nobody would follow him out, any more than they did when he resigned voluntarily. For these two days everybody has expected to see Lord Granville president, and his friend the Duke of Bolton, colonel of the Blues; two nominations that would not be very agreeable, nor probably calculated to be so to the Duke [of Cumberland], who favours the Bedford faction. His old governor Mr. Poyntz² is just dead, ruined in his circumstances by a devout brother, whom he trusted, and by a simple wife, who had a devotion of marrying dozens of her poor cousins at his expense: you know she was the 'Fair Circassian.'³ Mr. Poyntz was called a very great man, but few knew anything of his talents, for he was timorous to childishness. The Duke has done greatly for his family, and secured his places for his children, and sends his two sons abroad, allowing them eight hundred pounds a-year. The little Marquis of Rockingham has drowned himself in claret; and old Lord Dartmouth

¹ In the year 1746.—WALPOLE.

² Stephen Poyntz, formerly British minister in Sweden, after being tutor to Lord Townshend's sons.—WALPOLE.

³ Anna Maria Mordaunt, maid of honour to Queen Caroline [married to Poyntz in 1733]. A young gentleman at Oxford wrote the 'Fair Circassian' on her, and died for love of her.—WALPOLE. She had been a great beauty; the poem of 'The Fair Circassian' was written by a gentleman who was in love with her. *Walpole's George III.* vol. i. p. 238.—CUNNINGHAM.

is dead of age.¹ When Lord Bolingbroke's last work was published, on the State of Parties at the late King's accession, Lord Dartmouth said, he supposed Lord Bolingbroke believed that everybody was dead who had lived at that period.

There has been a droll cause in Westminster Hall: a man laid another a wager that he produced a person who should weigh as much again as the Duke. When they had betted, they recollected not knowing how to desire the Duke to step into a scale. They agreed to establish his weight at twenty stone, which, however, is supposed to be two more than he weighs. One Bright was then produced, who is since dead, and who actually weighed forty-two stone and a-half.² As soon as he was dead, the person who had lost objected that he had been weighed in his clothes, and though it was impossible to suppose that his clothes could weigh above two stone, they went to law. There were the Duke's twenty stone bawled over a thousand times,—but the righteous law decided against the man who had won!

Poor Lord Lempster³ is more Cerberus⁴ than ever; (you remember his *bon-mot* that proved such a blunder;) he has lost twelve thousand pounds at hazard to an ensign of the Guards—but what will you think of the folly of a young Sir Ralph Gore,⁵ who took it into his head that he would not be waited on by drawers in brown frocks and blue aprons, and has literally given all the waiters at the King's Arms rich embroideries and laced clothes!

The town is still empty: the parties for the two playhouses are the only parties that retain any spirit. I will tell you one or two *bon mots* of Quin the actor. Barry would have had him play the ghost in Hamlet, a part much beneath the dignity of Quin, who would give no other answer but, "I won't catch cold behind."

¹ William Legge, first Earl of Dartmouth, secretary of state to Queen Anne, and the annotator of Burnet's 'History of his Own Times.'—CUNNINGHAM.

² Edward Bright died at Malden in Essex, on the 10th of November, at the age of thirty. He was an active man till a year or two before that event; when his corpulency so overpowered his strength, that his life was a burthen to him.—WRIGHT.

³ Eldest son of Thomas Fermor, Earl of Pomfret, whom, in 1753, he succeeded in the title.—WALPOLE.

⁴ When he was on his travels, and run much in debt, his parents paid his debts: some more came out afterwards; he wrote to his mother, that he could only compare himself to Cerberus, who, when one head was cut off, had another spring up in its room.—WALPOLE.

⁵ In 1747, when only a captain, Sir Ralph distinguished himself at the battle of Laffeldt. In 1764, he was created Baron Gore, and in 1771, Earl of Ross: in 1788, he was appointed commander-in-chief in Ireland, and died in 1802.—WRIGHT.

I don't know whether you remember that the ghost is always ridiculously dressed, with a morsel of armour before, and only a black waistcoat and breech behind. The other is an old one, but admirable. When Lord Tweedale was *nominal* Secretary of State for Scotland, Mitchell,¹ his secretary, was supping with Quin, who wanted him to stay another bottle: but he pleaded *my lord's business*. "Then," said Quin, "only stay till I have told you a story. A vessel was becalmed: the master looked up and called to one of the cabin-boys on the top of the mast, 'Jack, what are you doing?' 'Nothing, Sir.' He called to another, a little below the first, 'Will, what are you doing?' 'Helping Jack, Sir.'" Adieu!

317. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 22, 1750.

As I am idling away some Christmas days here, I begin a letter to you, that perhaps will not set out till next year. Any changes in the Ministry will certainly be postponed till that date: it is even believed that no alteration will be made till after the session; they will get the money raised and the new treaty ratified in Parliament before they break and part. The German ministers are more alarmed, and seem to apprehend themselves in as tottering a situation as some of the English: not that any secretary of state is jealous of them—their Countess² is on the wane. The housekeeper³ at Windsor, an old monster that Verrio painted for one of the Furies, is dead. The revenue is large,⁴ and has been largely solicited. Two days ago, at the drawing-room, the gallant Orondates [George II.] strode up to Miss Chudleigh, and told her he was glad to have an opportunity of obeying her commands, that he appointed her mother housekeeper at Windsor, and hoped she would not think a kiss too great a reward—against all precedent he kissed her in the circle. He has had a hankering these two years. Her life, which is now of thirty years' standing, has been a little historic.⁵ Why

¹ Andrew Mitchell, afterwards commissary at Antwerp.—WALPOLE. And, for many years, envoy from England to the Court of Prussia. In 1765 he was created a Knight of the Bath, and died at Berlin in 1771. His valuable collection of letters, forming sixty-eight volumes, was purchased in 1810, by the trustees of the British Museum.—WRIGHT.

² Lady Yarmouth. The new amour did not proceed.—WALPOLE.

³ Mrs. Marriot.—WALPOLE.

⁴ A place of 800*l.* a-year. Mrs. Chudleigh was the widow of Colonel Thomas Chudleigh, lieutenant-governor of Chelsea Hospital, who died in 1726.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ She was, though Maid of Honour, privately married to Augustus, second son of

should not experience and a charming face on her side, and near seventy years on his, produce a title?

Madame de Mirepoix is returned: she gives a lamentable account of another old mistress,¹ her mother. She had not seen her since the Princess went to Florence, which she it seems has left with great regret; with greater than her beauty, whose ruins she has not discovered: but with few teeth, few hairs, sore eyes, and wrinkles, goes bare-necked and crowned with jewels! Madame Mirepoix told me a reply of Lord Cornbury, that pleased me extremely. They have revived at Paris old Fontenelle's opera of 'Peleus and Thetis;'² he complained of being dragged upon the stage again for one of his juvenile performances, and said he could not bear to be hissed now: Lord Cornbury immediately replied to him out of the very opera,—

" Jupiter en courroux
Ne peut rien contre vous,
Vous êtes immortel."

Our old Laureat has been dying: when he thought himself at the extremity, he wrote this lively, good-natured letter to the Duke of Grafton:—

" MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

" I know no nearer way of repaying your favours for these last twenty years than by recommending the bearer, Mr. Henry Jones, for the vacant laurel: Lord Chesterfield will tell you more of him. I don't know the day of my death, but while I live, I shall not cease to be, your Grace's, &c.

" COLLEY CIBBER."

I asked my Lord Chesterfield who this Jones³ is; he told me a better poet would not take the post, and a worse ought not to have it. There are two new *bon mots* of his lordship much repeated, better than his ordinary. He says, "he would not be President [of the Council]³ because he would not be between two fires;" and that

the late Lord Hervey, by whom she had two children; but, disagreeing, the match was not owned. She afterwards, still Maid of Honour, lived very publicly with the Duke of Kingston, and at last married him—during Mr. Hervey's life.—
WALPOLE.

¹ Princess Craon, formerly mistress of Leopold, Duke of Lorraine.—WALPOLE.

² I think he was an Irish bricklayer; he wrote an 'Earl of Essex.'—WALPOLE. "Having a natural inclination for the Muses," says his biographer, "he pursued his devotions to them even during the labours of his mere mechanical avocations, and composing a line of brick and a line of verse alternately, his walls and poems rose in growth together." His tragedy of the 'Earl of Essex' came out at Covent Garden in 1753, and met with considerable success. He died in great want, in 1770.—WRIGHT.

³ The two fires were the Pelham brothers; between whom all private intercourse was at this time suspended.—WRIGHT.

“the two brothers are like Arbuthnot’s Lindamira and Indamora;¹ the latter was a peaceable, tractable gentlewoman, but her sister was always quarrelling and kicking, and as they grew together, there was no parting them.”

You will think my letters are absolute jest-and-story books, unless you will be so good as to dignify them with the title of Walpoliana. Under that hope, I will tell you a very odd new story. A citizen had advertised a reward for the discovery of a person who had stolen sixty guineas out of his scrutoire. He received a message from a condemned criminal in Newgate, with the offer of revealing the thief. Being a cautious grave personage, he took two friends along with him. The convict told him that he was the robber; and when he doubted, the fellow began with these circumstances: “You came home such a night, and put the money into your bureau: I was under your bed: you undressed, and then went to the foot of the garret stairs, and cried, ‘Mary, come to bed to me—’” “Hold, hold,” said the citizen, “I am convinced.” “Nay,” said the fellow, “you shall hear all, for your intrigue saved your life. Mary replied, ‘If any body wants me, they may come up to me:’ you went: I robbed your bureau in the mean time, but should have cut your throat, if you had gone into your own bed instead of Mary’s.”

The conclusion of my letter will be a more serious story, but very proper for the Walpoliana. I have given you scraps of Ashton’s history. To perfect his ingratitude, he has struck up an intimacy with my second brother [Sir Edward], and done his utmost to make a new quarrel between us, on the merit of having broke with me on the affair of Dr. Middleton. I don’t know whether I ever told you that my brother hated Middleton, who was ill with a Dr. Thirlby,² a creature of his. He carried this and his jealousy of me so far, that once when Lord Mountford brought Middleton for one night only to Houghton, my brother wrote my father a most outrageous letter,³ telling him that he knew I had fetched Middleton to Houghton to write my father’s life, and how much more capable Thirlby was of that task. Can one help admiring in these instances the dignity of human nature? Poor Mrs. Middleton is alarmed with a scheme that I think she very justly suspects as a plot of the clergy to get at and suppress her husband’s papers. He died in a lawsuit with a

¹ See the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus in Swift’s Works; Indamora alludes to Mr. Pelham, Lindamira to the Duke of Newcastle.—WALPOLE.

² See vol. i. p. 363.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ See vol. i. p. 359.—CUNNINGHAM.

builder, who has since got a monition from the *Commons* for her to produce all the Doctor's effects and *papers*. The whole debt is but eight *hundred* pounds. She offered ten *thousand* pounds security, and the fellow will not take it. Is there clergy in it, or no? Adieu!

318. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 9, 1751.

You will wonder that I, who am pretty punctual, even when I have little to say, should have been so silent at the beginning of a session: I will tell you some reasons why; what I had to tell you was not finished; I wished to give you an entire account; besides, we have had so vigorous an attendance, that with that, and the fatigue, it was impossible to write. Before the parliament met, there was a dead tranquillity, and no symptoms of party spirit. What is more extraordinary, though the Opposition set out vehemently the very first day, there has appeared ten times greater spirit on the court side, a Whig vehemence that has rushed on heartily. I have been much entertained—what should I have been, if I had lived in the times of the Exclusion-bill, and the end of Queen Anne's reign, when votes and debates really tended to something! Now they tend but to the alteration of a dozen places, perhaps, more or less—but come, I'll tell you, and you shall judge for yourself. The morning the Houses met, there was universally dispersed, by the penny post, and by being dropped into the areas of houses, a paper called *Constitutional Queries*, a little equivocal, for it is not clear whether they were levelled at the *Family*, or by *Part* of the *Family* at the Duke.¹ The Address was warmly opposed, and occasioned a remarkable speech of Pitt, in recantation of his former orations on the Spanish war, and in panegyric on the Duke of Newcastle, with whom he is pushing himself, and by whom he is pushed at all rates, in opposition to Lord Sandwich and the Bedfords. Two or three days afterwards there were motions in both Houses to have the queries publicly burnt. That too occasioned a debate with us, and a fine speech of Lord Egmont, artfully condemning the paper, though a little

¹ The object of the paper was to expose the Duke of Cumberland to popular odium by comparing him with Richard III., and exciting a suspicion that he would employ his military power to violate the birth-right of his brother, and usurp the throne.—
WRIGHT.

suspected of it, and yet supporting some of the reasonings in it. There was no division on the resolution; but two days afterwards we had a very extraordinary and unforeseen one. Mr. Pelham had determined to have but 8000 seamen this year, instead of 10,000. Pitt and his cousins, without any notice given, declared with the Opposition for the greater number. The key to this you will find in his whole behaviour; whenever he wanted new advancement, he used to go off. He has openly met with great discouragement now; though he and we know Mr. Pelham so well, that it will not be surprising if, though baffled, he still carries his point of Secretary of State. However, the old corps resented this violently, and rubbed up their old anger: Mr. Pelham was inclined to give way, but Lord Hartington, at the head of the young Whigs, divided the House, and Pitt had the mortification of being followed into the minority by only fifteen persons. The King has been highly pleased with this event; and has never named the Pitts and Grenvilles to the Duke of Newcastle, but to abuse them, and to commend the spirit of the young people. It has not weakened the Bedford faction, who have got more strength too by the clumsy politics of another set of their enemies. There has all the summer been a Westminster petition in agitation, driven on by the independent electors, headed by Lord Elibank, Murray his brother, and one or two gentlemen. Sir John Cotton, and Cooke the member for Middlesex, discouraged it all they could, and even stifled the first drawn, which was absolutely treason. However, Cooke at last presented one from the inhabitants, and Lord Egmont another from Sir George Vandeput: and Cooke even made a strong invective against the High-bailiff; on which Lord Trentham produced and read a letter written by Cooke to the High-bailiff, when he was in their interest, and stuffed with flattery to him. Lord Trentham's friends then called in the High-bailiff, who accused some persons of hindering and threatening him on the scrutiny, and, after some contention, named Crowle, counsel for Sir George Vandeput, Gibson, an upholsterer and independent, and Mr. Murray.¹ These three were ordered to attend on the following Thursday to defend themselves. Before that day came, we had the report on the eight thousand seamen, when Pitt and his associates made speeches of lamentation on their disagreement with Pelham, whom they flattered inordinately. This ended in a burlesque quarrel

¹ The Hon. Alexander Murray, fourth son of Alexander, fourth Lord Elibank. This family was for the most part Jacobite in its principles.—DOVER.

between Pitt and Hampden,¹ a buffoon Whig, who hates the cousinhood, and thinks his name should entitle him to Pitt's office. We had a very long day on Crowle's defence, who had called the power of the House *brutum fulmen*: he was very submissive, and was dismissed with a reprimand on his knees. Lord Egmont was so severely handled by Fox, that he has not recovered his spirits since. He used to cry up Fox against Mr. Pelham, but since the former has seemed rather attached to the Duke and the Duke of Bedford, the party affect to heap incense on Pelham and Pitt—and it is returned.

The day that Murray came to the bar, he behaved with great confidence, but at last desired counsel, which was granted: in the mean time we sent Gibson to Newgate.

Last Wednesday was the day of trial: the accusation was plentifully proved against Murray, and it was voted to send him close prisoner to Newgate. His party still struggling against the term *close*, the Whigs grew provoked, and resolved he should receive his sentence on his knees at the bar. To this he refused to submit. The Speaker stormed, and the House and its honour grew outrageous at the dilemma they were got into, and indeed out of which we are not got yet. If he gets the better, he will indeed be a meritorious martyr for the cause: *en attendant*, he is strictly shut up in Newgate.²

By these anecdotes you will be able to judge a little of the news you mention in your last, of January 29th, and will perceive that our ministerial vacancies and successions are not likely to be determined soon. Niccolini's account of the aversion to Lord Sandwich is well grounded, though as to inflexible resentments, there cannot easily be any such thing, where parties and factions are so fluctuating as in this country. I was to have dined the other day at Madame de Mirepoix's with my Lord Bolingbroke, but he was ill. She said, she had repented asking me, as she did not know if I should like it. "Oh! Madam, I have gone through too many

¹ John Hampden, Esq., the last descendant in the male line of the celebrated Hampden. On his death in 1754, he left his estates to the Hon. Robert Trevor, son of Lord Trevor, who was descended from Ruth, the daughter of the Patriot.—DOVER.

² Mr. Murray's health appearing to be in danger, the House, upon the report of his physician, offered to remove him from Newgate into the custody of the serjeant-at-arms: but he had the resolution to reject the offer, and to continue in Newgate till the end of the session; when he made a kind of triumphal procession to his own house, attended by the sheriffs of London, a large train of coaches, and the acclamations of the populace.—WRIGHT.

of those things, to make any objection to the only one that remains!"

I grieve much for the return of pains in your head and breast; I flattered myself that you had quite mastered them.

I have seen your Pelham and Milbank, not much, but I like the latter; I have some notion, from thinking that he resembles you in his manner. The other seems very goodhumoured, but he is nothing but complexion. Damer is returned; he looks ill; but I like him better than I used to do, for he commends you. My Lord Pomfret is made Ranger of the parks, and by consequence my Lady is queen of the Duck Island.¹ Our greatest miracle is Lady Mary Wortley's son,² whose adventures have made so much noise: his parts are not proportionate, but his expense is incredible. His father scarce allows him anything: yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a frock, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with an hundred noses. But the most curious part of his dress, which he has brought from Paris, is an iron wig; you literally would not know it from hair—I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body. This may surprise you: what I am now going to tell you, will not, for you have long known her follies: the Duchess of Queensberry told Lady Di. Egerton,³ a pretty daughter of the Duchess of Bridgewater, that she was going to make a ball for her: she did, but did not invite her: the girl was mortified, and Mr. Lyttelton, her father-in-law, sent the mad Grace a hint of it. She sent back this card:

"The advertisement came to hand: it was very pretty and very ingenious; but everything that is pretty and ingenious does not always succeed: the Duchess of Q. piques herself on her house not being unlike Socrates's; his was small and held all his friends; hers is large, but will not hold half of hers: postponed, but not forgot: unalterable." Adieu!

¹ Duck Island was a spot in St. James's Park, near the Bird-cage Walk; and was so called, because Charles II. had established a decoy of ducks upon it. It was destroyed when the improvements and alterations took place in this park about the year 1770.—DOVER.

² Edward Wortley Montagu, only son of Lady Mary Wortley. He died at Padua in 1776.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Lady Diana Egerton; born 1731-2, married 1753 Frederick Lord Baltimore, and died 1758.—CUNNINGHAM.

319. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 13, 1751.

+ You will be expecting the conclusion of Mr. Murray's history, but as he is too great a hero to submit, and not hero enough to terminate his prison in a more summary, or more English way, you must have patience, as we shall have, till the end of the session. His relations, who had leave to visit him, are excluded again: rougher methods with him are not the style of the age: in the mean time he is quite forgot. General Anstruther is now the object in fashion, or made so by a Sir Harry Erskine,¹ a very fashionable figure in the world of politics, who has just come into Parliament, and has been laying a foundation for the next reign by attacking the Mutiny-bill, and occasionally General Anstruther, who treated him hardly ten years ago in Minorca. Anstruther has mutually persecuted and been persecuted by the Scotch ever since Porteous's affair, when, of all that nation, he alone voted for demolishing part of Edinburgh. This affair would be a trifle, if it had not opened the long-smothered rivalry between Fox and Pitt: for these ten days they have been civilly at war together; and Mr. Pelham is bruised between both. However, this impetuosity of Pitt has almost overset the total engrossment that the Duke of Newcastle had made of all power, and if they do not, as it is suspected, league with the Prince, you will not so soon hear of the fall of the Bedfords, as I had made you expect. With this quantity of factions and infinite quantity of speakers, we have had a most fatiguing session, and seldom rise before nine or ten at night.

There have been two events, not political, equal to any absurdities or follies of former years. My Lady Vane has literally published the Memoirs of her own life,² only suppressing part of her lovers, no part of the success of the others with her: a degree of profligacy not to be accounted for; she does not want money, none of her lovers will raise her credit; and the number, all she had to brag of, concealed! The other is a play that has been acted by people of some fashion at Drury Lane, hired on purpose.³ They really acted

¹ Sir Henry Erskine, called by Walpole a military poet, and a creature of Bute's. He married a sister of Lord Chancellor Wedderburne's, and died in 1765.—CUNNINGHAM.

² In Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle.' See vol. i. p. 91 and 177.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The play was 'Othello,' and the night 7 March, 1751. Othello was played by Sir

so well, that it is astonishing they should not have had sense enough not to act at all. You would know none of their names, should I tell you: but the chief were a family of Delavals, the eldest of which was married by one Foote, a player,¹ to Lady Nassau Poulett,² who had kept the latter. The rage was so great to see this performance, that the House of Commons literally adjourned at three o'clock on purpose: the footman's gallery was strung with blue ribands. What a wise people! what an august Senate! yet my Lord Granville once told the Prince, I forget on occasion of what folly, "Sir, indeed your Royal Highness is in the wrong to act thus; the English are a grave nation."

The King has been much out of order, but he is quite well again, and they say, not above sixty-seven! Adieu!

320. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 21, 1751.

WHAT, another letter, when I wrote to you but last week!—Yes—and with an event too big to be kept for a regular interval. You will imagine from the conclusion of my last letter that our King is dead—or, before you receive this, you will probably have heard by flying couriers that it is only our King that was to be. In short, the Prince died last night between nine and ten. If I don't tell you ample details, it is because you must content yourself with hearing nothing but what I know true. He had had a pleurisy, and was recovered. Last Tuesday was se'nnight he went to attend the King's passing some bills in the House of Lords; from thence to Carlton House, very hot, where he unrobed, put on a light unaired frock and waistcoat, went to Kew, walked in a bitter day, came home tired, and lay down for three hours, upon a couch in a very cold room at Carlton House, that opens into the garden. Lord Egmont told him how dangerous it was, but the Prince did not mind him. My father once said to this King, when he was ill and royally untractable, "Sir, do you know what your father died of? of

Francis Delaval, and Desdemona by Mrs. Quon (Lady Mexborough, sister of Sir Francis Delaval). Macklin superintended the rehearsals. See Genest's 'Stage,' iv. 325.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ Samuel Foote the celebrated player and playwright, died 1777.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Isabella, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Tufton, Earl of Thanet, and widow of Lord Nassau Poulett, youngest brother of the Duke of Bolton. She was mad.—WALPOLE.

thinking he could not die." In short, the Prince relapsed that night, has had three physicians ever since, and has never been supposed out of danger till yesterday: a thrush had appeared, and for the two or three last evenings he had dangerous suppressions of breath. However, his family thought him so well yesterday, that there were cards in his outward room. Between nine and ten he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. Wilmot, and Hawkins the surgeon, were present: the former said, "Sir, have you brought up all the phlegm? I hope this will be over in a quarter of an hour, and that your Royal Highness will have a good night." Hawkins had occasion to go out of the room, and said, "Here is something I don't like." The cough continued; the Prince laid his hand upon his stomach, and said, "*Je sens la mort!*" The page who held him up, felt him shiver, and cried out, "The Prince is going!" The Princess was at the feet of the bed; she caught up a candle and ran to him, but before she got to the head of the bed, he was dead.

Lord North was immediately sent to the King, who was looking over a table, where Princess Emily, the Duchess of Dorset, and Duke of Grafton were playing. He was extremely surprised, and said, "Why, they told me he was better!" He bid Lord North tell the Princess he would do everything she could desire; and has this morning sent her a very kind message in writing. He is extremely shocked—but no pity is too much for the Princess; she has eight children, and is seven months gone with another. She bears her affliction with great courage and sense. They asked her if the body was to be opened; she replied, what the King pleased.

This is all I know yet; you shall have fresh and fresh intelligence—for reflections on minorities, Regencies, Jacobitism, Oppositions, factions, I need not help you to them. You will make as many as anybody, but those who reflect on their own disappointments. The creditors are no inconsiderable part of the moralists. They talk of fourteen hundred thousand pounds on post-obits. This I am sure I don't vouch: I only know that I never am concerned to see the tables of the money-changers overturned and cast out of the temple.¹

I much fear, that by another post I shall be forced to tell you news that will have much worse effects for my own family. My Lord Orford² has got such another violent boil as he had two years ago—and a thrush has appeared too along with it. We are in

¹ Frederick Prince of Wales's debts were never paid.—DOVER.

² His eldest brother. He died (ten days after this letter was written) of an abscess in the back, aged fifty-one.—CUNNINGHAM.

the utmost apprehensions about him, the more, because there is no possibility of giving him any about himself. He has not only taken an invincible aversion to physicians, but to the bark, and we have no hopes from anything else. It will be a fatal event for me, for your brother, and for his own son. Princess Emily,¹ Mr. Pelham,² and my Lady Orford, are not among the most frightened.

Your brother, who dines here with Mr. Chute and Gray,³ has just brought me your letter of March 12th. The libel you ask about was called "Constitutional Queries;" have not you received mine of February 9th? there was some account of our present history. Adieu! I have not time to write any longer to you; but you may well expect our correspondence will thicken.

321. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 1, 1751.

How shall I begin a letter that will—that must—give you as much pain as I feel myself? I must interrupt the story of the Prince's death, to tell you of *two* more, much more important, God knows! to you and me! One I had prepared you for—but how will you be shocked to hear that our poor Mr. Whithed is dead 'as well as my brother! Whithed had had a bad cough for two months; he was going out of town to the Winchester assizes; I persuaded and sent him home from hence one morning to be blooded. However, he went in extreme bad weather. His youngest brother, the clergyman, who is the greatest brute in the world, except the elder brother, the layman, dragged him out every morning to hunt, as eagerly as if it had been to hunt heretics. One day they were overturned in a water, and then the parson made him ride forty miles; in short, he arrived at the Vine half dead, and soon grew delirious. Poor Mr. Chute was sent for to him last Wednesday, and sent back for two

¹ Princess Emily had the reversion of New-park [Richmond].—WALPOLE.

² The Auditor of the Exchequer was in the gift of Mr. Pelham, as Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury.—WALPOLE.

³ Thomas Gray, author of the 'Elegy in a Churchyard,' and other poems.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Francis Thistlethwaite, who took the name of Whithed for his uncle's estate, and, as heir to him, recovered Mr. Norton's estate, which he had left to the Parliament for the use of the poor, &c.; but the will was set aside [in 1739] for insanity.—WALPOLE. Richard Norton, of Southwick, in Hampshire, Esq. Colley Cibber dedicated his first play to him. Like his neighbour, Anthony Henley, of the Grange, Esq., he was the patron of most of the poets of his time. He died in 1732. See his will in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' vol. iii. p. 57; and see Malone's 'Dryden,' vol. i. part ii. p. 122.—CUNNINGHAM.

more physicians, but in vain; he expired on Friday night! Mr. Chute is come back half distracted, and scarce to be known again. You may easily believe that my own distress does not prevent my doing all in my power to alleviate his. Whithed, that best of hearts, had forgiven all his elder brother's beastliness, and has left him the Norton estate, the better half; the rest to the clergyman, with an annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds a year to his Florentine mistress, and six hundred pounds to their child. He has left Mr. Chute one thousand pounds, which, if forty times the sum, would not comfort him, and, little as it is, does not in the least affect or alter his concern. Indeed, he not only loses an intimate friend, but in a manner an only child; he had formed him to be one of the prettiest gentlemen in England, and had brought about a match for him, that was soon to be concluded with a Miss Nicoll,¹ an immense fortune; and I am persuaded had fixed his heart on making him his own heir, if he himself outlived his brother. With such a fortune, and with such expectations, how hard to die!—or, perhaps, how lucky, before he had tasted misfortune and mortification.

I now must mention my own misfortune. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings, the physicians and *all the family of painful death*,² (to alter Gray's phrase,) were persuaded and persuaded me, that the bark, which took great place, would save my brother's life—but he relapsed at three o'clock on Thursday, and died last night. He ordered to be drawn and executed his will with the greatest tranquillity and satisfaction on Saturday morning. His spoils are prodigious—not to his own family! indeed I think his son the most ruined young man in England. My loss, I fear, may be considerable, which is not the only motive of my concern, though, as you know, I had much to forgive, before I could regret: but indeed I do regret. It is no small addition to my concern, to fear or foresee that Houghton and all the remains of my father's glory will be pulled to pieces! The widow-Countess immediately marries—not Richecourt, but Shirley,³ and triumphs in advancing her son's ruin by enjoying her own estate, and tearing away great part of his.

¹ About the same time happened a great family quarrel. My friend Mr. Chute had engaged Miss Nicoll, a most rich heiress, to run away from her guardians, who had used her very ill; and he proposed to marry her to my nephew, Lord Orford, who refused her, though she had above 150,000*l.* I wrote a particular account [see Appendix to last volume] of the whole transaction.—*Walpole's Short Notes* (vol. i. p. lxxvii.)—CUNNINGHAM.

² Vide Gray's Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.—WALPOLE.

³ Hon. Sewallis Shirley. See vol. ii. p. 253.—CUNNINGHAM.

Now I will divert your private grief by talking to you of what is called the public. The King and Princess are grown as fond as if they had never been of different parties, or rather as people who always had been of different. She discountenances all opposition, and he *all ambition*. Prince George, who, with his two eldest brothers, is to be lodged at St. James's, is speedily to be created Prince of Wales. Ayscough, his tutor, is to be removed with her entire inclination as well as with everybody's approbation. They talk of a Regency to be established (in case of a minority) by authority of Parliament, even this session, with the Princess at the head of it. She and Dr. Lee, the only one she consults of the late cabal, very sensibly burned the late Prince's papers the moment he was dead. Lord Egmont, by seven o'clock the next morning, summoned (not very decently) the faction to his house: all was whisper! at last he hinted something of taking the Princess and her children under their protection, and something of the necessity of harmony. No answer was made to the former proposal. Somebody said, it was very likely indeed they should agree now, when the Prince could never bring it about; and so everybody went away to take care of himself. The imposthumation is supposed to have proceeded, not from his fall last year, but from a blow with a tennis-ball some years ago. The grief for the dead brother is affectedly great; the aversion to the living one as affectedly displayed. They cried about an elegy,¹ and added, "Oh, that it were but his brother!" On 'Change they said, "Oh, that it were but the butcher!"²

¹ The elegy alluded to, was probably the effusion of some Jacobite royalist. That faction could not forgive the Duke of Cumberland his excesses or successes in Scotland; and, not contented with branding the parliamentary government of the country as usurpation, indulged in frequent unfeeling and scurrilous personalities on every branch of the reigning family:

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead;
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead—
There's no more to be said.

Walpole's Memoirs of George II., i. p. 504, 4to ed.—WRIGHT.

² The Duke of Cumberland.—CUNNINGHAM.

The Houses sit, but no business will be done till after the holidays. Anstruther's affair will go on, but not with much spirit. One wants to see faces about again! Dick Lyttelton, one of the patriot officers, had collected depositions on oath against the Duke for his behaviour in Scotland, but I suppose he will now throw his papers into Hamlet's grave?

Prince George, who has a most amiable countenance, behaved excessively well on his father's death. When they told him of it, he turned pale, and laid his hand on his breast. Ayscough said, "I am afraid, Sir, you are not well!"—he replied, "I feel something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew." Prince Edward¹ is a very plain boy, with strange loose eyes, but was much the favourite. He is a sayer of things! Two men were heard lamenting the death in Leicester-fields: one said, "He has left a great many small children!"—"Ay," replied the other, "and what is worse, they belong to our parish!" But the most extraordinary reflections on his death were set forth in a sermon at Mayfair chapel.² "He had no great parts, (pray mind, this was the parson said so, not I,) but he had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices: he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people: and then his condescension was such, that he kept very bad company."

Adieu! my dear child; I have tried, you see, to blend so much public history with our private griefs, as may help to interrupt your too great attention to the calamities in the former part of my letter. You will, with the properest good-nature in the world, break the news to the poor girl, whom I pity, though I never saw. Miss Nicoll is, I am told, extremely to be pitied too; but so is everybody that knew Whithed! Bear it yourself as well as you can!

322. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, April 22, 1751.

I COULD not help, my dear child, being struck with the conclusion of your letter of the 2nd of this month, which I have just received: it mentions the gracious assurances you had received from the dead Prince—indeed, I hope you will not want them. The person³ who

¹ Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of York; died 1767.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Keith's.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ George Bubb Dodington.—WALPOLE.

conveyed them was so ridiculous as to tell your brother that himself was the most disappointed of all men, he and the Prince having settled *his* first ministry in such a manner that nothing could have defeated the plan. An admirable scheme for power in England, founded only on two persons! Some people say he was to be a duke and secretary of state. I would have him drawn like Edward V. with the coronet hanging over his head. You will be entertained with a story of Bootle:¹ his *washerwoman* came to a friend of hers in great perplexity, and said, "I don't know what to do, pray advise me; my master is gone the circuit, and left me particular orders to send him an express if the King died: but here's the Prince dead, and he said nothing about him." You would easily believe this story, if you knew what a mere law-pedant it is!

The Lord² you hint at certainly did not write the *Queries*, nor ever anything so well: he is one of the few discarded; for almost all have offered their services, and been accepted. The King asked the Princess if she had a mind for a Master of the Horse; that it must be a nobleman, and that he had objections to a particular one, Lord Middlesex. I believe she had no objection to his objections, and desired none. Bloodworth is at the head of her stables; of her ministry, Dr. Lee; all knees bow to him. The Duke of Newcastle is so charmed with him, and so sorry he never knew him before, and can't live without him! He is a grave, worthy man; as a civilian, not much versed in the world of this end of the town, but much a gentleman. He made me a visit the other day on my brother's death, and talked much of the great and good part the King had taken (who, by the way, has been taught by the Princess to talk as much of him), and that the Prince's servants could no longer oppose, if they meant to be *consistent*. I told this to Mr. Chute, who replied instantly, "Pho! he meant *subsistent*." You will not be surprised, though you will be charmed, with a new instance of our friend's disinterested generosity: so far from resenting Whithed's neglect of him, he and your brother, on finding the brute-brothers making difficulties about the child's fortune, have taken upon them to act

¹ Sir Thomas Bootle, knight, Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal, to Frederick, Prince of Wales. He died 25 December, 1753. He had lent the Prince large sums of money which were never repaid: King George III. remembering, it is said, his father's debt, promised a peerage to Sir Thomas's great nephew, Edward Bootle Wilbraham, but never made good his promise. But the promise was kept in the next reign, when in 1828 Edward Bootle Wilbraham, Esq., was created Baron Skelmersdale, of Skelmersdale in the county of Lancaster.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lord Middlesex.—WALPOLE.

as trustees for her, and to stand all risks. Did not Mr. Whithed know that Mr. Chute would act just so?

Prince George is created Prince of Wales, and his household is settled. Lord Harcourt is his governor, in the room of Lord North, to whom there was no objection but his having a glimpse of parts more than the new one, who is a creature of the Pelhams, and very fit to cipher where Stone is to figure. This latter is sub-governor, with the Bishop of Norwich [Hayter] preceptor, and Scott sub-preceptor. The Bishop is a sensible, good-humoured gentleman, and believed to be a natural son of the old Archbishop of York.¹ Lord Waldegrave, long a personal favourite of the King, who has now got a little interest at his own court, is Warden of the Stannaries, in the room of Tom Pitt; old Selwyn, treasurer; Lord Sussex,² Lord Downe,³ and Lord Robert Bertie,⁴ Lords of the Bedchamber; Peachy, a young Schutz, and Digby, grooms: but those of the House of Commons have not kissed hands yet, a difficulty being started, whether, as they are now nominated by the King, it will not vacate their seats.⁵ Potter has resigned Secretary to the Princess, and is succeeded by one Cressett,⁶ his predecessor, her chief

¹ Dr. Lancelot Blackburne.—WALPOLE. "As to the accusations of bastardy and profligacy brought against the Bishop and Archbishop, they were, probably, either the creatures of Walpole's own anxiety to draw striking characters, or the echoes of some of those slanderous murmurs which always accompany persons who rise from inferior stations to eminence. He tells us without any hesitation, that Bishop Hayter was a natural son of Archbishop Blackburne's. Now we have before us extracts from the registers of the parish of Chagford, in Devonshire, which prove that the Bishop Thomas Hayter was 'the son of George Hayter, rector of this parish, and of Grace his wife,' and that Thomas was one of a family of not fewer, we believe, than ten children."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xxvii. p. 186.—WRIGHT. Compare Walpole's 'Memoires of George II.' vol. i. p. 74, 4to ed., where the same statement is made, and letter to Mann of 11 Dec. 1752.—CUNNINGHAM.

² George Augustus Yelverton, second Earl of Sussex, died 1758.—DOVER.

³ Henry Pleydell Dawnay, third Viscount Downe in Ireland. He distinguished himself greatly in the command of a regiment at the battle of Minden; and died Dec. 9th, 1760, of the wounds he had received at the battle of Camper, Oct. 16th of that year.—DOVER.

⁴ The third son of Robert, first Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven. He died in 1782.—DOVER.

⁵ "May 3. Sense of the House taken, if the young Prince of Wales's new servants should be re-elected: it was agreed not. The act was read; but those who seemed to favour a re-election forgot to call for the warrants that appointed them servants to the Prince; by whom are they signed? if by the King, the case would not have admitted a word of dispute."—*Dodington*, p. 104.—WRIGHT.

⁶ "Her secretary, Cressett, had been hitherto her principal adviser: a cautious man, uncommonly skilful in the politics of the back-stairs, trusted by Lady Yarmouth, Munchausen, and all the German faction; giving hints and intelligence both at St. James's and at Leicester House. Yet it must be acknowledged that he acted no dishonest part, that every article of his information was perfectly innocent, and that the

favourite, and allied to the house of Hanover by a Duchess of Zell,¹ who was of a French family—not of that of Bourbon. I was going on to talk to you of the Regency; but as that measure is not complete, I shall not send away my letter till the end of next week.

My private satisfaction in my nephew of Orford is very great indeed: he has an equal temper of reason and goodness that is most engaging. His mother professes to like him as much as everybody else does, but is so much a woman that she will not hurt him at all the less. So far from contributing to retrieve his affairs, she talks to him of nothing but mob stories of his grandfather's having laid up—the Lord knows where!—three hundred thousand pounds for him; and of carrying him with her to *Italy*, that he may converse with *sensible* people! In looking over her husband's papers, among many of her intercepted *billets-doux*, I was much entertained with one, which was curious for the whole orthography, and signed *Stitara*: if Mr. Shirley was to answer it in the same romantic tone, I am persuaded he would subscribe himself *the dying Hornadatus*. The other learned Italian Countess [Lady Pomfret] is disposing of her fourth daughter, the fair Lady Juliana, to Penn, the wealthy sovereign of Pennsylvania; but the nuptials are adjourned till he recovers of a wound in his thigh, which he got by his pistol going off as he was overturned in his post-chaise. Lady Caroline Fox has a legacy of five thousand pounds from Lord Shelburne,² a distant relation, who never saw her but once, and that three weeks before his death. Two years ago Mr. Fox got the ten thousand pound prize.

May 1, 1751.

I find I must send away my letter this week, and reserve the history of the Regency for another post. The bill was to have been brought into the House of Lords to-day, but Sherlock, the Bishop of London, has raised difficulties against the limitation of the future Regent's authority, which he asserts to be repugnant to the spirit of our constitution. Lord Talbot had already determined to oppose it;

good understanding between the King and his daughter-in-law had been chiefly owing to his good office."—*Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs*, p. 29.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse. It is this *mésalliance* which prevents our Royal Family from being what is called *capitrale* in Germany. Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse was the mother of George I.'s unhappy wife.—DOVER.

² Henry Petty, Earl of Shelburne in Ireland, the last of the male descendants of Sir William Petty. Upon his death his titles extinguished; but his estates devolved on his nephew, the Hon. John Fitz Maurice, in whose favour the title of Shelburne was revived.—DOVER.

and the Pitts and Lytteltons, who are grown very mutinous on the Newcastle's not choosing Pitt for his colleague, have talked loudly against it without doors. The preparatory steps to this great event I will tell you. The old Monarch grandchildises exceedingly: the Princess, who is certainly a wise woman, and who, in a course of very difficult situations, has never made an enemy nor had a detractor, has got great sway there. The Pelhams, taking advantage of this new partiality, of the universal dread of the Duke, and of the necessity of his being administrator of Hanover, prevailed to have the Princess Regent, but with a council of nine of the chief great officers, to be continued in their posts till the majority, which is fixed for eighteen; nothing to be transacted without the assent of the greater number; and the Parliament that shall find itself existing at the King's death to subsist till the minority ceases: such restrictions must be almost as unwelcome to the Princess as the whole regulation is to the Duke. Judge of his resentment: he does not conceal it. The divisions in the Ministry are neither closed nor come to a decision. Lord Holderness arrived yesterday, exceedingly mortified at not finding himself immediate Secretary of State, for which purpose he was sent for; but Lord Halifax would not submit to have this cipher preferred to him. An expedient was proposed of flinging the American province into the Board of Trade, but, somehow or other, that has miscarried, and all is at a stand. It is known that Lord Granville is designed for President—and for what more don't you think?—he has the inclination of the King—would they be able again to persuade people to resign unless he is removed?—and will not all those who did resign with that intention endeavour to expiate that insult?

Amid all this new clash of politics Murray has had an opportunity for one or two days of making himself talked of. A month ago his brother [Lord Elibank] obtained leave, on pretence of his health, to remove him into the custody of the Serjeant-at-arms; but he refused to go thither, and abused his brother for meanness in making such submissive application. On this his confinement was straitened. Last week, my worthy cousin, Sir John Philips, moved the King's Bench for a rule to bring him thither, in order to his having his habeas corpus. He was produced there the next day; but the three Judges, on hearing he was committed by the House of Commons, acknowledged the authority, and remanded him back. There was a disposition to commit Sir John, but we have liked to be pleased with this acknowledgment of our majesty.

*Stitara*¹ [the Countess of Orford] has declared to her son that she is marrying Shirley, but ties him up strictly. I am ready to begin again with the panegyric of my nephew, but I will rather answer a melancholy letter I have just received from you. His affairs are putting into the best situation we can, and we are agitating a vast match for him, which, if it can be brought to bear, will even save your brother, whose great tenderness to mine has left him exposed to greater risks than any of the creditors. For myself, I think I shall escape tolerably, as my demands are from my father, whose debts are likely to be satisfied. My uncle Horace is indefatigable in adjusting all this confusion. Do but figure him at seventy-four, looking, not merely well for his age, but plump, ruddy, and without a wrinkle or complaint; doing everybody's business, full of politics as ever, from morning till night, and then roaming the town to conclude with a party at whist! I have no apprehensions for your demands on Dodington; but your brother, who sees him, will be best able to satisfy you on that head.

Madame de Mirepoix's brother-in-law was not Duke, but Chevalier, de Boufflers.—Here is my uncle come to drop me a bit of marriage-settlements on his road to his rubbers, so I must finish—you will not be sorry: at least I have given you some light to live upon. Adieu!

323. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 30, 1751.

IN your last of May 14th, you seem uneasy at not having heard from me in two posts. I have writ you so exactly all the details that I knew you would wish to hear, that I think my letters must have miscarried. I will mention all the dates of this year; Feb. 9th, March 14th and 21st, April 1st, and May 1st; tell me if you have received all these. I don't pretend to say anything to alleviate your concern for the late misfortunes, but will only recommend to you to harden yourself against every accident, as I endeavour to do. The mortifications and disappointments I have experienced have taught me the philosophy that dwells not merely in speculation. I choose to think about the world, as I have always found, when I most

¹ Margaret Rolle, widow of the second Earl of Orford, married at Mr. Keith's chapel in May Fair, May 25, 1751, the Hon. Sewallis Shirley, fourth son of Robert, first Earl Ferrers.—CUNNINGHAM.

wanted its comfort, it thought about me, that is, not at all. It is a disagreeable dream which must end for everybody else as well as for oneself. Some try to supply the emptiness and vanity of present life by something still more empty, fame. I choose to comfort myself, by considering that even while I am lamenting any present uneasiness it is actually passing away. I cannot feel the comfort of folly, because I am not a fool, and I scarce know any other being that is worth one's while to wish to be. All this looks as if it proceeded from a train of melancholy ideas—it does so; but misfortunes have that good in them that they teach one indifference.

If I could be mortified anew, I should be with a new disappointment. The immense and uncommon friendship of Mr. Chute had found a method of saving both my family and yours. In short, in the height of his affliction for Whithed, whom he still laments immoderately, he undertook to get Miss Nicoll, the vast fortune, a fortune of above 150,000*l.*, whom Whithed was to have had, for Lord Orford. He actually persuaded her to run away from her guardians, who used her inhumanly, and are her next heirs. How clearly he is justified, you will see, when I tell you that the man, who had eleven hundred a year for her maintenance, with which he stopped the demands of his own creditors, instead of employing it for her maintenance and education, is since gone into the Fleet. After such fair success, Lord Orford has refused to marry her; why, nobody can guess. Thus had I placed him in a greater situation than even his grandfather hoped to bequeath to him, had retrieved all the oversights of my family, had saved Houghton and all our glory!—Now, all must go!—and what shocks me infinitely more, Mr. Chute, by excess of treachery, (a story too long for a letter,) is embroiled with his own brother—the story, with many others, I believe I shall tell you in person; for I do not doubt but the disagreeable scenes which I have still to go through, will at last drive me to where I have long proposed to seek some peace.—But enough of these melancholy ideas!¹

The Regency bill has passed with more ease than could have been expected from so extraordinary a measure, and from the warmth with which it was taken up one day in the House of Commons. In the Lords there were but 12 to 106, and the former, the most inconsiderable men in that House. Lord Bath and Lord Grenville spoke vehemently for it: the former in as wild a speech, with much parts, as ever he made in his patriot days; and with as little

¹ See vol. i. p. Ixvii.—CUNNINGHAM.

modesty he lamented the scrambles that he had seen for power! In our House, Mr. Pelham had four signal mortifications: the Speaker, in a most pathetic and fine speech, Sir John Barnard, and Lord Cobham, speaking against it, and Mr. Fox, though voting for it, tearing it to pieces. Almost all the late Prince's people spoke or voted for it; most, pretending difference to the Princess, though her power is so much abridged by it. However, the consolation that resides in great majorities balanced the disagreeableness of particular oppositions. We sit, and shall sit, till towards the end of June, though with little business of importance. If there happens any ministerial struggle, which seems a little asleep at present, it will scarce happen till after the prorogation.

Adieu! my dear child; I have nothing else worth telling you at present—at least, the same things don't strike me that used to do; or what perhaps is more true, when things of consequence take one up, one can't attend to mere trifling. When I say this, you will ask me, where is my philosophy! Even where the best is: I think as coolly as I can, I don't exaggerate what is disagreeable, and I endeavour to lessen it, by undervaluing what I am inclined to think would be a happier state.

324. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 30, 1751.

MRS. BOSCAWEN¹ says I ought to write to you. I don't think so; you desired I would, if I had anything new to tell you; I have not. Lady Caroline and Miss Ashe had quarrelled about reputations before you went out of town. I suppose you would not give a straw to know all the circumstances of a Mr. Paul killing a Mr. Dalton,² though the town, who talks of anything, talks of nothing else. Mrs. French and her Jeffery are parted again. Lady Orford and Shirley married: they say she was much frightened; it could not be for fear of what other brides dread happening, but for fear it should not happen.

My evening yesterday was employed, how wisely do you think? in trying to procure for the Duchess of Portland a scarlet spider from Admiral Boscawen.³ I had just seen her collection, which is

¹ See Letter to Montagu, 28 Aug. 1752.—CUNNINGHAM.

² See 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1751, p. 234.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Admiral Edward Boscawen, fifth son of Hugh, Viscount Falmouth. He died 10 January, 1761. See p. 148.—CUNNINGHAM.

indeed magnificent, chiefly composed of the spoils of her father's, and the Arundel collections. The gems of all sorts are glorious. I was diverted with two relics of St. Charles the Martyr; one, the pearl you see in his pictures, taken out of his ear after his foolish head was off; the other, the cup out of which he took his last sacrament. They should be given to that nursery of nonsense and bigotry, Oxford.

I condole with you on your journey, am glad Miss Montagu is in better health, and am yours sincerely.

325. TO THE REV. JOSEPH SPENCE.

DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, June 3, 1751.

I HAVE translated the lines, and send them to you; but the expressive conciseness and beauty of the original, and my disuse of turning verses, made it so difficult, that I beg they may be of no other use than that of showing you how readily I complied with your request.

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.

If she but moves or looks, her step, her face,
By stealth adopt unmeditated grace.

There are twenty little literal variations that may be made, and are of no consequence, as *move* or *look*; *air* instead of *step*, and *adopts* instead of *adopt*: I don't know even whether I would not read *steal and adopt*, instead of *by stealth adopt*. But none of these changes will make the copy half so pretty as the original. But what signifies that? I am not obliged to be a poet because Tibullus was one; nor is it just now that I have discovered I am not. Adieu.

326. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, June 13, 1751.

You have told me that it is charity to write you news into Kent; but what if my news should shock you! Won't it rather be an act of cruelty to tell you, your relation, Sandwich, is immediately to be removed; and that the Duke of Bedford and all the Gowers will resign to attend him? Not quite all the Gowers, for the Earl himself keeps the privy seal and plays on at brag with Lady Catherine

Pelham, to the great satisfaction of the Staffordshire Jacobites, who lesire, at least expect, no better diversion than a division in that house. Lord Trentham does resign. Lord Hartington is to be Master of the Horse, and called up to the House of Peers. Lord Branville is to be President; if he should resent any former resignations and insist on victims, will Lord Hartington assure the menaced that they shall not be sacrificed?

I hear your friend Lord North is wedded: somebody said it is very hot weather to marry so fat a bride; George Selwyn replied, 'Oh! she was kept in ice for three days before.'

The first volume of Spenser is published with prints, designed by Kent; but the most execrable performance you ever beheld. The gravings not worse than the drawing; awkward knights, scrambling Unas, hills tumbling down themselves, no variety of prospect, and three or four perpetual spruce firs.

Our charming Mr. Bentley is doing Gray as much more honour as he deserves than Spenser. He is drawing vignettes for his Odes; what a valuable MS. I shall have! Warburton publishes his edition of Pope next week, with the famous piece of prose on Lord Hervey,¹ which he formerly suppressed at my uncle's desire; who had got an abbey from Cardinal Fleury for one Southcote, a friend of Pope's.² My Lord Hervey pretended not to thank him. I am told the edition has waited, because Warburton has cancelled above a hundred sheets (in which he had inserted notes) since the publication of the *Canons of Criticism*.³ The new history of Christina is a most wretched piece of trumpery, stuffed with foolish letters and confutations of Mademoiselle de Montpensier and Madame de Motteville. Adieu! Yours ever.

¹ The bride was Katherine, daughter and co-heir of Sir Robert Farnese, Bart., and widow of the Earl of Rockingham. She died in 1776. She was the *third* wife of Lord North.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Entitled 'A Letter to a Noble Lord, on occasion of some libels written and propagated at court, in the year 1732-3.'—WRIGHT.

³ According to Spence, the application was made by Pope to Sir Robert Walpole; but Dr. Warton states, that, "in gratitude for the favour conferred on his friend, Pope presented to Horatio Walpole, afterwards Lord Walpole, a set of his works in quarto, richly bound; which are now in the library at Wolterton."—WRIGHT. Compare Warburton's Letter to Jortin in Nichols's *Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 176. Both brothers backed the poet's application; but Horace, as minister in France, was doubtless the brother who immediately obtained what the poet asked for.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ By Thomas Edwards, and a well-known and able work. This mention of the cancels in the first edition of Warburton's *Pope* (9 vols. 8vo, 1751) is curiously confirmed by some papers I have seen in Mr. Croker's possession.—CUNNINGHAM.

327. TO SIR HORACE MANN

Arlington Street, June 18, 1751.

I SEND my letter as usual from the Secretary's office, but of what Secretary I don't know. Lord Sandwich last week received his dismissal, on which the Duke of Bedford resigned the next day, and Lord Trentham with him, both breaking with old Gower, who is entirely in the hands of the Pelhams, and made to declare his quarrel with Lord Sandwich (who gave away his daughter to Colonel Waldegrave) the foundation of detaching himself from the Bedfords. Your friend Lord Fane¹ comforts Lord Sandwich with an annuity of a thousand a-year—scarcely for his handsome behaviour to his sister! Lord Hartington is to be Master of the Horse, and Lord Albemarle groom of the stole; Lord Granville is actually Lord President, and, by all outward and visible signs, something more—in short, if he don't overshoot himself, the Pelhams have; the King's favour to him is visible, and so much credited, that all the incense is offered to him. It is believed that Impresario Holderness will succeed the Bedford in the foreign seals, and Lord Halifax in those for the plantations. If the former does, you will have ample instructions to negotiate for singers and dancers! Here is an epigram made upon his directorship:

"That secrecy will now prevail
In politics, is certain;
Since Holderness, who gets the seals,
Was bred behind the curtain."

The Admirals Rowley and Boscawen are brought into the Admiralty under Lord Anson, who is advanced to the head of the board. Seamen are tractable fishes! especially it will be Boscawen's case, whose name in Cornish signifies obstinacy, and who brings along with him a good quantity of resentment to Anson. In short, the whole present system is equally formed for duration!

Since I began my letter, Lord Holderness has kissed hands for the seals. It is said that Lord Halifax is to be made easy, by the plantations being put under the Board of Trade. Lord Granville comes into power as boisterously as ever, and dashes at everything.

¹ Lord Sandwich married Dorothy, sister of Charles, Lord Viscount Fane.—
WALPOLE.

His lieutenants already beat up for volunteers; but he disclaims all connexions with Lord Bath, who, he says, forced him upon the famous ministry of twenty-four hours, and by which he says he paid all his debts to him. This will soon grow a turbulent scene—it is not unpleasant to sit upon the beach and see it; but few people have the curiosity to step out to the sight. You, who knew England in other times, will find it difficult to conceive what an indifference reigns with regard to ministers and their squabbles. The two Miss Gunnings,¹ and a late extravagant dinner at White's, are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the two brothers [Newcastle and Pelham] and Lord Granville. These are two Irish Girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive.² I think their being two so handsome and both such perfect figures is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either; however, they can't walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away. The dinner was a folly of seven young men, who bespoke it to the utmost extent of expense: one article was a tart made of duke cherries from a hot-house; and another, that they tasted but one glass out of each bottle of champagne. The bill of fare is got into print, and with good people has produced the apprehension of another earthquake. Your friend St. Leger³ was at the head of these luxurious heroes—he is the hero of all fashion. I never saw more lashing vivacity and absurdity, with some flashes of parts. He had a cause the other day for ducking a sharper, and was going to swear:

¹ The Beauties Maria and Elizabeth, of whom we shall read so much. They were the daughters of John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Coote, in Ireland, by Bridget, daughter of Theobald Bourke, sixth Viscount Mayo. The elder was now (1751) in her eighteenth year, the younger in her seventeenth year. Maria married, 5 March, 1752, the sixth Earl of Coventry, and died, 1 October, 1760, many years before her husband; Elizabeth married first, 14 February, 1752, the sixth Duke of Hamilton; and secondly, 3 March, 1759, Colonel John Campbell, afterwards fifth Duke of Argyll, or whom she had refused the Duke of Bridgewater, the father of British Inland Navigation. The Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll (the adventurer Elizabeth Gunning, who died 20 March, 1790) was the mother of two Dukes of Hamilton and two Dukes of Argyll.—CUNNINGHAM.

² It is remarkable that this great lady [the Duchess of Hamilton] and her sister, Lady Coventry, had been originally so poor, that they had thought of being actresses; and when they were first presented to the Earl of Harrington, the Lord Lieutenant at the Castle of Dublin, Mrs. Woffington the actress lent clothes to them—*Walpole Memoirs of George III.*, vol. iii. p. 190.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The town is grown extremely thin within this week, though White's continues numerous enough with young people only, for Mr. St. Leger's vivacity, and the idea the old ones have of it, prevent the great chairs at the old Club from being filled with their proper drowsy proprietors.—*Richard Rigby to Duke of Bedford, July 2, 1751.*—CUNNINGHAM.

the judge said to him, "I see, Sir, you are very ready to take an oath." "Yes, my lord," replied St. Leger, "my father was a judge."

We have been overwhelmed with lamentable Cambridge and Oxford dirges on the Prince's death: there is but one tolerable copy; it is by a young Lord Stormont,¹ a nephew of Murray, who is much commended. You may imagine what incense is offered to Stone by the people of Christchurch: they have hooked in, too, poor Lord Harcourt, and call him *Harcourt the Wise!* his wisdom has already disgusted the young Prince; "Sir, pray hold up your head. Sir, for God's sake, turn out your toes!" Such are Mentor's precepts!

I am glad you receive my letters; as I knew I had been punctual, it mortified me that you should think me remiss. Thank you for the transcript from *Bubb de tristibus!*² I will keep your secret, though I am persuaded that a man who had composed such a funeral oration on his master and himself fully intended that its flowers should not bloom and wither in obscurity.

We have already begun to sell the pictures that had not found place at Houghton: the sale gives no great encouragement to proceed (though I fear it must come to that!); the large pictures were thrown away; the whole-length Vandykes went for a song! I am mortified now at having printed the catalogue. Gideon the Jew,³ and Blakiston⁴ the independent grocer, have been the chief

¹ David Murray, seventh Viscount Stormont, ambassador at Vienna and Paris, and president of the council. He died in 1796.—DOVER.

² A letter to Mr. Mann from Bubb Dodington on the Prince's death. It is dated June 4, and contains the following bombastic and absurd passage; which, however, proves how great were the expectations of Dodington, if the Prince had lived to succeed his father: "We have lost the delight and ornament of the age he lived in, the expectations of the public—in this light I have lost more than any subject in England, but this is light; public advantages confined to myself do not, ought not, to weigh with me. But we have lost the refuge of private distress, the balm of the afflicted heart, the shelter of the miserable against the fang of private calamity; the arts, the graces, the anguish, the misfortunes of society have lost their patron and their remedy. I have lost my protector, my companion, my friend that loved me, that condescended to hear, to communicate, and to share in all the pleasures and pains of the human heart, where the social affections and emotions of the mind only presided, without regard to the infinite disproportion of our rank and condition. This is a wound that cannot, ought not, to heal—if I pretended to fortitude here, I should be infamous, a monster of ingratitude; and unworthy of all consolation, if I was not inconsolable."—DOVER.

³ Sir Sampson Gideon, a rich Jew broker, remarkable for his slovenly dress. He died at his seat, Belvedere in Kent, 17 Oct. 1762. His son was created, in 1789, an Irish Peer by the title of Baron Eardley of Spalding. See *Letter to Bentley*, July 9, 1754, vol. ii. 395.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Blakiston had been caught in smuggling, and pardoned by Sir Robert Walpole; but continuing the practice, and being again detected, was fined five thousand pounds;

purchasers of the pictures sold already — there, if you love moralising!

Adieu! I have no more articles to-day for my literary gazette.

323. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 16, 1751.

I SHALL do little more to-day than answer your last letter of the 2nd of this month; there is no kind of news. My chief reason for writing to you is to notify a visit that you will have at Florence this summer from Mr. Conway, who is forced to go to his regiment at Minorca, but is determined to reckon Italy within his quarters. You know how particularly he is my friend; I need not recommend him to you; but you will see something very different from the staring boys that come in flocks to you new, once a-year, like woodcocks. Mr. Conway is deservedly reckoned one of the first and most rising young men in England. He has distinguished himself in the greatest style both in the Army and in Parliament. This is for you: for the Florentine ladies, there is still the finest person and the handsomest face I ever saw—no, I cannot say that all this will be quite for them; he will not think any of them so handsome as my Lady Aylesbury.

It is impossible to answer you why my Lord Orford would not marry Miss Nicoll. I don't believe there was any particular reason or attachment anywhere else; but, unfortunately for himself and for us, he is totally insensible to his situation, and talks of selling Houghton with a coolness that wants nothing but being intended for philosophy to be the greatest that ever was. Mind, it is a virtue that I envy more than I honour.

I am going into Warwickshire [to Ragley¹] to Lord Hertford, and set out this evening, and have so many things to do that you must excuse me, for I neither know what I write, nor have time to write more. Adieu!

on which he grew a violent party man, and a ringleader of the Westminster independen, electors, and died an alderman of London.—WALPOLE. Sir Matthew Blakistont alderman of Bishopsgate ward, was Lord Mayor of London in 1760-1, and died in Jermyn-street, London, 14 July, 1774.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ The seat of the Earl of Hertford, in Warwickshire.—CUNNINGHAM.

329. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Daventry, July 22, 1751.

You will wonder in what part of the county of Twicks lies this Daventry. It happens to be in Northamptonshire. My letter will scarce set out till I get to London, but I choose to give it its present date lest you should admire, that Mr. Usher of the Exchequer, the lord treasurer of pen, ink, and paper, should write with such coarse materials. I am on my way from Ragley, and if ever the waters subside and my ark rests upon dry land again, I think of stepping over to Tonghes: but your journey has filled my post-chaise's head with such terrible ideas of your roads, that I think I shall let it have done raining for a month or six weeks, which it has not done for as much time past, before I begin to grease my wheels again, and lay in a provision of French books, and tea, and blunderbusses, for my journey.

Before I tell you a word of Ragley, you must hear how busy I have been upon Grammont. You know I have long had a purpose of a new edition, with notes, and cuts of the principal beauties and heroes, if I could meet with their portraits. I have made out all the people at all remarkable, except *my Lord Janet*, whom I cannot divine unless he be *Thanet*. Well, but what will entertain you is, that I have discovered the *philosophe Whitnell*; and what do you think his real name was? Only Whetenhall! Pray do you call cousins?¹ Look in Collins's Barons, and under the article *Bedingfield* you will find that he was an *ingenious gentleman*, and *la blanche Whitnell*, *though one of the greatest beauties of the age, an excellent wife*. I am persuaded the Bedingfields crowded in these characters to take off the ridicule in Grammont; they have succeeded to a miracle. Madame de Mirepoix told me t'other day, that she had known a daughter of the Countess de Grammont, an Abbess in Lorrain, who, to the ambassadress's great scandal, was ten times more vain of the blood of Hamilton than of an equal quantity of that of Grammont. She had told her much of her sister my Lady Stafford,² whom I remember to have seen when I was a child. She

¹ A sister of Mr. Montagu's was married to Nathaniel Whetenhall, Esq.—WALPOLE.

² Claude Charlotte, Countess of Stafford, wife of Henry, Earl of Stafford, and daughter of Philibert, Count of Grammont, and Elizabeth Hamilton, his wife.—CUNNINGHAM.

used to live at Twickenham when Lady Mary Wortley and the Duke of Wharton lived there; she had more wit than both of them. What would I give to have had Strawberry Hill twenty years ago! I think any thing but twenty years. Lady Stafford used to say to her sister, "Well, child, I have come without my wit to-day;" that is, she had not taken her opium, which she was forced to do if she had any appointment, to be in particular spirits. This rage of Grammont carried me a little while ago to old Marlborough's at Wimbledon, where I had heard there was a picture of Lady Denham;¹ it is a charming one. The house you know stands in a hole, or, as the whimsical old lady said, seems to be making a curtsey. She had directed my Lord Pembroke not to make her go up any steps; "I won't go up steps;"—and so he dug a saucer to put it in, and levelled the first floor with the ground. There is a bust of Admiral Vernon, erected I suppose by Jack Spencer,² with as many lies upon it as if it was a tombstone; and a very curious old picture up-stairs, that I take to be Louis Sforza the Moor, with his nephew Galeazzo. There are other good pictures in the house, but perhaps you have seen them. As I have formerly seen Oxford and Blenheim, I did not stop till I came to Stratford-upon-Avon, the wretchedest old town I ever saw, which I intended for Shakspeare's sake to find snug, and pretty, and antique, not old. His tomb, and his wife's, and John à Combes', are in an agreeable church, with several other monuments; as one of the Earl of Totness, and another of Sir Edward Walker, the Memoirs writer. There are quantities of Cloptons, too; but the bountiful corporation have exceedingly bepainted Shakspeare and the principal personages.³

I was much struck with Ragley; the situation is magnificent; the house far beyond any thing I have seen of that bad age: for it was begun, as I found by an old letter in the library from Lord Ranelagh to Earl Conway, in the year 1680. By the way, I have had, and am to have, the rummaging of three chests of pedigrees and letters to that secretary Conway, which I have interceded for

¹ Margaret Brooke, the second wife of Sir John Denham the poet. (See Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* by Cunningham, vol. i. p. 71.) There is a fine portrait of her by Lely at Hampton Court.—CUNNINGHAM.

² See Walpole's *Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. cxxxix.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Shakspeare's tomb was repainted and bepainted in 1748. When Walpole visited Stratford, Shakspeare's own house, New Place and the Mulberry Tree were still standing. Sir Hugh Clopton, who died in the December of 1751, at the age of eighty, took pride in showing the Mulberry Tree of Shakspeare. We have unhappily no view of New Place.—CUNNINGHAM.

and saved from the flames. The prospect is as fine as one destitute of a navigated river can be, and hitherto totally unimproved; so is the house, which is but just covered in, after so many years. They have begun to inhabit the naked walls of the attic story; the great one is unfloored and unceiled; the hall is magnificent, sixty by forty, and thirty-eight high. I am going to pump Mr. Bentley for designs. The other apartments are very lofty, and in quantity, though I had suspected that this leviathan hall must have devoured half the other chambers.

The Hertfords carried me to dine at Lord Archer's,¹ an odious place. On my return, I saw Warwick, a pretty old town, small, and thinly inhabited, in the form of a cross. The castle is enchanting; the view pleased me more than I can express; the river Avon tumbles down a cascade at the foot of it. It is well laid out by one Brown,² who has set up on a few ideas of Kent and Mr. Southcote. One sees what the prevalence of taste does; little Brooke, who would have chuckled to have been born in an age of clipped hedges and cockle-shell avenues, has submitted to let his garden and park be natural. Where he has attempted gothic in the castle, he has failed; and has indulged himself in a new apartment, that is paltry. The chapel is very pretty, and smugged up with tiny pews, that look like *étuis* for the Earl and his diminutive Countess.³ I shall tell you nothing of the glorious chapel of the Beauchamps in St. Mary's church, for you know it is in Dugdale; nor how ill the fierce bears and ragged staves are succeeded by puppets and corals. As I came back another road, I saw Lord Pomfret's [Easton Neston] by Towcester, where there are a few good pictures, and many masked statues; there is an exceeding fine Cicero, which has no fault, but the head being modern. I saw a pretty lodge [Wakefield Lodge], just built by the Duke of Grafton, in Whittleberry-

¹ Umberslade, near Stratford-upon-Avon.—WALPOLE.

² Lancelot Brown [died 1783] generally called "Capability Brown," from his frequent use of that word. He rose by his merit, from a low condition, to be head gardener at Stowe; and was afterwards appointed, by George II. to the same situation at Hampton Court. Lord Chatham, who had a great regard for him, thus speaks of him, in a letter to Lady Stanhope:—"The chapter of my friend's dignity must not be omitted. He writes Lancelot Brown, Esquire, *en titre d'office*: please to consider, he shares the private hours of Majesty, dines familiarly with his neighbour of Sion, and sits down to the tables of all the House of Lords, &c. To be serious, he is deserving of the regard shown to him; for I know him, upon very long acquaintance, to be an honest man, and of sentiments much above his birth."—See Chatham 'Correspondence,' vol. iv. p. 430.—WRIGHT. Compare *Walpole to Mason*, 10 Feb., 1783.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ See vol. i. p. 154.—CUNNINGHAM.

forest; the design is Kent's, but, as was his manner, too heavy. I ran through the gardens at Stowe, which I have seen before, and had only time to be charmed with the variety of scenes. I do like that Albano glut of buildings, let them be ever so much condemned.

330. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Mistley, Aug. 31, 1751.

I AM going to answer two of your letters, without having the fear of Genoa¹ before my eyes. Your brother sent to me about this embassy the night before I came out of town, and I had not time nor opportunity to make any inquiry about it. Indeed, I am persuaded it is all a fable, some political nonsense of Richcourt. How should his brother know anything of it? or, to speak plainly, what can we bring about by a sudden negociation with the Genoese? Do but put these two things together, that we can do nothing, and the Richcourts can know nothing, and you will laugh at this pretended communication of a secret that relates to yourself from one who is ignorant of what relates to you, and who would not tell you if he did know. I have had a note from your brother since I came hither, which confirms my opinion; and I find Mr. Chute is of the same. Be at peace, my dear child: I should not be so if I thought you in the least danger.

I imagined you would have seen Mr. Conway before this time; I have already told you how different you will find him from the raw animals that you generally see. As you talk of our Beauties, I shall tell you a new story of the Gunnings, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, though neither of them, nor anything about them, have yet been *teterrima belli causa*. They went the other day to see Hampton Court; as they were going into the Beauty-room,² another company arrived; the housekeeper said, "This way, ladies; here are the Beauties." The Gunnings flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; that they came to see the palace, not to be showed as a sight themselves.

¹ Count Richcourt pretended that he had received intelligence from his brother, then minister in London, that Mr. Mann was to be sent on a secret commission to Genoa.—WALPOLE.

² The Kneller or Hampton Court Beauties of the reign of William III. The Windsor Beauties are the Lely Beauties of the reign of Charles II. Both are now (1857) at Hampton Court.—CUNNINGHAM.

I am charmed with your behaviour to the Count on the affair of the Leghorn allegiance; I don't wonder he is willing to transport you to Genoa! Your priest's epigram is strong; I suppose he had a dispensation for making a false quantity in *secunda*.

Pray tell me if you know anything of Lady Mary Wortley: we have an obscure history here of her being in durance in the Brescian, or the Bergamasco: that a young fellow whom she set out with keeping has taken it into his head to keep her close prisoner, not permitting her to write or receive any letters but what he sees: he seems determined, if her husband should die, not to lose her, as the Count [Richcourt] lost my Lady Orford.¹

Lord Rockingham told me himself of his Guercino, and seemed obliged for the trouble you had given yourself in executing the commission. I can tell you nothing farther of the pictures at Houghton; Lord Orford has been ill and given over, and is gone to Cheltenham. The affair of Miss Nicoll is blown up by the treachery of my uncle Horace and some lawyers, that I had employed at his recommendation. I have been forced to write a narrative of the whole transaction, and was with difficulty kept from publishing it. You shall see it whenever I have an opportunity. Mr. Chute, who has been still worse used than I have been, is, however, in better spirits than he was, since he got rid of all this embroil. I have brought about a reconciliation with his brother, which makes me less regard the other disappointments.

I must bid you good night, for I am at too great a distance to know any news, even if there were any in season. I shall be in town next week, and will not fail you in inquiries, though I am persuaded you will before that have found that all this Genoese mystery was without foundation. Adieu!

¹ Lord Wharncliffe, in his edition of Lady Mary's Works, vol. iii. p. 435, makes the following observations on this passage:—"Among Lady Mary's papers there is a long paper, written in Italian, not by herself, giving an account of her having been detained for some time against her will in a country-house belonging to an Italian Count, and inhabited by him and his mother. This paper seems to have been submitted to a lawyer for his opinion, or to be produced in a court of law. There is nothing else to be found in Lady Mary's papers referring in the least degree to this circumstance. It would appear, however, that some such forcible detention as is alluded to did take place, probably for some pecuniary or interested object; but, like many of Horace Walpole's stories, he took care not to let this lose anything that might give it zest, and he therefore makes the person by whom Lady Mary was detained 'a young fellow whom she set out with keeping.' Now, at the time of this transaction, Lady Mary was sixty-one years old. The reader, therefore, may judge for himself, how far such an imputation upon her is likely to be founded in truth."—WRIGHT.

381. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Oct. 8, 1751.

So you have totally forgot that I sent you the pedigree of the Crouches, as long ago as the middle of last August, and that you promised to come to Strawberry Hill in October. I shall be there some time in next week, but as my motions neither depend on resolutions nor almanacs, let me know beforehand when you intend me a visit; for though keeping an appointment is not just the thing you ever do, I suppose you know you dislike being disappointed yourself, as much as if you were the most punctual person in the world to engagements.

I came yesterday from Woburn, where I have been a week. The house is in building, and three sides of the quadrangle finished. The park is very fine, the woods glorious, and the plantations of evergreens¹ sumptuous; but upon the whole, it is rather what I admire than like—I fear that is what I am a little apt to do at the finest places in the world where there is not a navigable river. You would be charmed, as I was, with an old gallery, that is not yet destroyed. It is a bad room, powdered with little gold stars, and covered with millions of old portraits.² There are all the successions of Earls and Countesses of Bedford, and all their progenies. One countess is a whole-length drawing in the drollest dress you ever saw; and another picture of the same woman³ leaning on her hand, I believe by Cornelius Johnson, is as fine a head as ever I saw. There are many of Queen Elizabeth's worthies, the Leicesters, Essex's, and Philip Sidneys, and a very curious portrait of the last Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, who died at Padua. Have not I read somewhere that he was in love with Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary with him? He is quite in the style of the former's lovers, red-bearded, and not comely. There is Essex's friend, the Earl of Southampton; his son the Lord Treasurer; and Madame

¹ Besides building, the Duke of Bedford took a warm interest in planting. The Evergreen Drive at Woburn was planted by him with various kinds of pine and fir, selected with the assistance of Philip Miller and thinned by his own care.—*Lord John Russell's Introduction to the Correspondence of John, fourth Duke of Bedford.*—CUNNINGHAM.

² Walpole made a Catalogue of the collection for the Duke of Bedford. I have seen it, and should like to see it printed.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Lucy Harrington, Countess of Bedford; the patron of Ben Jonson, Daniel, Drayton, &c.—CUNNINGHAM.

l'Empoisonneuse,¹ that married Carr, Earl of Somerset—she is pretty. Have not you seen a copy Vertue has made of Philip and Mary? That is in this gallery too, but more curious than good. They showed me two heads, who, according to the tradition of the family, were the originals of Castalio and Polydore. They were sons to the second Earl of Bedford; and the eldest, if not both, died before their father. The eldest has vipers in his hand, and in the distant landscape appears in a maze, with these words, *Fata viam invenient*. The other has a woman behind him, sitting near the sea, with strange monsters surrounding her. I don't pretend to decipher this, nor to describe half the entertaining morsels I found here; but I can't omit, as you know I am Grammont-mad, that I found "le vieux Roussel, qui étoit le plus fier danseur d'Angleterre." The portrait is young, but has all the promise of his latter character. I am going to send them a head of a Countess of Cumberland,² sister to Castalio and Polydore, and mother of a famous Countess of Dorset,³ who afterwards married the Earl of Pembroke,⁴ of Charles the First's time. She was an authoress, and immensely rich. After the Restoration, Sir Joseph Williamson, the secretary of state, wrote to her to choose a courtier at Appleby: she sent him this answer: "I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been ill-treated by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject; your man shall not stand. Anne Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery." Adieu! If you love news a hundred years old, I think you can't have a better correspondent. For anything that passes now, I shall not think it worth knowing these fifty years.

¹ Lady Frances Howard (daughter of the Earl of Suffolk), Countess of Essex and Countess of Somerset, so deeply implicated in the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury. The best portrait of her is the Balstrode full-length now (1857) at Welbeck.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Margaret Russell, Countess of Cumberland, daughter of Francis, second Earl of Bedford, and wife of George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Ann Clifford, daughter of George, Earl of Cumberland, first married to Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset, and afterwards to Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Doubts have been thrown on the genuineness of this letter. It was first printed by Walpole (in 'The World,' of 5 April, 1753, No. 14), and afterwards inserted by him in his 'Royal and Noble Authors.' Her true signature should be, in her priority of the peerages, Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery. In the letter as printed by Walpole, the reading is *neglected*, not *ill-treated*. Sir Joseph Williamson was Secretary of State in the reign of Charles II. See p. 297.—CUNNINGHAM.

332. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1751.

It is above six weeks since I wrote to you, and I was going on to be longer, as I stayed for something to tell you; but an express that arrived yesterday brought a great event, which, though you will hear long before my letter can arrive, serves for a topic to renew our correspondence. The Prince of Orange is dead; killed by the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle. This is all I yet know. I shall go to town to-morrow for a day or two, and if I pick up any particulars before the post goes away, you shall know them. The Princess Royal¹ was established Regent some time ago; but as her husband's authority seemed extremely tottering, it is not likely that she will be able to maintain hers. Her health is extremely bad, and her temper neither ingratiating nor bending. It is become the peculiarity of the House of Orange to have minorities.

Your last letter to me of Sept. 24th, and all I have seen since your first fright, make me easy about your Genoese journey. I take no honour from the completion of my prophecy; it was sufficient to know circumstances and the trifling falsehood of Richcourt, to confirm me in my belief that that embassy was never intended. We dispose of Corsica! Alas! I believe there is but one island that we shall ever have power to give away; and that is Great Britain—and I don't know but we may exert our power.

You are exceedingly kind about Mr. Conway—but when are not you so to me and my friends? I have just received a miserable letter from him on his disappointment: he had waited for a man-of-war to embark for Leghorn; it came in the night, left its name upon a card, and was gone before he was awake in the morning, and had any notice of it. He still talks of seeing you; as the Parliament is to meet so soon, I should think he will scarce have time, though

¹ Anne, eldest daughter of George II. Walpole, in his 'Memoires,' vol. i. p. 179, describes her as being immoderately jealous and fond of her husband: "Yet," adds he, "this Mars, who was locked in the arms of this Venus, was a monster so deformed, that when the King had chosen him for his son-in-law, he could not help, in the honesty of his heart and the coarseness of his expression, telling the Princess how hideous a bridegroom she was to expect; and even gave her permission to refuse him: she replied, she would marry him if he was a baboon; 'Well, then,' said the King, 'there is baboon enough for you!'"—WRIGHT. See vol. i. p. cxxxi.—CUNNINGHAM.

I don't hear that he is sent for, or that they will have occasion to send for anybody, unless they want to make an Opposition.

We were going to have festivals and masquerades for the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, but I suppose both they and the observance of the King's birthday will be laid aside or postponed, on the death of our son-in-law. Madame de Mirepoix would not stay to preside at her own banquets, but is slipped away to retake possession of the tabouret. When the King wished her husband joy, my Lady Pembroke¹ was standing near him; she was a favourite, but has disgraced herself by marrying a Captain Barnard.² Mirepoix said, as he had no children he was indifferent to the honour of a duchy for himself, but was glad it would restore Madame to the honour she had lost by marrying him. "Oh!" replied the King, "you are of so great a family, the rank was nothing; but I can't bear when women of quality marry one don't know whom!"

Did you ever receive the questions I asked you about Lady Mary Wortley's being confined by a lover that she keeps somewhere in the Brescian? I long to know the particulars. I have lately been at Woburn, where the Duchess of Bedford borrowed for me from a niece of Lady Mary above fifty letters of the latter. They are charming! have more spirit and vivacity than you can conceive, and as much of the spirit of debauchery in them as you will conceive in her writing. They were written to her sister, the unfortunate Lady Mar,³ whom she treated so hardly while out of her senses, which she has not entirely recovered, though delivered and tended with the

¹ Mary, eldest daughter of Richard, fifth Viscount Fitzwilliam, in Ireland, formerly maid of honour to the Queen, and widow of Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the architect Earl.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The only piece of Court news is the marriage of the Countess of Pembroke to Captain Barnard of the Horse Guards; that is, who was so, for she made him sell out about a month ago. . . . Possibly your Grace may not know him; he is a studious, reserved, thinking sort of a philosopher; and as my Lord Chesterfield very well observed last night at White's, to outward appearance has nothing of the Nugent about him. He is turned of forty (a very respectable age, I allow), but not just that I should have imagined the proudest, the most self-interested, the stateliest Dame of Quality would have sacrificed all her dignity to: for I imagine no monarch that reigns over three kingdoms, and has a hunting-box in another country besides, will ever condescend to let Mrs. Barnard be of his parties of *pleasure*. My Lady Townshend, who I saw at Lady Bath's assembly last night, says more good things upon this event than my paper would hold, if my memory was good enough to remember them. She told me she had already engaged her Captain against my Lord's death, lest they should be all picked up.—*Rigby to the Duke of Bedford*, 10 Sept., 1751. Mrs. Barnard (Lady Pembroke) died in 1769.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Frances Pierpoint; married at Acton, 20 July, 1714, to the Earl of Mar (died 1732); so deeply implicated in the Rebellion of 1715. She died 4th March, 1761.—CUNNINGHAM.

greatest tenderness and affection by her daughter, Lady Margaret Erskine : they live in a house lent to them by the Duke of Bedford ; the Duchess is Lady Mary's niece.¹ Ten of the letters, indeed, are dismal lamentations and frights on a scene of villany of Lady Mary, who, having persuaded one Ruremonde, a Frenchman and her lover, to entrust her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him, frightened him out of England, by persuading him that Mr. Wortley had discovered the intrigue, and would murder him ; and then would have sunk the trust. That not succeeding, and he threatening to print her letters, she endeavoured to make Lord Mar or Lord Stair cut his throat.² Pope hints at these anecdotes of her history in that line,

"Who starves a sister or denies a debt."³

In one of her letters she says, "We all partake of father Adam's folly and knavery, who first eat the apple like a sot, and then turned informer like a scoundrel." This is character, at least, if not very delicate ; but in most of them, the wit and style are superior to any letters I ever read but Madame Sevigné's. It is very remarkable, how much better women write than men. I have now before me a volume of letters written by the widow⁴ of the beheaded Lord Russell, which are full of the most moving and expressive eloquence : I want to persuade the Duke of Bedford to let them be printed.

17th.—I have learned nothing but that the Prince of Orange died of an imposthume in his head. Lord Holderness is gone to Holland to-day—I believe rather to learn than to teach. I have received yours of Oct. 8, and don't credit a word of Birtle's⁵ information. Adieu !

¹ Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Lady Mar, and the first wife of John, Lord Gower, were daughters of Evelyn Pierpoint, Duke of Kingston.—WALPOLE.

² Upon this passage Lord Wharnccliffe observes, that "nothing whatever has been found to throw light upon the ill-treatment of Lady Mar by Lady Mary, and that accusation is supposed, by those who would probably have heard of it if true, to be without foundation." Nine out of the ten letters spoken of by Walpole, are given in his lordship's edition of Lady Mary's Works ; and, in the opinion of the Quarterly Reviewer, "they confirm, in a very extraordinary way, Horace Walpole's impressions." See vol. lviii. p. 191.—WRIGHT. The statement of Walpole is confirmed by the Correspondence, in Sept. 1728, of Atterbury with his son-in-law, Dr. Morrice.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The reading is :—"forswears a debt." In the first edition it is, "who starves a mother."—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Rachel, daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, lord treasurer. One of these letters to Dr. Tillotson, to persuade him to accept the archbishopric, has been since printed, and a fragment of another of her letters, in Birch's Life of that prelate.—WALPOLE. They have since been frequently republished.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Consul at Genoa : he had heard the report of Mr. Mann's being designed for an embassy to Genoa.—WALPOLE.

333. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 22, 1751.

As the Parliament is met, you will, of course, expect to hear something of it: the only thing to be told of it is, what I believe was never yet to be told of an English Parliament, that it is so unanimous, that we are not likely to have one division this session—nay, I think not a debate.¹ On the Address, Sir John Cotton alone said a few words against a few words of it. Yesterday, on a motion to resume the sentences against Murray, who is fled to France, only two persons objected—in short, we shall not be more a French Parliament, when we are under French government. Indeed, the two nations seem to have crossed over and figured in; one hears of nothing from Paris but gunpowder plots in the Duke of Burgundy's cradle (whom the clergy, by a *vice versá*, have converted into a Pretender,) and menaces of assassinations. Have you seen the following verses, that have been stuck up on the Louvre, the Pont-neuf, and other places?

“Deux Henris immolés par nos braves Ayeux,
L'un à la Liberté et l'autre à nos Dieux,
Nous animent, Louis, aux mêmes entreprises:
Ils revivent en Toi ces anciens Tyrans:
Crains notre desespoir: La Noblesse a des Guises,
Paris des Ravailleurs, le Clergé des Clements.”

Did you ever see more ecclesiastic fury? Don't you like their avowing the cause of Jacques Clement? and that Henry IV. was sacrificed to a plurality of gods! a frank confession! though drawn from the author by the rhyme, as Cardinal Bembo, to write classic Latin, used to say, *Deos immortales!* But what most offends me is the threat of murder: it attaints the prerogative of chopping off the heads of Kings in a legal way. We here have been still more interested about a private history that has lately happened at Paris. It seems uncertain by your accounts whether Lady Mary Wortley is in voluntary or constrained durance: it is not at all equivocal that her son and a Mr. Taaffe² have been in the latter at Fort l'Evesque

¹ “Nov. 14, Parliament opened. Lord Downe and Sir William Beauchamp Proctor moved and seconded the Address. No opposition to it.” *Dodington*, p. 114. Tindal says that this session “was, perhaps, the most unanimous ever known.”—WRIGHT.

² Theobald Taaffe, M.P. for Arundel.—CUNNINGHAM.

and the Chatelet.¹ All the letters from Paris have been very cautious of relating the circumstances. The outlines are, that these two *gentlemen*, who were pharaoh-bankers to Madame de Mirepoix, had travelled to France to exercise the same profession, where it is supposed they cheated a Jew, who would afterwards have cheated them of the money he owed, and that, to secure payment, they broke open his lodgings and bureau, and seized jewels and other effects; that he accused them; that they were taken out of their beds at two o'clock in the morning, kept in different prisons, without fire or candle, for six and thirty hours; have since been released on excessive bail; are still to be tried, may be sent to the galleys, or dismissed home, where they will be reduced to keep the best company; for I suppose nobody else will converse with them. Their separate anecdotes are curious: Wortley, you know, has been a perfect Gil Blas, and, for one of his last adventures, is thought to have added the famous Miss Ashe to the number of his wives. Taaffe is an Irishman, who changed his religion to fight a duel; as you know in Ireland a Catholic may not wear a sword. He is a gamester, usurer, adventurer, and of late has divided his attentions between the Duke of Newcastle and Madame Pompadour; travelling, with turtles and pine-apples, in post-chaises, to the latter,—flying back to the former for Lewes races—and smuggling burgundy at the same time. I shall finish their history with a *bon-mot*. The Speaker was railing at gaming and White's *apropos* to these two prisoners. Lord Coke, to whom the conversation was addressed, replied, "Sir, all I can say is, that they are both members of the House of Commons, and neither of them of White's." Monsieur de Mirepoix sent a card lately to White's, to invite all the chess-players of both *clamps*. Do but think what a genius a man must have, or, my dear child, do you consider what information you would be capable of sending to your court, if, after passing two years in a country, you had learned but the two first letters of a word, that you heard twenty times every day!

I have a bit of paper left, so I will tell you another story. A certain King, that, whatever airs you may give yourself, you are not at all like, was last week at the play. The Intriguing Chambermaid

¹ The town is much amused with the story of the disastrous adventure of our cousin Wortley Montagu, jun., and the famous Mr. Taaffe at Paris; these gentlemen are both sent to Fort l'Évêque, and from thence may possibly be transferred to the galleys for having played with a Jew at pharaoh with too much finesse. . . . poor Miss Ashe weeps, like the forsaken Ariadne, on a foreign shore.—*Mrs. Montagu to Gilbert West*, Oct 31, 1751. See also Rigby to the Duke of Bedford, 13 Aug, 1752, and this volume, p. 99.—CUNNINGHAM.

in the farce¹ says to the old gentleman, "You are villainously old; you are sixty-six; you can't have the impudence to think of living above two years." The old gentleman in the stage-box turned about in a passion, and said, "This is d—d stuff!"

Pray have you got Mr. Conway yet! Adieu!

334. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Dec. 12, 1761.

I HAVE received yours and Mr. Conway's letters, and am transported that you have met at last, and that you answer so well to one another, as I intended. I expect that you tell me more and more all that you think of him. The inclosed is for him; as he has never received one of my letters since he left England, I have exhausted all my news upon him, and for this post you must only go halves with him, who I trust is still at Florence. In your last, you mentioned Lord Stormont and commend him; pray tell me more about him. He is cried up above all the young men of the time—in truth we want recruits! Lord Bolingbroke is dead, or dying,² of a cancer, which was thought cured by a quack plaster; but it is not everybody can be cured at seventy-five, like my monstrous uncle.

What is an *uomo nero*?—neither Mr. Chute nor I can recollect the term. Though you are in the season of the *villeggiatura*, believe me, Mr. Conway will not find Florence duller than he would London: our diversions, politics, quarrels, are buried all in our Alphonso's grave!³ The only thing talked of, is a man who draws teeth with a sixpence, and puts them in again for a shilling. I believe it; not that it seems probable, but because I have long been persuaded that the most incredible discoveries will be made, and that, about the time, or a little after, I die, the secret will be found out of how to live for ever—and that secret, I believe, will not be discovered by a physician. Adieu!

P.S. I have tipped Mr. Conway's direction with French, in case it should be necessary to send it after him.

¹ The 'Intriguing Chambermaid' [by Fielding] was performed at Drury-lane on the 6th of November.—WRIGHT.

² Lord Bolingbroke died on the 15th.—WRIGHT.

³ The late Prince of Wales: it alludes to a line in 'The Mourning Bride.'—WALPOLE.

385. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

THE ST. JAMES'S EVENING POST.

Thursday, Jan. 9, 1752.

MONDAY being the Twelfth-day, his Majesty according to annual custom offered myrrh, frankincense, and a small bit of gold; and at night, in commemoration of the three *kings* or *wise men*, the King and Royal Family played at hazard for the benefit of a prince of the blood. There were above eleven thousand pounds upon the table; his most sacred Majesty won three guineas, and his Royal Highness the Duke, three thousand four hundred pounds.

On Saturday was landed at the Custom-house a large box of truffles, being a present to the Earl of Lincoln from Theobald Taaffe, Esq. who is shortly expected home from his travels in foreign parts.

To-morrow the new-born son¹ of the Earl of Egremont is to be baptised, when his Majesty, and the Earl of Granville (if he is able to stand²), and the Duchess of Somerset, are to be sponsors.

We are assured that on Tuesday last, the surprising strong woman was exhibited at the Countess of Holderness's, before a polite assembly of persons of the first quality: and some time this week, the two dwarfs will play at brag at Madame Holman's. N.B. The strong man, who was to have performed at Mrs. Nugent's, is indisposed.

There is lately arrived at the Lord Carpenter's, a curious male chimpanzee, which had had the honour of being shown before the ugliest princes in Europe, who all expressed their approbation; and we hear that he intends to offer himself a candidate to represent the city of Westminster at the next general election. Note: he wears breeches, and there is a gentlewoman to attend the ladies.

Last night the Hon. and Rev. Mr. James Brudenel was admitted a doctor of opium in the ancient university of White's, being received *ad eundem* by his grace the Rev. father in chess the Duke of Devonshire, president, and the rest of the senior fellows. At the same time the Lord Robert Bertie and Colonel Barrington were

¹ George O'Brien Wyndham, afterwards third Earl of Egremont and a great patron of English Artists. Born 1751, died 1837.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lord Granville was a great drinker.—CUNNINGHAM.

rejected, on account of some deficiency of formality in their testimonials.

Letters from Grosvenor Street mention a dreadful apparition, which has appeared for several nights at the house of the Countess Temple, which has occasioned several of her ladyship's domestics to leave her service, except the coachman, who has drove her sons and nephews for several years, and is not afraid of spectres. The coroner's inquest have brought in their verdict lunacy.

Last week the Lord Downe received at the Treasury the sum of a hundred kisses from the Auditor of the Exchequer, being the reward for shooting at a highwayman.

On Tuesday the operation of shaving was happily performed on the upper lip of her grace the Duchess of Newcastle, by a celebrated artist from Paris, sent over on purpose by the Earl of Albemarle. The performance lasted but one minute and three seconds, to the great joy of that noble family; and in consideration of his great care and expedition, his grace has settled four hundred pounds a-year upon him for life. We hear that he is to have the honour of shaving the heads of the Lady Caroline Petersham, the Duchess of Queensberry, and several other persons of quality.

By authority, on Sunday next will be opened the Romish chapel at Norfolk House; no persons will be admitted but such as are known well-wishers to the present happy establishment. Mass will begin exactly when the English liturgy is finished.

At the theatre royal in the House of Lords, 'The Royal Slave,' with 'Lethe.' At the theatre in St. Stephen's chapel, 'The Fool in Fashion.'

The Jews are desired to meet on the 20th inst. at the sign of Fort L'Evêque in Pharaoh Street, to commemorate the noble struggle made by one of their brethren¹ in support of his property.

Deserted—Miss Ashe.²

Lost—an Opposition.

To be let—an ambassador's masquerade, the gentleman going abroad.

To be sold—the whole nation.

Lately published, The Analogy of political and private quarrels, or the Art of healing family-differences by widening them; on these words, "Do evil that good may ensue;" a sermon preached before

¹ Abraham Payba, a Jew, alias James Roberts; the complainant in the charges against Montagu and Taaffe.—CUNNINGHAM.

² See vol. ii. p. 273.—CUNNINGHAM.

the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, and the rest of the society for propagating Christian charity, by William Levenson, chaplain to her R. H. the Princess Amelia; and now printed at the desire of several of the family.

For capital weaknesses, the Duke of Newcastle's true spirit of crocodiles.

Given gratis at the Turn-stile, the corner of Lincoln's-inn-fields,¹ Anodyne Stars and Garters.

336. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1752.

WE are much surprised by two letters which my Lady Aylesbury has received from Mr. Conway, to find that he had not yet heard of his new regiment. She, who is extremely reasonable, seems content that he went to Rome before he got the news, as it would have been pity to have missed such an opportunity of seeing it, and she flatters herself that he would have set out immediately for England, if he had received the express at Florence. Now you know him, you will not wonder that she is impatient; you would wonder, if you knew her, if he were not so too.

After all I have lately told you of our dead tranquillity, you will be surprised to hear of an episode of Opposition: it is merely an interlude, for at least till next year we shall have no more: you will rather think it a farce, when I tell you, that that buffoon my old uncle acted a principal part in it. And what made it more ridiculous, the title of the drama was a subsidiary treaty with Saxony.² In short, being impatient with the thought that he should die without having it written on his tomb, "Here lies *Baron Punch*," he spirited up—whom do you think?—only a Grenville! my Lord Cobham, to join with him in speaking against this treaty: both did: the latter retired after his speech; but my uncle concluded his (which was a direct answer to all he has been making all his life), with declaring, that he should yet vote *for* the treaty! You never heard such a shout and laughter as it caused. This debate was followed by as new a one in the House of Lords, where the Duke of Bedford

¹ The residence of the Duke of Newcastle.—WRIGHT.

² Mr. Pitt was so much pleased with Mr. Horatio Walpole's speech on this occasion, that he requested him to consign it to writing, and gave it as his opinion, that it contained much weighty matter, and from beginning to end breathed the spirit of a man who loved his country. See *Chatham Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 63.—WRIGHT.

took the treaty, and in the conclusion of his speech the ministry, to pieces. His friend Lord Sandwich, by a most inconceivable jumble of cunning, spoke for the treaty, against the ministry; it is supposed, lest the Duke should be thought to have countenanced the Opposition: you never heard a more lamentable performance! there was no division.¹ The next day the Tories in our House moved for a resolution against subsidiary treaties in time of peace: Mr. Pelham, with great agitation, replied to the philippics of the preceding day, and divided 180 to 52.

There has been an odd sort of codicil to these debates: Vernon,² a very inoffensive, good-humoured young fellow, who lives in the strongest intimacy with all the fashionable young men, was proposed for the Old Club at White's, into the mysteries of which, before a person is initiated, it is necessary that he should be well with the ruling powers: unluckily, Vernon has lately been at Woburn with the Duke of Bedford. The night of the ballot, of twelve persons present eight had promised him white balls, being his particular friends—however, there were six black balls!—this made great noise—his friends found it necessary to clear up their faith to him—*ten* of the twelve assured him upon their honour that they had given him white balls. I fear this will not give you too favourable an idea of the honour of the young men of the age!

Your father, who has been dying, and had tasted nothing but water for ten days, the other day called for roast beef, and is well; cured, I suppose, by this abstinence, which convinces me that intemperance had been his illness. Fasting and mortification will restore a good constitution, but not correct a bad one.

Adieu! I write you but short letters, and those, I fear, seldom; but they tell you all that is material: this is not an age to furnish volumes.

337. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 27, 1752.

GAL. tells me that your eldest brother has written you an account of your affairs, the particulars of which I was most solicitous to learn, and am now most unhappy to find no better.³ Indeed, Gal.

¹ For an account of this debate, taken by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, see *Parl. Hist.* vol. xiv. p. 1175.—WRIGHT.

² Richard Vernon, Esq. He married Lady Evelyn Leveson, widow of the Earl of Upper Ossory, and sister of Gertrude, Duchess of Bedford.—DOVER.

³ Mr. Mann's father was just dead.—WALPOLE. See vol. i. p. 274.

would have most reason to complain, if his strong friendship for you did not prevent him from thinking that nothing is hard that is in your favour: he told me himself that the conditions imposed upon him were inferior to what he always proposed to do, if the misfortune should arrive of your recall. He certainly loves you earnestly; if I were not convinced of it, I should be far from loving him so well as I do.

I write this as a sort of a letter of form on the occasion, for there is nothing worth telling you. The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry,¹ a grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the eldest, virtuously with regard to her virtue, not very honourably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago Duke Hamilton,² the very reverse of the Earl, hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the Masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house,³ which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at pharaoh at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each: he soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love, that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl; and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, why he played at all. However, two nights afterwards, being left alone with her while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impatient, that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring: the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop—at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour after twelve at night, at Mayfair chapel.⁴ The Scotch are enraged; the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect; and what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other.

¹ George-William, sixth Earl of Coventry. He died in 1809, at the age of eighty-seven.—WRIGHT.

² James, fourth Duke of Hamilton. He died in 1758.—DOVER.

³ Chesterfield House, Hyde Park; built by Isaac Ware for the witty Earl, and now (1752) just completed. Some of the columns came from Cannons (Timon's Villa). The lantern for eighteen candles came from Houghton.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ On the 14th of February.—WRIGHT.

Poor Lord Lempster has just killed an officer¹ in a duel, about a play-debt, and I fear was in the wrong. There is no end of his misfortunes and wrong-headedness!—Where is Mr. Conway?—Adieu!

338. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 23, 1752.

MR. CONWAY has been arrived this fortnight, a week sooner than we expected him; but my Lady Aylesbury forgives it! He is full of your praises, so you have not sowed your goodness in unthankful ground. By a letter I have just received from you, he finds you have missed some from him with commissions; but he will tell you about them himself. I find him much leaner, and great cracks in his beauty. Your picture is arrived, which he says is extremely like you. Mr. Chute cannot bear it; says it wants your countenance and goodness; that it looks bony and Irish. I am between both, and should know it: to be sure, there is none of your *wet-brown-paperiness* in it; but it has a look with which I have known you come out from your little room, when Richcourt has raised your ministerial French, and you have writ to England about it till you were half fuddled. *Au reste*, it is gloriously coloured—will Astley² promise to continue to do as well? or has he, like all other English painters, only laboured this to get reputation, and then intends to daub away to get money?

The year has not kept the promise of tranquillity that it made you at Christmas; there has been another parliamentary bustle. The Duke of Argyll³ has drawn the ministry into accommodating him with a notable job, under the notion of buying for the King from the mortgagees the forfeited estates in Scotland, which are to be colonised and civilised. It passed with some inconsiderable hitches through the Commons; but in the Lords last week the Duke of Bedford took it up warmly, and spoke like another Pitt.⁴ He attacked the Duke of Argyll on favouring Jacobites, and pro-

¹ Captain Gray of the Guards. The duel was fought, with swords, in Marylebone Fields. Lord Lempster took his trial at the Old Bailey in April, and was found guilty of manslaughter.—WRIGHT.

² The portrait of Sir Horace Mann by John Astley was sold at the Strawberry Hill sale, and was engraved for the edition of Walpole's Letters edited by Mr. Wright. See vol. i. p. 71 of this edition.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Archibald Campbell, Duke of Argyll, formerly Earl of Isla.—WALPOLE.

⁴ For Lord Hardwicke's notes of this speech, see Parl. Hist. vol. xiv. p. 1235.—WRIGHT.

duced some flagrant instances, which the Scotch Duke neither answered nor endeavoured to excuse, but made a strange, hurt, mysterious, contemptuous, incoherent speech, neither in defence of the bill nor in reply to the Duke of Bedford, but to my Lord Bath, who had fallen upon the ministry for assuming a dispensing power, in suffering Scotland to pay no taxes for the last five years. This speech, which formerly would have made the House of Commons take up arms, was strangely flat and unanimated, for want of his old chorus. Twelve lords divided against eighty that were for the bill. The Duke, who was present, would not vote; none of his people had attended the bill in the other House, and General Mordaunt (by his orders, as it is imagined) spoke against it. This concludes the session: the King goes to Hanover on Tuesday: he has been scattering ribands of all colours; blue ones on Prince Edward, the young Stadtholder, and the Earls of Lincoln, Winchelsea, and Cardigan: a green one on Lord Dumfries; a red on Lord Onslow.³

The world is still mad about the Gunnings: the Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great, that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there. Dr. Sacheverel never made more noise than these two beauties.

There are two wretched women that just now are as much talked of, a Miss Jefferies and a Miss Blandy; the one condemned for murdering her uncle, the other her father. Both their stories have horrid circumstances; the first, having been debauched by her uncle; the other had so tender a parent, that his whole concern while he was expiring, and knew her for his murderess, was to save her life. It is shocking to think what a shambles this country is grown! Seventeen were executed this morning, after having murdered the turnkey on Friday night, and almost forced open Newgate. One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one was going to battle.

Mr. Chute is as much yours as ever, except in the article of pen

¹ George Brudenell, fourth Earl of Cardigan, created Duke of Montagu in 1776; died in 1790.—DOVER.

² William Crichton Dalrymple, fourth Earl of Dumfries in Scotland, in right of his mother. He also became, in 1760, fourth Earl of Stair, and died in 1768.—DOVER.

³ George, third Lord Onslow; died in 1776.—DOVER.

and ink. Your brother transacts all he can for the Lucchi, as he has much more weight there' than Mr. Chute. Adieu!

339. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1752.

I now entirely credit all that my Lord Leicester and his family have said against Lady Mary Coke and her family; and am convinced that it is impossible to marry anything of the blood of Campbell, without having all her relations in arms to procure a separation immediately. Pray, what have I done? have I come home drunk to my wife within these four first days? or have I sat up gaming all night, and not come home at all to her, after her lady-mother had been persuaded that I was the soberest young nobleman in England, and had the greatest aversion to play? Have I kept my bride awake all night with railing at her father, when all the world had allowed him to be one of the bravest officers in Europe? In short, in short, I have a mind to take counsel, even of the wisest lawyer now living in matrimonial cases, my Lord Coke * * * * If, like other Norfolk husbands, I must entertain the town with a formal parting, at least it shall be in my own way: my wife shall neither run to Italy after lovers and books,¹ nor keep a dormitory in her dressing-room² at Whitehall for Westminster schoolboys, your Frederick Campbells, and such like;³ nor yet shall she reside at her mother's house, but shall absolutely set out for Strawberry Hill in two or three days, as soon as her room can be well aired; for, to give her her due, I don't think her to blame, but flatter myself she is quite contented with the easy footing we live upon; separate beds, dining in her dressing-room when she is out of humour, and a little toad-eater that I had got for her, and whose pockets and bosom I have never examined, to see if she brought any *billets-doux* from Tommy Lyttelton or any of her fellows. I shall follow her myself in less than a fortnight; and if her family don't give me any more trouble,—why, who knows but at your return you may find your daughter with qualms, and in a

¹ With the late Mr. Whithed's brothers, who scrupled paying a small legacy and annuity to his mistress and child.—WALPOLE.

² Alluding to his sister-in-law the Countess of Orford.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Like Audrey Harrison, Viscountess Townshend.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Lady Townshend, mother of Charles and George Townshend.—CUNNINGHAM.

sack? If you should happen to want to know any more particulars, she is quite well, has walked in the Park every morning, or has the chariot, as she chooses; and, in short, one would think that I or she were much older than we really are, for I grow excessively fond of her.¹

340. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 12, 1752.

You deserve no charity, for you never write but to ask it. When you are tired of yourself and the country, you think over all London, and consider who will be proper to send you an account of it. Take notice, I won't be your gazetteer; nor is my time come for being a dowager, a maker of news, a day-labourer in scandal. If you care for nobody but for what they can tell you, you must provide yourself elsewhere. The town is empty, nothing in it but flabby mackerel, and wooden gooseberry tarts, and a hazy east wind. My sister is gone to Paris; I go to Strawberry Hill in three days for the summer, if summer there will ever be any.

If you want news, you must send to Ireland, where there is almost a civil war, between the Lord Lieutenant and Primate on one side (observe, I don't tell you what *side* that is), and the Speaker on the other, who carries questions by wholesale in the House of Commons against the Castle; and the *teterrima belli causa* is not the common one.

Reams of scandalous verses and ballads are come over, too bad to send you, if I had them, but I really have not. What is more provoking for the Duke of Dorset, an address is come over directly to the King (not as usual, through the channel of the Lord Lieutenant), to assure him of their great loyalty, and apprehensions of being misrepresented. This is all I know, and you see, most imperfectly.

I was t'other night to see what is now grown the fashion, Mother Midnight's Oratory.² It appeared the lowest buffoonery in the world even to me, who am used to my uncle Horace. There is a bad

¹ All this letter refers to Ann Seymour Conway [Mrs. Damer], then three years old, who had been left with her nurse at Mr. Walpole's, during an absence of her father and mother in Ireland.—WALPOLE.

² "Among other diversions and amusements which increase upon us, the town," says the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for January, 1752, "has been lately entertained with a kind of farcical performance, called 'The Old Woman's Oratory,' conducted by Mrs. Mary Midnight and her family, intended as a banter on Henley's Oratory, and a puff for the Old Woman's Magazine."—WRIGHT.

oration to ridicule, what it is too like, Orator Henley; all the rest is perverted music: there is a man who plays so nimbly on the kettle-drum, that he has reduced that noisy instrument to an object of sight; for, if you don't see the tricks with his hands, it is no better than ordinary: another plays on a violin and trumpet together: another mimics a bagpipe with a German flute, and makes it full as disagreeable. There is an admired dulcimer, a favourite salt-box, and a really curious jew's-harp. Two or three men intend to persuade you that they play on a broomstick, which is drolly brought in, carefully shrouded in a case, so as to be mistaken for a bassoon or bass-viol; but they succeed in nothing but the action. The last fellow imitates * * * * * curtseying to a French horn. There are twenty medley overtures, and a man who speaks a prologue and epilogue, in which he counterfeits all the actors and singers upon earth: in short, I have long been convinced, that what I used to imagine the most difficult thing in the world, mimicry, is the easiest; for one has seen for these two or three years, at Foote's and the other theatres, that when they lost one mimic, they called "Odd man!" and another came and succeeded just as well.

Adieu! I have told you much more than I intended, and much more than I could conceive I had to say, except how does Miss Montagu?

P.S. Did you hear Captain Hotham's *bon-mot* on Sir Thomas Robinson's making an assembly from the top of his house to the bottom? He said, he wondered so many people would go to Sir Thomas's, as he treated them all *de haut en bas*.

341. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, May 13, 1752.

By this time you know *my way*, how much my letters grow out of season, as it grows summer. I believe it is six weeks since I wrote to you last; but there is not only the usual deadness of summer to account for my silence; England itself is no longer England. News, madness, parties, whims, and twenty other causes, that used to produce perpetual events, are at an end; Florence itself is not more inactive. Politics,

Like arts and sciences, are travelled west.

They are got into Ireland, where there is as much bustle to carry a

question in the House of Commons, as ever it was here in any year forty-one. Not that there is any opposition to the King's measures; out of three hundred members, there has never yet been a division of above twenty-eight against the government: they are much the most zealous subjects the King has. The Duke of Dorset has had the art to make them distinguish between loyalty and aversion to the Lord Lieutenant.

I last night received yours of May 5th; but I cannot deliver your expressions to Mr. Conway, for he and Lady Aylesbury are gone to his regiment in Ireland for four months, which is a little rigorous, not only after an exile in Minorca, but more especially unpleasant now, as they have just bought one of the most charming places in England, Park Place,¹ which belonged to Lady Archibald Hamilton, and then to the Prince. You have seen enough of Mr. Conway to judge how patiently he submits to his duty. Their little girl is left with me.

The Gunnings are gone to their several castles, and one hears no more of them, except that such crowds flock to see the Duchess Hamilton pass, that seven hundred people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire to see her get into her post-chaise next morning.

I saw lately at Mr. Barret's a print of Valombrosa, which I should be glad to have, if you please; though I don't think it gives much idea of the beauty of the place: but you know what a passion there is for it in England, as Milton has mentioned it.

Miss Blandy died with a coolness of courage that is astonishing, and denying the fact,² which has made a kind of party in her favour; as if a woman who would not stick at parricide, would scruple a lie! We have made a law for immediate execution on conviction of murder: it will appear extraordinary to me if it has any effect;³ for I can't help believing that the terrible part of death must be the preparation for it.

¹ Park Place, in Berkshire, near Henley-on-Thames. The first Earl of Malmesbury bought it of Conway's widow, the Countess of Aylesbury.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Miss Blandy was executed at Oxford, on the 6th of April. "I am perfectly innocent," she exclaimed, "of any intention to destroy or even hurt my dear father; so help me God in these my last moments!"—WRIGHT.

³ Smollett, on the contrary, was of opinion that the expedient had been productive of very good effects.—WRIGHT.

342. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 6, 1752.

I HAVE just been in London for two or three days, to fetch an adventure, and am returned to my hill and my castle. I can't say I lost my labour, as you shall hear. Last Sunday night, being as wet a night as you shall see in a summer's day, about half an hour after twelve, I was just come home from White's, and undressing to step into bed, I heard Harry, who you know lies forwards, roar out, "Stop thief!" and run down stairs. I ran after him. Don't be frightened; I have not lost one enamel, nor bronze, nor have been shot through the head again. A gentlewoman, who lives at Governor Pitt's,¹ next door but one to me, and where Mr. Bentley used to live, was going to bed too, and heard people breaking into Mr. Freeman's house, who, like some acquaintance of mine in Albemarle Street, goes out of town, locks up his doors, and leaves the community to watch his furniture. N.B. It was broken open but two years ago, and I and all the chairmen vow they shall steal his house away another time, before we will trouble our heads about it. Well, madam called out "watch;" two men, who were centinels, ran away, and Harry's voice after them. Down came I, and with a posse of chairmen and watchmen found the third fellow in the area of Mr. Freeman's house. Mayhap you have seen all this in the papers, little thinking who commanded the detachment. Harry fetched a blunderbuss to invite the thief up. One of the chairmen, who was drunk, cried, "Give me the blunderbuss, I'll shoot him!" But as the general's head was a little cooler, he prevented military execution, and took the prisoner without bloodshed, intending to make his triumphal entry into the metropolis of Twickenham with his captive tied to the wheels of his post-chaise. I find my style rises so much with the recollection of my victory, that I don't know how to descend to tell you that the enemy was a carpenter, and had a leather apron on. The next step was to share my glory with my friends. I despatched a courier to White's for George Selwyn, who, you know, loves nothing upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him. It happened very luckily that the drawer, who received my message, has very lately been

¹ George Morton Pitt, Esq., member for Pontefract.—WRIGHT.

robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and with a hollow trembling voice said, "Mr. Selwyn! Mr. Walpole's compliments to you, and he has got a house-breaker for you!" A squadron immediately came to reinforce me, and having summoned Moreland with the keys of the fortress, we marched into the house to search for more of the gang. Col. Seabright with his sword drawn went first, and then I, exactly the figure of Robinson Crusoe, with a candle and lanthorn in my hand, a carbine upon my shoulder, my hair wet and about my ears, and in a linen night-gown and slippers. We found the kitchen shutters forced, but not finished; and in the area a tremendous bag of tools, a hammer large enough for the hand of a Jael, and six chisels! All which *opima spolia*, as there was no temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in the neighbourhood, I was reduced to offer on the altar of Sir Thomas Clarges.

I am now, as I told you, returned to my plough with as much humility and pride as any of my great predecessors. We lead quite a rural life, have had a sheep-shearing, a hay-making, a syllabub under the cow, and a fishing of three gold fish out of Poyang,¹ for a present to Madam Clive. They breed with me excessively, and are grown to the size of small perch. Everything grows, if tempests would let it; but I have had two of my largest trees broke to-day with the wind, and another last week. I am much obliged to you for the flower you offer me, but by the description it is an Austrian rose, and I have several now in bloom. Mr. Bentley is with me, finishing the drawings for Gray's Odes; there are some mandarin-cats fishing for gold fish, which will delight you; *au reste*, he is just where he was; he has heard something about a journey to Haughton, to the great Cu of Haticuleo [the Earl of Halifax], but it don't seem fixed, unless he hears farther. Did he tell you the Prices and your aunt Cosby had dined here from Hampton Court? The mignonette beauty looks mighty well in his grandmother's jointure. The Memoires² of last year are quite finished, but I shall add some pages of notes, that will not want anecdotes.

¹ Walpole had given this Chinese name to a pond of gold-fish at Strawberry Hill. See p. 363.—CUNNINGHAM.

² About this time [1751] I began to write my 'Memoirs.' At first I only intended to write the history of one year.—*Walpole's Short Notes*. See vol. i. p. lxiii.—CUNNINGHAM. The Memoirs: do they grow? do they write, and hold up their heads, and dress themselves? Do they begin to think of making their appearance in the world, that is to say, fifty years hence to make posterity stare, and all good people cross themselves?—*Walpole to Gray. n. d.*—CUNNINGHAM.

Discontents, of the nature of those about Windsor-park, are spreading about Richmond. Lord Brooke, who has taken the late Duchess of Rutland's at Petersham, asked for a key; the answer was (mind it, for it was tolerably mortifying to an Earl), "that the Princess [Amelia] had already refused one to my Lord Chancellor [Hardwicke]."

By the way, you know that reverend head of the law is frequently shut up here [Twickenham] with my Lady Mountrath,¹ who is as rich and as tipsy as Cacafo in the comedy. What a jumble of avarice, lewdness, dignity,—and claret!

You will be pleased with a story of Lord Bury, that is come from Scotland: he is quartered at Inverness: the magistrates invited him to an entertainment with fire-works, which they intended to give on the morrow for the Duke's birth-day. He thanked them, assured them he would represent their zeal to his Royal Highness; but he did not doubt but it would be more agreeable to him, if they postponed it to the day following, the anniversary of the battle of Culloden. They stared, said they could not promise on their own authority, but would go and consult their body. They returned, told him it was unprecedented, and could not be complied with. Lord Bury replied, he was sorry they had not given a negative at once, for he had mentioned it to his soldiers, who would not bear a disappointment, and was afraid it would provoke them to some outrage upon the town. This did;—they celebrated Culloden. Adieu! My compliments to Miss Montagu.

343. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR GEORGE:

Twickenham, Thursday.

SINCE you give me leave to speak the truth, I must own it is not quite agreeable to me to undertake the commission you give me; nor do I say this to assume any merit in having obeyed you, but to prepare you against my solicitation miscarrying, for I cannot flatter myself with having so much interest with Mr. Fox as you think. However, I have wrote to him as pressingly as I could, and wish most heartily it may have any effect. Your brother I imagine will call

¹ Diana Newport, daughter of the Earl of Bradford and wife of Algernon Earl of Mountrath. She died July 14, 1766, aged 90. Twickenham Park belonged to her.—CUNNINGHAM.

upon him again; and Mr. Fox will naturally tell him whether he can do it or not at my request.

I should have been very glad of your company if it had been convenient. You would have found me an absolute country gentleman: I am in the garden, planting as long as it is light, and shall not have finished, to be in London, before the middle of next week.

My compliments to your sisters and to the Colonel; and what so poor a man as Hamlet is, may do to express his love and friending to him, God willing, shall not lack. Adieu!

344. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, June 23, 1752.

By a letter that I received from my Lady Aylesbury two days ago, I flatter myself I shall not have occasion to write to you any more; yet I shall certainly see you with less pleasure than ever, as our meeting is to be attended with a resignation of my little charge [Mr. Conway's daughter]. She is vastly well, and I think you will find her grown fat. I am husband enough to mind her beauty no longer, and perhaps you will say husband enough too, in pretending that my love is converted into friendship; but I shall tell you some stories at Park-place of her understanding that will please you, I trust, as much as they have done me.

My Lady Aylesbury says I must send her news, and the whole history of Mr. Seymour and Lady Di. Egerton, and their quarrel, and all that is said on both sides. I can easily tell her all that is said on one side, Mr. Seymour's, who says, the only answer he has ever been able to get from the Duchess [of Bridgewater] or [her husband] Mr. Lyttelton was, *that Di. has her caprices*. The reasons she gives, and gave him, were, the badness of his temper and imperiousness of his letters, that he scolded her for the overfondness of her epistles, and was even so unsentimental as to talk *of desiring to make her happy, instead of being made so by her*. He is gone abroad, in despair, and with an additional circumstance, which would be very uncomfortable to anything but a true lover; his father refuses to resettle the estate on him, the entail of which was cut off by mutual consent, to make way for the settlements on the marriage.

The Speaker told me t'other day, that he had received a letter from Lord Hyde, which confirms what Mr. Churchill writes me, the

distress and poverty of France and the greatness of their divisions. Yet the King's expenses are incredible; Madame de Pompadour is continually busied in finding out new journeys and diversions, to keep him from falling into the hands of the clergy. The last party of pleasure she made for him, was a stag-hunting; the stag was a man in a skin and horns, worried by twelve men dressed like blood-hounds! I have read of Basilowitz, a Czar of Muscovy, who improved on such a hunt, and had a man in a bearskin worried by real dogs; a more kingly entertainment!

I shall make out a sad journal of other news; yet I will be like any gazette, and scrape together all the births, deaths, and marriages in the parish. Lady Hartington and Lady Rachel Walpole are brought to bed of sons; Lord Burlington and Lord Gower have had new attacks of palsies: Lord Falkland is to marry the Southwark Lady Suffolk;¹ and Mr. Watson, Miss Grace Pelham. Lady Coventry has miscarried of one or two children, and is going on with one or two more, and is gone to France to-day. Lady Townshend and Lady Caroline Petersham have had their anniversary quarrel, and the Duchess of Devonshire has had her secular assembly, which she keeps once in fifty years: she was more delightfully vulgar at it than you can imagine; complained of the wet night, and how the men would dirty the rooms with their shoes; called out at supper to the Duke, "Good God! my lord, don't cut the ham, nobody will eat any!" and relating her private *ménage* to Mr. Obnir, she said, "When there's only my lord and I, besides a pudding, we have always a dish of roast!" I am ashamed to send you such nonsense, or to tell you how the good women at Hampton Court are scandalised at Princess Emily's coming to chapel last Sunday in riding-clothes, with a dog under her arm; but I am bid to send news: what can we do at such a dead time of year? I must conclude, as my Lady Gower did very well t'other day in a letter into the country, "Since the two Misses [Blandy and Jefferies] were hanged, and the two Misses [the Gunnings] were married, there is nothing at all talked of." Adieu! My best compliments and my wife's to your two ladies.

¹ Sarah, Duchess-dowager of Suffolk, daughter of Thomas Inwen, Esq. of Southwark.—WRIGHT. She was the junior Dowager Lady Suffolk; the *senior* was Mrs. Howard, Countess of Suffolk.—CUNNINGHAM

345. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1752.

You have threatened me with a messenger from the Secretary's office to seize my papers; who would ever have taken you for a prophet? If Goody Compton,¹ your colleague, had taken upon her to foretell, there was enough of the witch and prophetess in her person and mysteriousness to have made a superstitious person believe she might be a cousin of Nostradamus, and heiress of some of her visions; but how came you by second sight? Which of the Cues matched in the Highlands? In short, not to keep you in suspense, for I believe you are so far inspired as to be ignorant how your prophecy was to be accomplished, as we were sitting at dinner t'other day, word was brought that one of the King's messengers was at the door. Every drop of ink in my pen ran cold; Algernon Sidney danced before my eyes, and methought I heard my Lord Chief Justice Lee, in a voice as dreadful as Jefferies', mumble out, *Scribere est agere*. How comfortable it was to find that Mr. Amyand, who was at table, had ordered this appanage of his dignity to attend him here for orders! However, I have buried the Memoires² under the oak in my garden, where they are to be found a thousand years hence, and taken perhaps for a Runic history in rhyme. I have part of another valuable MS. to dispose of, which I shall beg leave to commit to your care, and desire it may be concealed behind the wainseot in Mr. Bentley's gothic house, whenever you build it. As the great person is living to whom it belonged, it would be highly dangerous to make it public: as soon as she is in disgrace, I don't know whether it will not be a good way of making court to her successor, to communicate it to the world, as I propose doing, under the following title: "The Treasury of Art and Nature, or a Collection of inestimable Receipts, stolen out of the Cabinet of Madame de Pompadour, and now first published for the use of his fair Countrywomen, by a true born Englishman and philomystic."

* * * * *

So the pretty Miss Bishop,³ instead of being my niece, is to be

¹ The Hon. George Compton, son of Lord Northampton, Mr. Montagu's colleague for Northampton.—WRIGHT.

² See vol i. p. lxxvii.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Daughter of Sir Cecil Bishop, Bart., of Parham, Sussex. See p. 161 of this volume.—CUNNINGHAM.

Mrs. Bob Brudenel. What foolish birds are turtles, when they have scarce a hole to roost in! Adieu!

346. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, July 27, 1752.

WHAT will you say to me after a silence of two months? I should be ashamed, if I were answerable for the whole world, who will do nothing worth repeating. Newspapers have horse-races, and can invent casualties, but I can't have the confidence to stuff a letter with either. The only casualty that is of dignity enough to send you, is a great fire at Lincoln's Inn, which is likely to afford new work for the lawyers, in consequence of the number of deeds and writings it has consumed. The Duke of Kingston has lost many of his: he is unlucky with fires: Thoresby, his seat, was burnt a few years ago, and in it a whole room of valuable letters and manuscripts. There has been a very considerable loss of that kind at this fire: Mr. Yorke, the Chancellor's son, had a great collection of Lord Somers's papers, many relating to the Assassination Plot; and by which, I am told, it appeared that the Duke of Marlborough was deep in the schemes of St. Germain's.

There are great civil wars in the neighbourhood of Strawberry Hill: Princess Emily, who succeeded my brother in the rangership of Richmond Park, has imitated her brother William's unpopularity, and disoblged the whole country, by refusal of tickets and liberties, that had always been allowed. They are at law with her, and have printed in the Evening Post a strong Memorial, which she had refused to receive.¹ The High Sheriff of Surrey, to whom she had denied a ticket, but on better thought had sent one, refused it, and said he had taken his part. Lord Brook, who had applied for one, was told he could not have one—and to add to the affront, it was signified, that the Princess had refused one to my Lord Chancellor—your old nobility don't understand such comparisons! But the most remarkable event happened to her about three weeks ago. One Mr. Bird, a rich gentleman near the park, was applied to by the late Queen for a piece of ground that lay convenient for a walk she was making: he replied, it was not proper for him to pretend to make a

¹ The memorial will be found in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for the year 1752. In December the park was opened by the King's order.—WRIGHT. But the Princess tried again to close certain footways in the park, and again failed.—CUNNINGHAM.

Queen a present; but if she would do what she pleased with the ground, he would be content with the acknowledgment of a key and two bucks a-year. This was religiously observed till the era of her Royal Highness's reign; the bucks were denied, and he himself once shut out, on pretence it was fence-month (the breeding time, when tickets used to be excluded, keys never). The Princess soon after was going through his grounds to town; she found a padlock on his gate: she ordered it to be broke open: Mr. Shaw, her deputy, begged a respite, till he could go for the key. He found Mr. Bird at home—"Lord, Sir! here is a strange mistake; the Princess is at the gate, and it is padlocked!" "Mistake! no mistake at all: I made the road; the ground is my own property: her Royal Highness has thought fit to break the agreement which her Royal mother made with me: nobody goes through my grounds but those I choose should." Translate this to your Florentines; try if you can make them conceive how pleasant it is to treat blood royal thus!

There are dissensions of more consequence in the same neighbourhood. The tutorhood at Kew is split into factions; the Bishop of Norwich [Hayter] and Lord Harcourt openly at war with Stone and Scott, who are supported by Cresset, and countenanced by the Princess and Murray—so my Lord Bolingbroke dead, will govern, which he never could living! It is believed that the Bishop will be banished into the rich bishopric of Durham,¹ which is just vacant—how pleasant to be punished, after teaching the boys a year, with as much as he could have got if he had taught them twenty! Will they ever expect a peaceable prelate, if untractableness is thus punished?

Your painter Astley is arrived; I have missed seeing him by being constantly at Strawberry Hill, but I intend to serve him to the utmost of my power, as you will easily believe, since he has your recommendation.

Our beauties are travelling Paris-ward: Lady Caroline Petersham and Lady Coventry are just gone thither. It will scarce be possible for the latter to make as much noise there as she and her sister have in England. It is literally true that a shoemaker at Worcester² got two guineas and a half by showing a shoe that he was making for the Countess, at a penny a-piece. I can't say her genius is equal to

¹ The see of Durham was vacant by the death of Butler, author of the 'Analogy.' He was succeeded by Trevor, Bishop of St. David's.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Croome, near Worcester, is the country seat of the Earls of Coventry.—CUNNINGHAM.

her beauty: she every day says some new *spropósito*. She has taken a turn of vast fondness for her lord: Lord Downe met them at Calais, and offered her a tent-bed, for fear of bugs in the inns. "Oh!" said she, "I had rather be bit to death, than lie one night from my dear Cov.!" I can conceive my Lady Caroline [Petersham] making a good deal of noise even at Paris; her beauty is set off by a genius for the extraordinary, and for strokes that will make a figure in any country. Mr. Churchill and my sister are just arrived from France; you know my passion for the writings of the younger Crébillon:¹ you shall hear how I have been mortified by the discovery of the greatest meanness in him; and you will judge how much one must be humbled to have one's favourite author convicted of mere mortal mercenariness! I had desired Lady Mary to lay out thirty guineas for me with Liotard, and wished, if I could, to have the portraits of Crébillon and Marivaux² for my cabinet. Mr. Churchill wrote me word that Liotard's³ price was sixteen guineas; that Marivaux was intimate with him, and would certainly sit, and that he believed he could get Crébillon to sit too. The latter, who is retired into the provinces with an English wife,⁴ was just then at Paris for a month: Mr. Churchill went to him, told him that a gentleman in England, who was making a collection of portraits of famous people, would be happy to have his, &c. Crébillon was humble, "unworthy," obliged; and sat: the picture was just finished, when, behold! he sent Mr. Churchill word, that he expected to have a copy of the picture given him—neither more nor less than asking sixteen guineas for sitting! Mr. Churchill answered

¹ See vol. i. p. 129.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux, the author of numerous plays and novels, some of which possess considerable merit. The peculiar affectation of his style occasioned the invention of the word *Marivaudage*, to express the way of writing of him and his imitators. He was born in 1688, and died in 1763.—DOVER.

³ John Stephen Liotard, known by his miniatures and by his works in crayons. The miniature of Marivaux was sold at the Strawberry Hill sale for 2*l.* 15*s.*—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ She was a Miss Strafford. The perusal of Crébillon's works inspired her with such a passion for the author, that she ran away from her friends, went to Paris, married him, and nursed and attended him with exemplary tenderness and affection to his dying day. In reference to this marriage, Lord Byron, in his 'Observations on Bowles's Strictures upon Pope,' makes the following remark:—"For my own part, I am of the opinion of Pausanias, that success in love depends upon fortune. Grimm has an observation of the same kind, on the different destinies of the younger Crébillon and Rousseau. The former writes a licentious novel, and a young English girl of some fortune runs away, and crosses the sea to marry him; while Rousseau, the most tender and passionate of lovers, is obliged to espouse his chambermaid."—WRIGHT.

that he could not tell what he should do, were it his own case, but that this was a limited commission, and he could not possibly lay out double; and was now so near his return, that he could not have time to write to England and receive an answer. Crébillon said, then he would keep the picture himself—it was excessively like. I am still *sentimental* enough to flatter myself, that a man who could beg sixteen guineas, will not give them, and so I may still have the picture.

I am going to trouble you with a commission, my dear Sir, that will not subject me to any such humiliations. You may have heard that I am always piddling about ornaments and improvements for Strawberry Hill—I am now doing a great deal to the house—stay, I don't want *Genoa damask* !¹ What I shall trouble you to buy is for the garden: there is a small recess, for which I should be glad to have an antique Roman sepulchral altar, of the kind of the pedestal to my eagle; but as it will stand out of doors, I should not desire to have it a fine one: a moderate one, I imagine, might be picked up easily at Rome at a moderate price: if you could order anybody to buy such an one, I should be much obliged to you.

We have had an article in our papers that the Empress-queen has desired the King of France to let her have Mesdames de *Craon* and de la Calmette, ladies of great *piety* and birth, to form an academy for the young Archduchesses—is there any truth in this? is the Princess to triumph thus at last over Richecourt? I should be glad. What a comical genealogy in education! the mistress and mother of twenty children to Duke Leopold, being the pious tutoress to his grand-daughters! How the old Duchess of Lorrain will shiver in her coffin at the thoughts of it? Who is La Calmette?

Adieu! my dear child! You see my spirit of justice: when I have not writ to you for two months, I punish you with a reparation of six pages!—Had not I better write one line every fortnight?

¹ Lord Cholmondeley [died 1770] borrowed great sums of money of various people, under the pretence of a quantity of Genoa damask being arrived for him, and that his banker was out of town, and he must pay for it immediately. Four persons comparing notes, produced four letters from him in a coffee-house, in the very same words.—WALPOLE.

347. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.¹*Battel, Wednesday, August 5, 1752.*

HERE we are, my dear Sir, in the middle of our pilgrimage; and lest we should never return from this holy land of abbeys and Gothic castles, I begin a letter to you, that I hope some charitable monk, when he has buried our bones, will deliver to you. We have had piteous distresses, but then we have seen glorious sights! You shall hear of each in their order.

Monday, Wind S.E.—at least that was our direction.—While they were changing our horses at Bromley, we went to see the Bishop of Rochester's palace; not for the sake of anything there was to be seen, but because there was a chimney, in which had stood a flower-pot, in which was put the counterfeit plot against Bishop Sprat.² 'Tis a paltry parsonage, with nothing of antiquity but two panes of glass, puloined from Islip's chapel in Westminster Abbey, with that abbot's rebus, an eye and a slip of a tree. In the garden there is a clear little pond, teeming with gold fish. The Bishop is more prolific than I am.

From Sevenoaks we went to Knowle. The park is sweet, with much old beech, and an immense sycamore before the great gate, that makes me more in love than ever with sycamores. The house is not near so extensive as I expected: the outward court has a beautiful decent simplicity that charms one. The apartments are many, but not large. The furniture throughout, ancient magnificence; loads of portraits, not good nor curious; ebony cabinets, embossed silver in vases, dishes, &c., embroidered beds, stiff chairs, and sweet bags lying on velvet tables, richly worked in silk and gold. There are two galleries, one very small; an old hall, and a spacious great drawing-room. There is never a good staircase. The first little room you enter has sundry portraits of the times; but they seem to have been bespoke by the yard, and drawn all by the same painter:

¹ This is the first of thirty-five letters addressed by Walpole to Bentley (between the years 1752 and 1756), only son of the celebrated commentator. (See vol. ii. p. 211). Walpole was fond of Bentley, and found him useful. Then Bentley began to borrow money, and to leave his wife at *Bachelor Strawberry*. A coldness consequently ensued, which was never made up.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Here [at Matson] is the very flower-pot and counterfeit association for which Bishop Sprat was taken up, and the Duke of Marlborough sent to the Tower.—*Walpole to Bentley, Sept. 1752.*—CUNNINGHAM.



RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Only Son of the learned Master of Trinity College, Cambridge

FROM THE ORIGINAL FORMERLY AT STRAWBERRY HILL.

one should be happy if they were authentic; for among them there is Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Gardiner of Winchester, the Earl of Surrey the poet, when a boy, and a Thomas, Duke of Norfolk; but I don't know which. The only fine picture is of Lord Goring and Endymion Porter by Vandyke. There is a good head of the Queen of Bohemia, a whole-length of Duc d'Espernon, and another good head of the Clifford, Countess of Dorset, who wrote that admirable haughty letter to Secretary Williamson, when he recommended a person to her for member for Appleby: "I have been bullied by an usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I won't be dictated to by a subject: your man shan't stand. Ann Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery."¹ In the chapel is a piece of ancient tapestry; Saint Luke in his first profession is holding an urinal. Below stairs is a chamber of poets and players, which is proper enough in that house; for the first Earl wrote a play,² and the last Earl was a poet, and I think married a player.³ Major Mohun and Betterton are curious among the latter, Cartwright and Flatman among the former. The arcade is newly enclosed, painted in fresco, and with modern glass of all the family matches. In the gallery is a whole-length of the unfortunate Earl of Surrey, with his device, a broken column, and the motto *Sat superest*. My father had one of them, but larger, and with more emblems, which the Duke of Norfolk bought at my brother's sale.⁴ There is one good head of Henry VIII., and divers of Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, the citizen who came to be Lord Treasurer, and was very near coming to be hanged.⁵ His countess, a bouncing kind of lady-mayoress, looks pure awkward amongst so much good company. A *visto* cut through the wood has a delightful effect from the front; but there are some trumpery fragments of gardens that spoil the view from the state apartments.

We lay that night at Tunbridge town, and were surprised with

¹ See vol. ii. p. 283.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The tragedy of 'Gordobuc,' acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1561, and first printed in 1565. The first three acts are by Thomas Norton, the last two by Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The last Earl, and father of the first Duke, was Charles Sackville, whose Life is included in 'Johnson's Lives of the Poets.' He did not marry a player, but he lived with Nell Gwynne.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ It is by Guillim Strete or Strote, and is now at Arundel Castle.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex [died 1645], married two wives: the first was the daughter of a London citizen; the second, the daughter of James Brett, Esq., and half sister of Mary Beaumont, created Countess of Buckingham. To this last alliance, Lord Middlesex owed his extraordinary advancement.—WRIGHT.

the ruins of the old castle. The gateway is perfect, and the inclosure formed into a vineyard by a Mr. Hooker, to whom it belongs, and the walls spread with fruit, and the mount on which the keep stood, planted in the same way. The prospect is charming, and a breach in the wall opens below to a pretty Gothic bridge of three arches over the Medway. We honoured the man for his taste—not but that we wished the committee at Strawberry Hill were to sit upon it, and stick cypresses among the hollows—But, alas! he sometimes makes eighteen sour hogsheads, and is going to disrobe “the ivy-mantled tower,” because it harbours birds!

Now begins our chapter of woes. The inn was full of farmers and tobacco; and the next morning, when we were bound for Penshurst, the only man in the town who had two horses would not let us have them, because the roads, as he said, were so bad. We were forced to send to the Wells for others, which did not arrive till half the day was spent—we all the while up to the head and ears in a market of sheep and oxen. A mile from the town we climbed up a hill to see Summer Hill,¹ the residence of Grammont's Princess of Babylon.² There is now scarce a road to it: the Paladins of those times were too valorous to fear breaking their necks; and I much apprehend that *la Monseray* and the fair Mademoiselle Hamilton³ must have mounted their palfreys and rode behind their gentlemen-ushers upon pillions to the Wells. The house is little better than a farm, but has been an excellent one, and is entire, though out of repair. I have drawn the front⁴ of it to show you, which you are to draw over again to show me. It stands high, commands a vast landscape beautifully wooded, and has quantities of large old trees to shelter itself, some of which might be well spared to open views.

¹ “May 29, 1652. We went to see the house of my Lord Clanrickard, at Summer Hill, near Tunbridge (now given to that villain Bradshaw, who condemned the King). 'Tis situated on an eminent hill, with a park, but has nothing else extraordinary.”—*Evelyn's Diary*.—WRIGHT.

² Lady Margaret Macarthy, daughter and heiress of the Marquis of Clanricarde, wife of Charles, Lord Muskerry.—WRIGHT.—“I poked out Summer Hill for the sake of the Babylonienne in Grammont; but it is now a mere farmhouse.”—*Walpole to Conway*, Aug. 21, 1778.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of the first Earl of Abercorn, and niece to the first Duke of Ormond, celebrated in the ‘*Mémoires de Grammont*’ (written by her brother, Count Anthony Hamilton,) for her beauty and accomplishments. She married Philip, Count de Grammont, by whom she had two daughters; the eldest married Henry Howard, created Earl of Stafford, and the youngest took the veil.—WRIGHT.

⁴ A rough drawing by Walpole of Summer Hill was inserted by him in his own copy of *De Grammont* (his own edition), once in my possession.—CUNNINGHAM.

From Summer Hill we went Lamberhurst to dine ; near which, that is, at the distance of three miles, up and down impracticable hills, in a most retired vale, such as Pope describes in the last *Dunciad*,

“ Where slumber abbots, purple as their vines,”

we found the ruins of Bayham Abbey, which the Barrets and Hardings bid us visit. There are small but pretty remains, and a neat little Gothic house built near them by their nephew Pratt. They have found a tomb of an abbot, with a crozier, at length on the stone.

Here our woes increase. The roads grew bad beyond all badness, the night dark beyond all darkness, our guide frightened beyond all frightfulness. However, without being at all killed, we got up, or down,—I forget which, it was so dark,—a famous precipice called Silver Hill, and about ten at night arrived at a wretched village called Rotherbridge. We had still six miles hither, but determined to stop, as it would be a pity to break our necks before we had seen all we intended. But, alas ! there was only one bed to be had : all the rest were inhabited by smugglers, whom the people of the house called mountebanks ; and with one of whom the lady of the den told Mr. Chute he might lie. We did not at all take to this society, but, armed with links and lanthorns, set out again upon this impracticable journey. At two o'clock in the morning we got hither to a still worse inn, and that crammed with excise officers, one of whom had just shot a smuggler. However, as we were neutral powers, we have passed safely through both armies hitherto, and can give you a little farther history of our wandering through these mountains, where the young gentlemen are forced to drive their curricles with a pair of oxen. The only morsel of good road we have found, was what even the natives had assured us was totally impracticable ; these were eight miles to Hurst Monceaux.¹ It is seated at the end of a large vale, five miles in a direct line to the sea, with wings of blue hills covered with wood, one of which falls down to the house in a sweep of a hundred acres. The building, for the convenience of water to the moat, sees nothing at all ; indeed it is entirely imagined on a plan of defence, with draw-bridges actually in being, round towers, watch-towers mounted on them, and battlements pierced for the passage of

¹ The ancient inheritance of Lord Daere of the South.—WRIGHT.—See a very agreeable volume entitled ‘The Castle of Hurst Monceaux and its Lords, by the Rev. Edmund Venables, 1851.’ 8vo.—CUNNINGHAM.

arrows from long bows. It was built in the time of Henry VI., and is as perfect as the first day. It does not seem to have been ever quite finished, or at least that age was not arrived at the luxury of white-wash; for almost all the walls, except in the principal chambers, are in their native *brickhood*. It is a square building, each side about two hundred feet in length; a porch and cloister, very like Eton College; and the whole is much in the same taste, the kitchen extremely so, with three vast funnels to the chimneys going up on the inside. There are two or three little courts for offices, but no magnificence of apartments. It is scarcely furnished with a few necessary beds and chairs: one side has been sashed, and a drawing-room and dining-room and two or three rooms wainscoted by the Earl of Sussex, who married a natural daughter of Charles II. Their arms with delightful carvings by Gibbons, particularly two pheasants, hang over the chimneys. Over the great drawing-room chimney is the coat-armour of the first Leonard, Lord Daere, with all his alliances. Mr. Chute was transported, and called cousin with ten thousand quarterings.¹ The chapel is small, and mean: the Virgin and seven long lean saints, ill done, remain in the windows. There have been four more, but seem to have been removed for light; and we actually found St. Catherine, and another gentlewoman with a church in her hand, exiled into the buttery. There remain two odd cavities, with very small wooden screens on each side the altar, which seem to have been confessionals. The outside is a mixture of grey brick and stone, that has a very venerable appearance. The draw-bridges are romantic to a degree; and there is a dungeon, that gives one a delightful idea of living in the days of soccage and under such goodly tenures. They showed us a dismal chamber which they called *Drummer's-hall*, and suppose that Mr. Addison's comedy is descended from it. In the windows of the gallery over the cloisters, which leads all round to the apartments, is the device of the Fienneses, a wolf holding a baton with a scroll, *Le roy le veut*—an unlucky motto, as I shall tell you presently, to the last peer of that line. The estate is two thousand a year, and so compact as to have but seventeen houses upon it. We walked up a brave old avenue to the church, with ships sailing on our left hand the whole way. Before the altar lies a lank brass knight, hight William Fienis, chevalier, who obiit c.c.c.v. that is in 14,05. By

¹ Chaloner Chute, Esq., of the Vine, married Catherine, daughter of Richard, Lord Daere.—WRIGHT.

the altar is a beautiful tomb, all in our trefoil taste, varied into a thousand little canopies and patterns, and two knights reposing on their backs. These were Thomas, Lord Dacre, and his only son Gregory [Thomas] who died sans issue.¹ An old grey-headed beadsman of the family talked to us of a blot in the scutcheon; and we had observed that the field of the arms was green instead of blue, and the lions ramping to the right, contrary to order. This and the man's imperfect narrative let us into the circumstances of the personage before us; for there is no inscription. He went in a Chevy-chase style to hunt in a *Mr. Pelham's*² park at Lawton: the keepers opposed, a fray ensued, a man was killed. The haughty baron took the death upon himself, as most secure of pardon; but however, though there was no Chancellor of the Exchequer in the question, he was condemned to be hanged: *Le roy le vouloit*.³

Now you are fully master of Hurst Monceaux, I shall carry you on to Battel.—By the way, we bring you a thousand sketches, that you may show us what we have seen. Battel Abbey stands at the end of the town, exactly as Warwick Castle does of Warwick; but the house of Webster have taken due care that it should not resemble it in any thing else. A vast building, which they call the old refectory, but which I believe was the original church, is now barn, coach-house, &c. The situation is noble, above the level of abbeys: what does remain of gateways and towers is beautiful, particularly the flat side of a cloister, which is now the front of the mansion-house. A Miss of the family has clothed a fragment of a portico with cockle-shells! The grounds, and what has been a park, lie in a vile condition. In the church is the tomb of Sir Anthony Browne, Master of the Horse for life to Harry VIII.; from whose descendants the estate was purchased.⁴ The head of John Hammond, the last abbot, is still perfect in one of the windows. Mr. Chute says, "What charming things we should have done if Battel Abbey had been to be sold at Mrs. Chevenix's, as Strawberry was!" Good-night!

¹ Not correct.—CUNNINGHAM.

² At the date of this letter Mr. Pelham was prime minister.—BERRY.

³ Thomas, Lord Dacre, who was hanged at Tyburn, 1541, was the grandson (not the son) of the Lord Dacre to whom the beautiful tomb which Walpole so deservedly admires, was erected in Hurst Monceaux church, pursuant to the will of Lord Dacre, who died in 1534. See p. 401.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ It is said on the tomb of the first Lord Montacute, at Coudray in Sussex, that he built the magnificent house at Battel, of which I suppose the ruinous apartment still remaining was part.—WALPOLE.

Tunbridge, Friday.

We are returned hither, where we have established our headquarters. On our way, we had an opportunity of surveying that formidable mountain, Silver Hill, which we had floundered down in the dark: it commands a whole horizon of the richest blue prospect you ever saw. I take it to be the individual spot to which the Duke of Newcastle carries the smugglers, and, showing them Sussex and Kent, says, "All this will I give you, if you will fall down and worship me." Indeed one of them, who exceeded the tempter's warrant, hangs in chains on the very spot where they finished the life of that wretched custom-house officer whom they were two days in murdering.

This morning we have been to Penshurst—but, oh! how fallen!¹ The park seems to have never answered its character: at present it is forlorn: and instead of Sacharissa's² cypher carved on the beeches, I should sooner have expected to have found the milk-woman's score. Over the gate is an inscription, purporting the manor to have been a boon from Edward VI. to Sir William Sydney. The apartments are the grandest I have seen in any of these old palaces, but furnished in a tawdry modern taste. There are loads of portraits; but most of them seem christened by chance, like children at a foundling hospital. There is a portrait of Languet, the friend of Sir Philip Sydney; and divers of himself and all his great kindred; particularly his sister-in-law, with a vast lute, and Sacharissa, charmingly handsome. But there are really four very great curiosities, I believe as old portraits as any extant in England: they are, Fitzallen, Archbishop of Canterbury; Humphry Stafford, the first Duke of Buckingham; T. Wentworth, and John Foxle; all four with the dates of their commissions as con-

¹ "July 9, 1652. We went to see Penshurst, the Earl of Leicester's, famous once for its gardens and excellent fruit, and for the noble conversation which was wont to meet there, celebrated by that illustrious person Sir Philip Sidney, who there composed divers of his pieces. It stands in a park, is finely watered, and was now full of company, on the marriage of my old fellow-collegiate, Mr. Robert Smith, who married my Lady Dorothy Sidney [Waller's Sacharissa], widow of the Earl of Sunderland." *Evelyn's Memoirs*.—WRIGHT.

² "Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love;
His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er rise higher,
Than for a pardon that he dares admire."—*Waller*.—WRIGHT.

stables of Queenborough Castle, from whence I suppose they were brought. The last is actually receiving his investiture from Edward III. and Wentworth is in the dress of Richard III.'s time. They are really not very ill done.¹ There are six more, only heads; and we have found since we came home that Penshurst belonged for a time to that Duke of Buckingham. There are some good tombs in the church, and a very Vandal one, called *Sir Stephen of Penchester*. When we had seen Penshurst, we borrowed saddles, and, bestriding the horses of our post-chaise, set out for Hever, to visit a tomb of Sir Thomas Bullen, Earl of Wiltshire,² partly with a view to talk of it in Anna Bullen's walk at Strawberry Hill. But the measure of our woes was not full, we could not find our way, and were forced to return; and again lost ourselves in coming from Penshurst, having been directed to what they call a better road than the execrable one we had gone.

Since dinner, we have been to Lord Westmorland's at Mereworth,³ which is so perfect in a Palladian taste, that I must own it has recovered me a little from Gothic. It is better situated than I had expected from the bad reputation it bears, and has some prospect, though it is in a moat, and mightily besprinkled with small ponds. The design, you know, is taken from the Villa del Capra by Vicenza, but on a larger scale; yet, though it has cost an hundred thousand pounds, it is still only a fine villa: the finishing of in and outside has been exceedingly expensive. A wood that runs up a hill behind the house is broke like an Albano landscape, with an octagon temple and a triumphal arch; but then there are some dismal clipt hedges, and a pyramid, which by a most unnatural copulation is at once a grotto and a greenhouse. Does it not put you in mind of the proposal for your drawing a garden-seat, Chinese on one side and Gothic on the other? The chimneys, which are collected to a centre, spoil the dome of the house, and the hall is a dark well. The gallery is eighty-two feet long, hung with green velvet and pictures, among which is a fine Rembrandt and a pretty La Hire. The ceilings are painted, and there is a fine bed of silk and gold tapestry. The attic is good, and the wings extremely pretty, with porticos formed on the

¹ In Harris's History of Kent, he gives from Philpot a list of the constables of Queenborough Castle, p. 376; the last but one of whom, Sir Edward Hobby, is said to have collected all their portraits, of which number most probably were these ten.—WALPOLE.

² Father of Anne Bullen.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Built for the Honourable John Fane by Colin Campbell, and completed in 1723.—CUNNINGHAM.

style of the house. The Earl has built a new church, with a steeple which seems designed for the latitude of Cheapside, and is so tall that the poor church curtsies under it, like Mary Rich¹ in a vast high-crown hat; it has a round portico, like St. Clement's, with vast Doric pillars supporting a thin shelf. The inside is the most abominable piece of tawdriness that ever was seen, stuffed with pillars painted in imitation of verd antique, as all the sides are like Sienna marble; but the greatest absurdity is a Doric frieze, between the triglyphs of which is the Jehovah, the I. H. S. and the Dove. There is a little chapel with Nevil tombs, particularly of the first Fane, Earl of Westmorland, and of the founder of the old church, and the heart of a knight who was killed *in the wars*. On the Fane tomb is a pedigree of brass in relief, and a genealogy of virtues to answer it. There is an entire window of painted-glass arms, chiefly modern, in the chapel, and another over the high altar. The hospitality of the house was truly Gothic; for they made our postilion drunk, and he overturned us close to a water, and the bank did but just save us from being in the middle of it. Pray, whenever you travel in Kentish roads, take care of keeping your driver sober.

Rochester Sunday.

We have finished our progress sadly! Yesterday, after twenty mishaps, we got to Sissinghurst to dinner. There is a park in ruins, and a house in ten times greater ruins, built by Sir John Baker, Chancellor of the Exchequer to Queen Mary. You go through an arch of the stables to the house, the court of which is perfect and very beautiful. The Duke of Bedford has a house at Cheney's, in Buckinghamshire, which seems to have been very like it, but is more ruined. This has a good apartment, and a fine gallery, a hundred and twenty feet by eighteen, which takes up one side: the wainscot is pretty and entire; the ceiling vaulted, and painted in a light genteel grotesque. The whole is built for show; for the back of the house is nothing but lath and plaster. From thence we went to Bocton-Malherbe, where are remains of a house of the Wottons, and their tombs in the church; but the roads were so exceedingly bad that it was dark before we got thither, and still darker before we got to Maidstone: from thence we passed this morning to Leeds Castle. Never was such disappointment! There

¹ Daughter of Sir Robert Rich, and elder sister of Elizabeth Rich, Lady Lyttelton.
—BERRY.

are small remains: the moat is the only handsome object, and is quite a lake, supplied by a cascade which tumbles through a bit of a romantic grove. The Fairfaxes have fitted up a pert, bad apartment in the fore-part of the castle, and have left the only tolerable rooms for offices. They had a gleam of Gothic in their eyes, but it soon passed off into some modern windows, and some that never were ancient. The only thing that at all recompensed the fatigues we have undergone was the picture of the Duchess of Buckingham,¹ *la Ragotte*, who is mentioned in Grammont—I say us, for I trust that Mr. Chute is as true a bigot to Grammont as I am. Adieu! I hope you will be as weary with reading our history as we have been in travelling it.

Yours ever.

348. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 28, 1752.

WILL you never have done jigging at Northampton with that old harlotry Major Compton? Peggy Trevor told me, she had sent you a mandate to go thither. Shall I tell you how I found Peggy, that is, not Peggy, but her sister Muscovy? I went, found a bandage upon the knocker, an old woman and child in the hall, and a black boy at the door. Lord! thinks I, this can't be Mrs. Boscawen's.² However, Pompey let me up; above were fires blazing, and a good old gentlewoman, whose occupation easily spoke itself to be midwifery. "Dear Madam, I fancy I should not have come up."—"Las-a-day! Sir, no, I believe not; but I'll step and ask." Immediately out came old Falmouth,³ looking like an ancient fairy, who had just been uttering a malediction over a newborn prince, and told me, forsooth, that Madame Muscovy was but just brought to bed, which Peggy Trevor soon came and confirmed. I told them I would write you my adventure. I have not thanked

¹ Mary Fairfax, only daughter of General Fairfax, and wife of Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. The Fairfax and Leeds Castle portraits and papers were sold to the late J. Newington Hughes, Esq., of Maidstone and Winchester, and since his death have been scattered by public auction. The papers were purchased by Mr. Bentley, and some of them have been printed.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Charlotte Godfrey, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Colonel Godfrey, by his wife, Arabella Churchill, mistress of James II. She was married, in 1700, to Hugh Boscawen, first Viscount Falmouth—survived her husband, and died, March 22, 1754.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The Honourable George Boscawen, son of the first Viscount Falmouth, married Anne, daughter of John Morley-Trevor, of Glynd in Sussex. Mrs. Boscawen gave birth to a son, Aug. 15, 1752.—CUNNINGHAM.

you for your travels, and the violent curiosity you have given me to see Welbeck. Mr. Chute and I have been a progress too; but it was in a land you know full well, the county of Kent. I will only tell you that we broke our necks twenty times to your health, and had a distant glimpse of Hawkhurst from that Sierra Morena, Silver Hill. I have since been with Mr. Conway at Park-place, where I saw the individual Mr. Cooper, a banker, and lord of the manor of Henley, who had those two extraordinary forfeitures from the executions of the Misses Blandy and Jefferies, two fields from the former, and a malthouse from the latter. I had scarce credited the story, and was pleased to hear it confirmed by the very person: though it was not quite so remarkable as it was reported, for both forfeitures were in the same manor.

Mr. Conway has brought Lady Ailesbury from Minorca, but originally from Africa, a *Jeribo*. To be sure you know what that is; if you don't, I will tell you, and then I believe you will scarce know any better. It is a composition of a squirrel, a hare, a rat, and a monkey, which altogether looks very like a bird. In short, it is about the size of the first, with much such a head, except that the tip of the nose seems shaved off, and the remains are like a human hare-lip; the ears and its timidity are like a real hare. It has two short little feet before like a rat, but which it never uses for walking, I believe never but to hold its food. The tail is naked like a monkey's, with a tuft of hair at the end; striped black and white in rings. The two hind-legs are as long as a Grenville's, with feet more like a bird than any other animal, and upon these it hops so immensely fast and upright that at a distance you would take it for a large thrush. It lies in cotton, is brisk at night, eats wheat, and never drinks; it would, but drinking is fatal to them. Such is a *jeribo*!

Have you heard the particulars of the Speaker's quarrel with a young officer, who went to him, on his landlord refusing to give his servant the second best bed in the inn? He is a young man of eighteen hundred a year, and passionately fond of the army. The Speaker produced the Mutiny-bill to him. "Oh Sir," said the lad, "but there is another act of parliament which perhaps you don't know of." The "person of dignity," as the newspapers call him, then was so ingenious as to harangue on the dangers of a standing army. The boy broke out, "Don't tell me of your privileges: what would have become of you and your privileges in the year forty-five, if it had not been for the army—and pray, why do you fancy I would

betray my country? I have as much to lose as you have!" In short, this abominable young Hector treated the Speaker's *oracular decisions* with a familiarity that quite shocks *me* to think of!

The *Poemata-Grayo-Bentleiana*, or Gray's Odes, better illustrated than ever odes were by a Bentley, are in great forwardness, and I trust will appear this winter. I shall tell you one little anecdote about the authors, and conclude. Gray is in love to distraction with a figure of Melancholy, which Mr. Bentley has drawn for one of the Odes, and told him he must have something of his pencil: Mr. Bentley desired him to choose a subject. He chose Theodore and Honoria!—don't mention this, for we are shocked. It is loving melancholy till it is not strong enough, and he goes to dream with Horror. Good night! my compliments to Miss Montagu; did you receive my recipes?

349. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 28, N.S. 1752.

I MUST certainly make you a visit, for I have nothing to say to you. Perhaps you will think this an odd reason; but as I cannot let our intimacy drop, and no event happens here for fuel to the correspondence, if we must be silent, it shall be like a matrimonial silence, *tête-à-tête*. Don't look upon this paragraph as a thing in the air, though I dare to say you will, upon my repeating that I have any thoughts of a trip to Florence: indeed I have never quite given up that intention; and if I can possibly settle my affairs at all to my mind, I shall certainly execute my scheme towards the conclusion of this Parliament, that is, about next spring twelvemonth: I cannot bear elections; and still less, the hash of them over again in a first session. What vivacity such a reverberation may give to the blood of England, I don't know; at present it all stagnates. I am sometimes almost tempted to go and amuse myself at Paris with the bull Unigenitus. Our Beauties [the Countess of Coventry and Lady Caroline Petersham] are returned, and have done no execution. The French would not conceive that Lady Caroline Petersham ever had been handsome, nor that my Lady Coventry has much pretence to be so now. Indeed all the travelled English allow that there is a Madame de Brionne handsomer, and a finer figure. Poor Lady Coventry was under piteous disadvantages; for besides being very silly, ignorant of the world, breeding, speaking no French, and

suffered to wear neither red nor powder, she had that perpetual drawback upon her beauty; her lord, who is sillier in a wise way, as ignorant, ill-bred, and speaking very little French himself—just enough to show how ill-bred he is. The Duke de Luxemburg told him he had called up my Lady Coventry's coach; my Lord replied, "Vous avez fort bien fait." He is jealous, rude, and scrupulous; at a dinner at Sir John Bland's, before sixteen persons, he coursed his wife round the table, on suspecting she had stolen on a little red, seized her, scrubbed it off by force with a napkin, and then told her, that since she had deceived him and broke her promise, he would carry her back directly to England.¹ They were pressed to stay for the great *fête* at St. Cloud; he excused himself, "because it would make him miss a music-meeting at Worcester;" and she excused herself from the fireworks at Madame Pompadour's, "because it was her dancing-master's hour." I will tell you but one more anecdote, and I think you cannot be imperfect in your ideas of them. The Maréchale de Lowendahl was pleased with an English fan Lady Coventry had, who very civilly gave it her: my lord made her write for it again next morning, "because he had given it her before marriage, and her parting with it would make an irreparable breach," and send an old one in the room of it! She complains to everybody she meets, "How odd it is that my lord should use her so ill, when she knows he has so great a regard that he would die for her, and when he was so good as to marry her without a shilling!" Her sister's history is not unentertaining: Duke Hamilton is the abstract of Scotch pride; he and the Duchess at their own house walk in to dinner before their company, sit together at the upper end of their own table, eat off the same plate, and drink to nobody beneath the rank of Earl—would not one wonder how they could get anybody either above or below that rank to dine with them at all? I don't know whether you will not think all these very trifling histories; but for myself, I love anything that marks a character strongly.

I told you how the younger Crébillon had served me, and how angry I am; yet I must tell you a very good reply of his. His father one day in a passion with him, said, "Il y a deux choses que

¹ She [Lady Coventry] adorns herself too much, for I was near her enough to see manifestly that she had laid on a great deal of white which she did not want, and which will soon destroy both her natural complexion and her teeth. *Chesterfield to Dayrolles*, March 17, 1752. ('Mahon's *Chesterfield*,' vol. iv. p. 10.) Lord Coventry has used your friend Lady Coventry very brutally at Paris, and made her cry more than once in public. *Chesterfield to Dayrolles*, Bath, Oct. 18, 1752. ('Mahon's *Chesterfield*,' vol. iv. p. 45.)—CUNNINGHAM.

je voudrais n'avoir jamais fait, mon Catilina et vous !” He answered, “*Consolez vous, mon père, car on prétend que vous n'avez fait ni l'un ni l'autre !*” Don't think me infected with France, if I tell you more French stories ; but I know no English ones, and we every day grow nearer to the state of a French province, and talk from the capital. The old Crébillon, who admires us as much as we do them, has long had by him a tragedy called ‘*Oliver Cromwell,*’ and had thoughts of dedicating it to the Parliament of England : he little thinks how distant a cousin the present Parliament is to the Parliament he wots of. The Duke of Richelieu's son, who certainly must not pretend to declare off, like Crébillon's, (he is a boy of ten years old), was reproached for not minding his Latin : he replied, “*Eh ! mon père n'a jamais sçû le Latin, et il a eu les plus jolies femmes de France !*” My sister was exceedingly shocked with their indecorums : the night she arrived at Paris, asking for the Lord knows what utensil, the footman of the house came and showed it her himself, and everything that is related to it. Then, the footmen who brought messages to her, came into her bedchamber in person ; for they don't deliver them to your servants, in the English way. She amused me with twenty other new fashions, which I should be ashamed to set down, if a letter was at all upon a higher or wiser foot than a newspaper. Such is their having a knotting-bag made of the same stuff with every gown ; their footmen carrying their lady's own goblet wherever they dine ; the King carrying his own bread in his pocket to dinner ; the etiquette of the Queen and the Mesdames not speaking to one another cross him at table, and twenty other such nothings ; but I find myself gossiping and will have done, with only two little anecdotes that pleased me. Madame Pompadour's husband has not been permitted to keep an opera-girl, because it would too frequently occasion the reflection of his not having his wife—is not that delightful decorum ? and in that country ! The other was a most sensible trait of the King. The Count Charolois² shot a President's dogs, who lives near him : the President immediately posted to Versailles to complain : the King promised him justice ; and then sent to the Count to desire he would give him two good

¹ The infamous Duke de Fronsac.—DOVER.

² Charles de Bourbon, Count de Charolois, next brother to the Duke de Bourbon, who succeeded the Regent Duke of Orleans as prime minister of France. The Count de Charolois was a man of infamous character, and committed more than one murder. When Louis XV. pardoned him for one of these atrocities, he said to him, “*I tell you fairly, that I will also pardon any man who murders you.*”—DOVER.

dogs. The Prince picked out his two best: the King sent them to the President, with this motto on their collars, *J'appartiens au Roi!* "There," said the King, "I believe he won't shoot them now!"

Since I began my letter, I looked over my dates, and was hurt to find that *three months are gone and over* since I wrote last. I was going to begin a new apology, when your letter of Oct. 20th came in, curtsying and making apologies itself. I was charmed to find you to blame, and had a mind to grow haughty and scold you—but I won't. My dear child, we will not drop one another at last; for though we are English, we are not both in England, and need not quarrel we don't know why. We will write whenever we have anything to say; and when we have not,—why, we will be going to write. I had heard nothing of the Riccardi deaths: I still like to hear news of any of my old friends. Your brother tells me that you defend my Lord Northumberland's idea for his gallery, so I will not abuse it so much as I intended, though I must say that I am so tired with copies of the pictures he has chosen, that I would scarce hang up the originals—and then, copies by anything now living!—and at that price!—indeed *price* is no article, or rather *is* a reason for my Lord Northumberland's liking anything. They are building at Northumberland-house, at Sion, at Stansted, at Alnwick, and Warkworth Castles! they live by the etiquette of the old peerage, have Swiss porters, the Countess has her pipers—in short, they will very soon have no estate.

One hears here of writings that have appeared in print on the quarrel of the Pretender and his second son; I could like to see any such thing. Here is a bold epigram, which the Jacobites give about:—

In royal veins how blood resembling runs!
Like any George, James quarrels with his sons.
Faith! I believe, could he his crown resume,
He'd hanker for his Herenhausen, Rome.

The second is a good line; but the thought in the last is too obscurely expressed; and yet I don't believe that it was designed for precaution.

I went yesterday with your brother to see Astley's pictures: mind, I confess myself a little prejudiced, for he has drawn the whole Pigwiginhood: but he has got too much into the style of the four thousand English painters about town, and is so intolerable as to work for money, not for fame: in short, he is not such a Rubens

as in your head—but I fear, as I said, that I am prejudiced. Did I ever tell you of a picture at Woolterton of the whole family, which I call the progress of riches? there is Pigwiggin in a laced coat and waistcoat; the second son has only the waistcoat trimmed; the third is in a plain suit, and the little boy is naked. I saw a much more like picture of my uncle last night at Drury Lane in the farce; there is a tailor who is exactly my uncle in person, and my aunt in family. Good night! I wish you joy of being dis-Rich-courted: you need be in no apprehensions of his Countess; she returns to England in the spring. Adieu!

P.S. You shall see that I am honest, for though the beginning of my letter is dated Oct. 28th, the conclusion ought to be from Nov. 11th.

350. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

DEAR HARRY:

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 8, 1752.

AFTER divers mistakes and neglects of my own servants and Mr. Fox's, the Chinese pair have at last set sail for Park-place: I don't call them boar and sow, because of their being fit for his altar: I believe, when you see them, you will think it is Zicchi Micchi himself, the Chinese god of good eating and drinking, and his wife. They were to have been with you last week, but the chairmen who were to drive them to the water side, got drunk, and said, that the creatures were so wild and unruly, that they ran away and would not be managed. Do but think of their running! It puts me in mind of Mrs. Nugent's talking of just *jumping* out of a coach! I might with as much propriety talk of having all my clothes let out. My coachman is vastly struck with the goodly paunch of the boar, and says, it would fetch three pounds in his country; but he does not consider, that he is a boar with the true brown edge,¹ and has been fed with the old original wheatsheaf: I hope you will value him more highly: I dare say Mr. Cutler or Margas² would at least ask twenty guineas for him, and swear that Mrs. Dunch gave thirty for the fellow.

As you must of course write me a letter of thanks for my brawn,

¹ He means such as are painted on old china with the brown edge, and representations of wheatsheafs.—WRIGHT.

² Fashionable china-shops.—WRIGHT.

I beg you will take that opportunity of telling me very particularly how my Lady Aylesbury does, and if she is quite recovered, as I much hope. How does my sweet little wife do? Are your dragons all finished? Have the Coopers seen Miss Blandy's ghost, or have they made Mr. Cranston poison a dozen or two more private gentlewomen? Do you plant without rain as I do, in order to have your trees die, that you may have the pleasure of planting them over again with rain? Have you any Mrs. Clive that pulls down barns that intercept your prospect; or have you any Lord Radnor¹ that plants trees to intercept his own prospect, that he may cut them down again to make an alteration? There! there are as many questions as if I were your schoolmaster or your godmother! Good night!

351. TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM.²

SIR :

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 25, 1752.

WHEN I did myself the honour to apply to you last, to beg your interest with the King, that I might obtain the enjoyment of the patent for my own life, which now depends upon that of my brother,³ you told me, that if I could prevail upon my brother to consent that

¹ The last Lord Radnor of the family of Robartes, then living at Twickenham, very near Strawberry Hill.—WARBURTON. Walpole is thinking of an Epigram of Pope, printed by Warburton in b. iv. of the *Dunciad* :—

“ My Lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings :
But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite ;
And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right.
What on compulsion? and against my will
A Lord's acquaintance? let him file his Bill.”

This Epigram is assigned to Pope in the Hertford and Pomfret Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 186, and applied to Lady Ferrers.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Now first printed. The following letter (also now first printed from Mr. Bentley's collection of Walpole papers) is endorsed by Walpole. “ Mr. Fox's note to me, Nov. 23, 1752, returning the letter I intended, and did send, to Mr. Pelham.”

Mr. Fox to Horace Walpole.

DEAR HORI :

Nov. 23, 1752.

I RETURN you your very proper and genteel application to Mr. Pelham, which appears to me such, that I really think it will succeed so far at least, as that he will try it with the King. I have been in doubt whether mentioning the very little self-denial that his getting this for you would be, was right. But you do it very civilly, and I am not sure, that without considering the matter, he may not think it a great one. Adieu! I heartily wish you success. H. Fox. (See vol. i. p. lxxi).—CUNNINGHAM.

³ His elder brother, Sir Edward.—CUNNINGHAM.

his life might be changed for mine, you would willingly undertake to serve me: and you added very kindly (for which, Sir, whatever success I may have, I must always thank you) that no interest of your own should interfere with my suit. Indeed, Sir, the consideration of that would have prevented me, who am neither apt to ask, nor disposed to think that I have much title to, favours, from troubling you at first, if I had not reflected that what I begged was not so unreasonable, either from my brother's life being as good as my own, or at least if the event should happen of his death before mine, that the other large reversions attending it, would make the emolument which I must be obliged to hope to receive from it, appear of the less value to you. I do not mean, Sir, to detract from the very handsome manner in which you treated it, though I am desirous of not being thought to prefer an extravagant suit.

My reason for troubling you again, Sir, is to represent to you, how impossible it will be for me to make any advantage of the method you proposed, as I cannot undertake the necessary steps. As the patent now stands, it is for my brother's life, but far the greater profits are given to me. If he dies, the whole drops: if I die first, the whole falls to him.¹ What, therefore, I must have asked of him would be, not only to risk upon my life what he now enjoys for his own, but to resign his chance of the great benefit which he would reap from my death: in short, I must ask him to run all the risk instead of me. This, Sir, would be difficult to ask of any brother or any friend; unreasonable, I am afraid, to ask of one who has a large family; and impracticable, I am very sure, to obtain from one who, though I believe he loves me very well, I have no reason to think prefers me to himself.

You will excuse my stating the case thus plainly, Sir, which, after long consideration, I think myself obliged to do, lest you should suppose that I have neglected to make advantage of your kindness to me. I hope you see that it is out of my power to obtain the previous conditions. If without them, you will be so good as to serve me by adding my life, a request which I again make to you, there is nobody will be more pleased to be,

SIR,

Your much obliged and most obedient Servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.²

¹ Sir Edward died first; and Horace lost £1400 a-year by his death.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Dec. 3, 1752. I went to Mr. Pelham. He told me he had read my letter, and

352. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

White's, December 3, 1752.

I SHALL be much obliged to you for the passion-flower, notwithstanding it comes out of a garden of Eden, from which Eve, my sister-in-law, long ago gathered passion-fruit. I thank you too for the offer of your Roman correspondences; but you know I have done with virtù, and deal only with the Goths and Vandals.

You ask a very improper person, why my Lord Harcourt¹ resigned. My Lord Coventry says it is the present great arcanum of government, and you know I am quite out of the circle of secrets. The town says, that it was finding Stone is a Jacobite; and it says, too, that the Whigs are very uneasy. My Lord Egremont says the Whigs can't be in danger, for then my Lord Hartington would not be gone a hunting. Everybody is as impatient as you can be, to know the real cause, but I don't find that either Lord or Bishop is disposed to let the world into the true secret. It is pretty certain that one Mr. Cresset has abused both of them without ceremony, and that the Solicitor-general told the Bishop [of Norwich] in plain terms, that my Lord Harcourt was a cipher, and was put in to be a cipher: an employment that, considering it is a sinecure, seems to hang unusually long upon their hands. They have so lately quarrelled with poor Lord Holderness for playing at blindman's-buff at Tunbridge, that it will be difficult to give him another place only because he is fit to play at blindman's-buff; and yet it is much believed that he will be the governor, and your cousin his successor. I am as improper to tell you why the governor of Nova Scotia is to be at the head of the Independents. I have long thought him one of the greatest dependents, and I assure you I have seen nothing since

should have been very glad if I could have prevailed upon my brother to have consented to the alteration of the patent; as it would have been only changing a life, not adding a new one. I said, I believed he knew enough of my brother to know that was impossible. He said, he had understood that was over. That as to asking a reversion, that was what he had never done, and what the King did not love to grant. That if he did ask it, the King would probably mention what I have already for my life: however, if I desired it, he would mention it to the King, though he did not believe it would succeed. I replied, he knew best, and took my leave.—

WALPOLE. (*Now first printed.*)

¹ Simon, first Earl Harcourt, grandson of the Lord Chancellor. The office he resigned was that of tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III.—CUNNINGHAM.

his return, to make me change my opinion. He is too busy in the bedchamber to remember me.

Mr. Fox said nothing about your brother; if the offer was ill-designed from one quarter, I think you may make the refusal of it have its weight in another.

It would be odd to conclude a letter from White's without a *bon mot* of George Selwyn's; he came in here t'other night, and saw James Jeffries playing at piquet with Sir Everard Falkener,¹ "Oh!" says he, "now he is robbing the mail." Good night! when do you come back?

353. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 11, 1752, N.S.

I DON'T know whether I may not begin a new chapter of revolutions: if one may trust prognosticators, the foundations of a revolution in earnest are laying. However, as I am only a simple correspondent, and no almanack-maker, I shall be content with telling you facts, and not conjectures—at least, if I do tell you conjectures, they shall not be my own. Did not I give you a hint in the summer of some storms gathering in the tutorhood? They have broke out; indeed there wanted nothing to the explosion but the King's arrival, for the instant he came, it was pretty plain that he was prepared for the grievances he was to hear—not very impartially it seems, for he would not speak to Lord Harcourt. In about three days he did, and saw him afterwards alone in his closet. What the conversation was, I can't tell you: one should think not very explicit, for in a day or two afterwards it was thought proper to send the Archbishop and Chancellor to hear his lordship's complaints; but on receiving a message that they would wait on him by the King's orders, he prevented the visit by going directly to the Chancellor; and on hearing their commission, Lord Harcourt, after very civil speeches of regard to their persons, said, he must desire to be excused, for what he had to say was of a nature that made it improper to be said to anybody but the King. You may easily imagine that this is interpreted to allude to a higher person than the mean people who have offended Lord Harcourt and the Bishop of Norwich. Great pains were taken to detach the former from the latter; "My dear Harcourt, we love you, we wish to make you easy; but the Bishop

¹ Sir Everard Falkener (i. 83, 346) was joint Post-Master General.—CUNNINGHAM.

must go." I don't tell you these were the Duke of Newcastle's words; but if I did, would they be unlike him? Lord Harcourt fired, and replied with spirit, "What! do you think to do me a favour by offering me to stay? know, it is I that will not act with such fellows as Stone, and Cresset, and Scott: if they are kept, I will quit; and if the Bishop is dismissed, I will quit too." After a few days, he had his audience and resigned. It is said, that he frequently repeated, "Stone is a Jacobite," and that the other person who made up the *tête-à-tête* cried, "Pray, my lord! pray, my lord!"—and would not hear upon that subject. The next day the Archbishop went to the King, and begged to know whether the Bishop of Norwich might have leave to bring his own resignation, or whether his Majesty would receive it from him, the Archbishop. The latter was chosen, and the Bishop¹ was refused an audience.

You will now naturally ask me what the quarrel was: and that is the most difficult point to tell you; for though the world expects to see some narrative, nothing has yet appeared, nor I believe will, though both sides have threatened. The Princess says, the Bishop taught the boys nothing; he says, he never was suffered to teach them any thing. The first occasion of uneasiness was the Bishop's finding the Prince of Wales reading the *Revolutions of England*, written by Père d'Orléans to vindicate James II. and approved by that Prince. Stone at first peremptorily denied having seen that book these thirty years, and offered to rest his whole justification upon the truth or falsehood of this story. However, it is now confessed that the Prince was reading that book, but it is qualified with Prince Edward's borrowing it of Lady Augusta. Scott, the under preceptor, put in by Lord Bolingbroke, and of no very orthodox odour, was another complaint. Cresset, the link of the connection, has dealt in no very civil epithets, for besides calling Lord Harcourt a groom, he qualified the Bishop with bastard and atheist² particularly to one of the Princess's chaplains, who, begging to be excused from hearing such language against a prelate of the church, and not prevailing, has drawn up a narrative, sent it to the Bishop, and offered to swear to it. For Lord Harcourt, besides being treated

¹ "The Bishop of Norwich, who was a prelate of profound learning, and conscientiously zealous for the mental improvement of his pupil, disgusted the young Prince by his dry and pedantic manners, and offended the Princess, his mother, by persevering in the discipline which he deemed necessary to remedy the gross neglect of her son's education."—*Coxe's Pelham*, vol. ii. p. 236.—WRIGHT.

² See note at p. 250.—CUNNINGHAM.

with considerable contempt by the Princess, he is not uninformed of the light in which he was intended to stand, by an amazing piece of imprudence of the last, but not the most inconsiderable performer in this drama, the Solicitor-general, Murray—pray, what part has his brother, Lord Dunbar, acted in the late squabbles in the Pretender's family? Murray, early in the quarrel, went officiously to the Bishop, and told him Mr. Stone ought to have more consideration in the family: the Bishop was surprised, and got rid of the topic as well as he could. The visit and opinion were repeated: the Bishop said, he believed Mr. Stone had all the regard shown to him that was due; that Lord Harcourt, who was the chief person, was generally present. Murray interrupted him, "Pho! Lord Harcourt! he is a cipher, and must be a cipher, and was put in to be a cipher." Do you think after this declaration, that the employment will be very agreeable? Every body but Lord Harcourt understood it before; but at least the cipherism was not notified in form. Lord Lincoln, the intimate friend of that lord, was so friendly as to turn his back upon him as he came out of the closet—and yet Lord Harcourt and the Bishop have not at all lessened their characters by any part of their behaviour in this transaction. What will astonish you is the universal aversion that has broke out against Stone: and what heightens the disgusts is the intention there has been of making Dr. Johnson, the new Bishop of Gloucester, preceptor. He was Master of Westminster School, of Stone's and Murray's year, and is certainly of their principles—to be sure, that is Whig—but the Whigs don't seem to think so. As yet no successors are named; the Duke of Leeds,¹ Lord Cardigan, Lord Waldegrave, Lord Hertford, Lord Bathurst, and Lord Ashburnham² are talked of for governor. The two first are said to have refused; the third dreads it; the next I hope will not have it; the Princess is inclined to the fifth; and the last I believe eagerly wishes for it. Within this day or two another is named, which leads me to tell you another interlude in our politics. This is poor Lord Holderness—to make room in the secretary's office for Lord Halifax. Holderness has been in disgrace from the first minute of the King's return: besides not being spoken to, he is made to wait at the closet-door with the bag in his hand, while the Duke of Newcastle is within; though the constant etiquette has been

¹ Thomas Osborne, fourth Duke of Leeds. He died in 1789.—DOVER.

² John, second Earl of Ashburnham. He died at a great age, April 8th, 1812.—DOVER.

for both Secretaries of State to go in together, or to go in immediately, if one came after the other. I knew of this disgrace; but not being quite so able a politician as Lord Lincoln, at least having an inclination to *great* men in misfortune, I went the other morning to visit the afflicted. I found him alone: he said, "You are very good to visit anybody in my situation." This lamentable tone had like to have made me laugh; however, I kept my countenance, and asked what he meant? he said, "Have not you heard how the world abuses me only for playing at blindman's-buff in a private room at Tunbridge?" Oh! this was too much! I laughed out. I do assure you, this account of his misfortune was not given particularly to me: nay, to some he goes so far as to say, "Let them go to the office, and look over my letters, and see if I am behindhand!" To be sure, when he has done his book, it is very hard he may not play!—My dear Sir, I don't know what apologies a *Père d'Orléans* must make for our present history! it is too ridiculous!

The preceptor is as much in suspense as the governor. The Whigs clamour so much against Johnson, that they are regarded,—at least for a time. Keene,¹ Bishop of Chester, and brother of your brother minister, has been talked of. He is a man that will not prejudice his fortune by any ill-placed scruples. My father gave him a living of seven hundred pounds a year to marry one of his natural daughters: he took the living; and my father dying soon after, he dispensed with himself from taking the wife, but was so generous as to give her very near one year's income of the living. He then was the Duke of Newcastle's tool at Cambridge, which university he has half turned Jacobite, by cramming down new ordinances to carry measures of that Duke; and being rewarded with the bishopric, he was at dinner at the Bishop of Lincoln's when he received the nomination. He immediately rose from the table, took his host into another room, and begged he would propose him to a certain great fortune, to whom he had never spoke, but for whom he now thought himself

¹ Dr. Edmund Keene, Bishop of Chester, 1752—1771; and Bishop of Ely from 1771, till his death in 1781.

"Here lies Edmund Keene, the Bishop of Chester,
Who ate a fat goose, and could not digest her."—*Gray*.

"Bishop Keene wrote to me the other day to know if I knew anything of a whole length of my father, that was to be sold by auction, and if I had any objection to his buying it. Was this folly? or is it repentance, and he wants a memento to remind him that he cheated my father's daughter of a living and of marriage?"—*Walpole to Mason, March 11, 1776.*—CUNNINGHAM.

a proper match.' Don't you think he would make a very proper preceptor? Among other candidates, they talk of Dr. Hales,² the old philosopher, a poor good primitive creature, whom I call the Santon Barsisa; do you remember the hermit in the Persian tales, who after living in the odour of sanctity for above ninety years, was tempted to be naught with the King's daughter, who had been sent to his cell for a cure? Santon Hales but two years ago accepted the post of Clerk of the Closet to the Princess [of Wales], after literally leading the life of a studious anchorite till past seventy. If he does accept the preceptorship, I don't doubt but by the time the present clamours are appeased, the wick of his old life will be snuffed out, and they will put Johnson in his socket. Good night! I shall carry this letter to town to-morrow, and perhaps keep it back a few days, till I am able to send you this history complete.

Arlington Street, Dec. 17.

Well! at last we shall have a governor: after meeting with divers refusals, they have forced Lord Waldegrave³ to take it; and he kisses hands to-morrow. He has all the time declared that nothing but the King's earnest desire should make him accept it—and so they made the King earnestly desire it! Dr. Thomas, the Bishop of Peterborough, I believe, is to be the tutor—I know nothing of him: he had lain by for many years, after having read prayers to the present King when he lived at Leicester House, which his Majesty remembered, and two years ago popped him into a bishopric.

There is an odd sort of manifesto arrived from Prussia, which does not make us in better humour at St. James's. It stops the

¹ In May of this year, Dr. Keene married [Mary] the only daughter of Lancelot Andrews, Esq., of Edmonton, formerly an eminent linendraper in Cheapside, a lady of considerable fortune.—WRIGHT.

² Dr. Stephen Hales, rector of Teddington, near Twickenham, died 1761. The monument to him in Westminster Abbey was erected by the widow of Frederick, Prince of Wales. But his best monument is in Pope:—

"Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)

From honest Mahomet, or plain parson Hale."—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Walpole, in his Memoires, gives the following account of Lord Waldegrave's appointment: "The Earl accepted it at the earnest request of the King, and after repeated assurances of the submission and tractability of Stone. The Earl was averse to it. He was a man of pleasure, understood the court, was firm in the King's favour, easy in his circumstances, and at once undesirous of rising, and afraid to fall. He said to a friend, 'If I dared, I would make this excuse to the King—*Sir, I am too young to govern, and too old to be governed*.' but he was forced to submit. A man of stricter honour and of more reasonable sense could not have been selected for the employment." Vol. i. p. 255.—WRIGHT.

payment of the interest on the Silesian loan, till satisfaction is made for some Prussian captures during the war. The omnipotence of the present ministry does not reach to Berlin! Adieu! All the world are gone to their several Christmases, as I should do, if I could have got my workmen out of Strawberry Hill; but they don't work at all by the scale of my impatience.

354. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 14, 1753.

I HAVE been going to write to you every post for these three weeks, and could not bring myself to begin a letter with, "I have nothing to tell you." But it grows past a joke; we will not drop our correspondence because there is no war, no politics, no parties, no madness, and no scandal. In the memory of England there never was so inanimate an age: it is more fashionable to go to church than to either House of Parliament. Even the æra of the Gunnings is over: both sisters have lain in, and have scarce made one paragraph in the newspapers, though their names were grown so renowned, that in Ireland the beggarwomen bless you with, "The luck of the Gunnings attend you!"

You will scarce guess how I employ my time; chiefly at present in the guardianship of embryos and cockleshells. Sir Hans Sloane is dead, and has made me one of the trustees to his museum, which is to be offered for twenty thousand pounds to the King, the Parliament, the Royal Academies of Petersburg, Berlin, Paris, and Madrid.¹ He valued it at fourscore thousand; and so would anybody who loves hippopotamuses, sharks with one ear, and spiders as big as geese! It is a rent-charge, to keep the fetuses in spirits!

¹ Ames, in a letter written on the 22nd of March to Mr. T. Martin, says, "I cannot forbear to give you some relation of Sir Hans Sloane's curiosities. The Parliament has been pleased to accept them on the condition of Sir Hans's codicil; that is, that they should be kept together in one place in or near London, and should be exhibited freely for a public use. The King, or they, by the will were to have the first offer. The 19th instant being appointed for a committee of the whole House, after several speeches, the Speaker himself moved the whole House into a general regard to have them joined with the King's and Cotton Libraries, together with those of one Major Edwards, who had left seven thousand pounds to build a library, besides his own books; and to purchase the Harleian manuscripts, build a house for their reception," &c. An act was shortly after passed, empowering the Crown to raise a sufficient sum by lottery to purchase the Sloane collection and Harleian manuscripts, together with Montagu House. Such was the commencement of the British Museum.—
WRIGHT.

You may believe that *those* who think money the most valuable of all curiosities, will not be purchasers. The King has excused himself, saying he did not believe that there are twenty thousand pounds in the Treasury. We are a charming wise set, all philosophers, botanists, antiquarians, and mathematicians; and adjourned our first meeting, because Lord Macclesfield,¹ our chairman, was engaged to a party for finding out the longitude. One of our number is a Moravian, who signs himself Henry XXVIII., Count de Reus. The Moravians have settled a colony at Chelsea, in Sir Hans's neighbourhood, and I believe he intended to beg Count Henry XXVIIIth's skeleton for his museum.

I am almost ashamed to be thanking you but now for a most entertaining letter of two sheets, dated December 22, but I seriously had nothing to form an answer. It is but three mornings ago that your brother was at breakfast with me, and scolded me, "Why, you tell me nothing!"—"No," says I; "if I had anything to say, I should write to your brother." I give you my word, the first new book that takes, the first murder, the first revolution, you shall have, with all the circumstances. In the mean time, do be assured that there never was so dull a place as London, or so insipid an inhabitant of it as

Yours, &c.

355. TO MR. GRAY.²

Arlington Street, Feb. 20, 1753.

I AM very sorry that the haste I made to deliver you from your uneasiness the first moment after I received your letter, should have made me express myself in a manner to have the quite contrary effect from what I intended. You well know how rapidly and carelessly I always write my letters: the note you mention was written in a still greater hurry than ordinary, and merely to put you out of pain. I had not seen Dodsley, consequently could only tell you that I did not doubt but he would have no objection to satisfy you, as you was willing to prevent his being a loser by the plate.³ Now,

¹ George Parker, Earl of Macclesfield, elected President of the Royal Society, Nov. 30, 1752.—CUNNINGHAM.

² This is the first of eleven Letters addressed by Walpole to Gray between 1753 and 1768: and first printed in Walpole's Works, 5 vols, 4to, 1798.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ This was a print of Mr. Gray, after the portrait of him by Eckardt. It was intended to have been prefixed to Dodsley's quarto edition of his "Odes" with Mr.

from this declaration, how is it possible for you to have for one moment put such a construction upon my words, as would have been a downright stupid brutality, unprovoked? It is impossible for me to recollect my very expression, but I am confident that I have repeated the whole substance.

How the bookseller would be less a loser by being at more expense, I can easily explain to you. He feared the price of half-a-guinea would seem too high to most purchasers. If by the expense of ten guineas more he could make the book appear so much more rich and showy as to induce people to think it cheap, the profits from selling many more copies would amply recompense him for his additional disbursement.

The thought of having the head engraved was entirely Dodsley's own, and against my opinion, as I concluded it would be against yours; which made me determine to acquaint you with it before its appearance.

When you reflect on what I have said now, you will see very clearly, that I had and could have no other possible meaning in what I wrote last. You might justly have accused me of neglect, if I had deferred giving you all the satisfaction in my power, as soon as ever I knew your uneasiness.

The head I give up.¹ The title I think will be wrong, and not answer your purpose; for, as the drawings are evidently calculated for the poems, why will the improper disposition of the word *designs* before *poems* make the edition less yours? I am as little convinced that there is any affectation in leaving out the *Mr.* before your names: it is a barbarous addition: the other is simple and classic; a rank I cannot help thinking due to both the poet and painter. Without ranging myself among classics, I assure you, were I to print any thing with my name, it should be plain Horace Walpole; *Mr.* is one of the Gothicisms I abominate.²

Bentley's designs; but Mr. Gray's extreme repugnance to the proposal obliged his friends to drop it.—BERRY.

¹ An engraving of Gray's head after the original by Eckardt at Strawberry Hill. "Sure you are not out of your wits! This I know, if you suffer my head to be printed, you will infallibly put me out of mine. I conjure you immediately to put a stop to any such design. Who is at the expense of engraving it, I know not, but if it be Dodsley, I will make up the loss to him. The thing as it was, I know, will make me ridiculous enough; but to appear in proper person, at the head of my *Works*, consisting of half a dozen ballads in thirty pages, would be worse than the pillory. I do assure you, if I had received such a book, with such a frontispiece, without any warning, I believe it would have given me a palsy." *Works by Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 106.—CUNNINGHAM.

² By Mr. Walpole's having prefixed this "Gothicism" to his name in several works

The "explanation"¹ was certainly added for people who have not eyes:—such are almost all who have seen Mr. Bentley's drawings, and think to compliment him by mistaking them for prints. Alas! the generality want as much to have the words "a man," "a cock," written under his drawings, as under the most execrable hieroglyphics of Egypt, or of sign-post painters.

I will say no more now, but that you must not wonder if I am partial to you and yours, when you can write as you do and yet feel so little vanity. I have used freedom enough with your writings to convince you I speak truth: I praise and scold Mr. Bentley² immoderately, as I think he draws well or ill: I never think it worth my while to do either, especially to blame, where there are not generally vast excellencies. Good night! Don't suspect me when I have no fault but impatience to make you easy.

356. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, March 4, 1753.

HAVE you got any wind of our new histories? Is there any account at Rome that Mr. Stone and the Solicitor-General [Murray] are still thought to be more attached to Egypt than Hanover? For above this fortnight there have been strange mysteries and reports! the Cabinet Council sat night after night till two o'clock in the morning: we began to think that they were empanelled to sit upon a new rebellion, or invasion at least; or that the King of Prussia had sent his mandate, that we must receive the young Pretender in part of payment of the Silesian loan. At last it is come out that Lord Ravensworth,³ on the information of one Fawcett, a lawyer, has accused Stone, Murray, and Dr. Johnson, the new Bishop of Gloucester, of having had an odd custom of toasting the Chevalier

published subsequent to the date of this letter, it is to be supposed that Mr. Gray's opinion on this point had converted Mr. Walpole.—BERRY. Yet when Walpole employed M'Ardell to make his beautiful mezzotint after his picture by Sir Joshua, he would have no other inscription beneath than "Horace Walpole, youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford." See *post*.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ Of Mr. Bentley's designs.—WALPOLE. The Explanation was written by Walpole.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The title as published runs thus: "Designs by Mr. R. Bentley for Six Poems by Mr. T. Gray. London: Printed for R. Dodsley, in Pall Mall, 1753," folio. I have Walpole's own copy of the work, with some MS. notes by him very much to the point, and an impression of the suppressed portrait.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Sir Henry Liddel, Baron of Ravensworth, called by Walpole in his "Memoires," "One of the warmest and honestest Whigs in England."—CUNNINGHAM.

and my Lord Dunbar at one Vernon's, a merchant, about twenty years ago. The *Pretender's counterpart* ordered the Council to examine into it: Lord Ravensworth stuck to his story; Fawcett was terrified with the solemnity of the divan, and told his very different ways, and at last would not sign his deposition. On the other hand, Stone and Murray took their Bible on their innocence, and the latter made a fine speech into the bargain. Bishop Johnson scrambled out of the scrape at the very beginning; and the Council have reported to the King, that the accusation was false and malicious.¹ This is an exact abridgement of the story; the commentary would be too voluminous. The heats upon it are great; the violent Whigs are not at all convinced of the Whiggism of the culprits, by the defect of evidence: the opposite clan affect as much conviction as if they wished them Whigs.

Mr. Chute and I are come hither for a day or two to inspect the progress of a Gothic staircase, which is so pretty and so small, that I am inclined to wrap it up and send it you in my letter. As my castle is so diminutive, I give myself a Burlington air, and say, that as Chiswick is a model of Grecian architecture, Strawberry Hill is to be so of Gothic. I went the other morning with Mr. Conway to buy some of the new furniture-paper for you: if there was any money at Florence, I should expect this manufacture would make its fortune there.

Liotard, the painter, is arrived, and has brought me Marivaux's picture, which gives one a very different idea from what one conceives of the author of Marianne, though it is reckoned extremely like: the countenance is a mixture of buffoon and villain. I told you what mishap I had with Crébillon's portrait: he has had the foolish dirtiness to keep it. Liotard is a G^{énévois}; but from having lived at Constantinople, he wears a Turkish habit, and a beard down to his girdle: this, and his extravagant prices, which he has raised even beyond what he asked at Paris, will probably get him as much money as he covets, for he is avaricious beyond imagination. His crayons and his water-colours are very fine; his enamel, hard: in general, he is too Dutch, and admires nothing but excess of finishing.

¹ "Upon the whole matter," says the Hon. Philip Yorke, in his MS. Parliamentary Journal, "the Lords came unanimously to an opinion of reporting to the King, that there appeared to them no foundation for any part of the charge; that Mr. Fawcett, the only evidence, had grossly prevaricated in it; that it was malicious and scandalous, and ought not to affect the character of the Bishop, or either of the gentlemen who were aspersed by it."—WRIGHT.

We have nothing new but two or three new plays, and those not worth sending to you. The answer to the Prussian memorial, drawn chiefly by Murray, is short, full, very fine, and has more spirit than I thought we had by us. The whole is rather too good, as I believe our best policy would have been, to be in the wrong, and make satisfaction for having been ill-used: the *Author* with whom we have to deal, is not a sort of man to stop at being confuted. Adieu!

357. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 27, 1753.

SUCH an event as I mentioned to you in my last, has, you may well believe, had some consequences; but only enough to show what it would have had in less quiet times. Last week the Duke of Bedford moved in the House of Lords to have all the papers relating to Lord Ravensworth and Fawcett laid before them. As he had given notice of his intention, the Ministry, in a great fright, had taken all kind of precautions to defeat the motion; and succeeded—if it can be called success to have quashed the demand, and thereby confirmed the suspicions. After several councils, it was determined, that all the Cabinet Councillors should severally declare the insufficiency and prevarication of Fawcett's evidence: they did, and the motion was rejected by 122 to 5.¹ If one was prejudiced by classic notions of the wisdom and integrity of a senate, that debate would have cured them. The flattery to Stone was beyond belief: I will give you but one instance. The Duke of Argyll said, "He had happened to be at the Secretary's office during the rebellion, when two *Scotchmen* came to ask for a place, which one obtained, the other lost, but went away best pleased, from Mr. Stone's gracious manner of refusal!" It appeared in the most glaring manner, that the Bishop of Gloucester had dictated to Fawcett a letter of acquittal to himself; and not content with that, had endeavoured to persuade him to make additions to it some days after. It was as plain, that

¹ "The debate was long and heavy; the Duke of Bedford's performance moderate enough; he divided the House, but it was not told, for there went below the bar with him the Earl of Harcourt, Lord Townshend, the Bishop of Worcester, and Lord Talbot only. Upon the whole, it was the worst judged, the worst executed, and the worst supported point, that I ever saw of so much expectation." *Dodington*, p. 202. —WRIGHT.

Fawcett had never prevaricated till these private interviews' with the prelate—yet there were 122 to 5!

I take for granted our politics adjourn here till next winter, unless there should be any Prussian episode. It is difficult to believe that that King has gone so far, without intending to go farther: if he is satisfied with the answer to his memorial, though it is the fullest that ever was made, yet it will be the first time that ever a monarch was convinced! For a King of the Romans, it seems as likely that we should see a King of the Jews.

Your brother has got the paper for your room. He shall send you with it a fine book which I have had printed of Gray's Poems, with drawings by another friend of mine [Bentley], which I am sure will charm you, though none of them are quite well engraved, and some sadly.¹ Adieu! I am all brick and mortar: the castle at Strawberry Hill grows so near a termination, that you must not be angry, if I wish to have you see it. Mr. Bentley is going to make a drawing of the best view, which I propose to have engraved, and then you shall at least have some idea of that sweet little spot—little enough, but very sweet!

358. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, April 16, 1753.

I KNOW I never give you more pleasure than in recommending such an acquaintance as Mr. Stephens, a young gentleman now in Italy, of whom I have heard from the best hands the greatest and most amiable character. He is brother-in-law of Mr. West,² Mr.

¹ This insignificant, and indeed ridiculous accusation, against Murray and Stone, is magnified by Walpole, both here and in his "Memoires," into an important transaction, in consequence of the hatred he bore to the persons accused.—DOVER. "The accusation was justly ridiculed by the wits of the day, as a counterpart to the mountain in labour; and the Pelhams had the satisfaction of seeing it terminate in the full exculpation of their friends, the Solicitor-General and Mr. Stone." *Coxe's Pelham*, vol. ii. p. 263.—WRIGHT.

² On receiving a proof of the tail-piece, which Mr. Bentley had designed for the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and which represents a village funeral, Gray wrote to Walpole: "I am surprised at the print, which far surpasses my idea of London gravings: the drawing itself was so finished, that I suppose it did not require all the art I imagined to copy it tolerably. My aunts seeing me open your letter, took it to be a burying ticket, and asked whether anybody had left me a ring; and so they still conceive it to be, even with all their spectacles on. Heaven forbid they should suspect it to belong to any verses of mine! They would burn me for a poet." *Works*, by *Mitford*, vol. iii. p. 105.—WRIGHT.

³ James West, member for St. Albans, secretary to Mr. Pelham as chancellor

Pelham's secretary, and (to you I may add,) as I know it will be an additional motive to increase your attentions to his relation, a particular friend of mine. I beg you will do for my sake, what you always do from your own goodness of heart, make Florence as agreeable to him as possible: I have the strongest reasons to believe that you will want no incitement the moment you begin to know Mr. Stephens.

359. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, April 27, 1753.

I HAVE brought two of your letters hither to answer: in town there are so many idle people besides oneself, that one has not a minute's time: here I have whole evenings, after the labours of the day are ceased. Labours they are, I assure you; I have carpenters to direct, plasterers to hurry, paper-men to scold, and glaziers to help: this last is my greatest pleasure: I have amassed such quantities of painted glass, that every window in my castle will be illuminated with it: the adjusting and disposing it is vast amusement. I thank you a thousand times for thinking of procuring me some Gothic remains from Rome; but I believe there is no such thing there; I scarce remember any morsel in the true taste of it in Italy. Indeed, my dear Sir, kind as you are about it, I perceive you have no idea what Gothic is; you have lived too long amidst true taste, to understand venerable barbarism. You say, "You suppose my garden is to be Gothic too." That can't be; Gothic is merely architecture; and as one has a satisfaction in imprinting the gloomth of abbeys and cathedrals on one's house, so one's garden, on the contrary, is to be nothing but *riant*, and the gaiety of nature. I am greatly impatient for my altar, and so far from mistrusting its goodness, I only fear it will be too good to expose to the weather, as I intend it must be, in a recess in the garden. I was going to tell you that my house is so monastic, that I have a little hall decked with long saints in lean arched windows and with taper columns, which we call the Paraclete, in memory of Eloisa's cloister.¹

of the Exchequer, secretary to the Treasury, treasurer to the Royal Society, and member of the Antiquarian Society, married the sister of this Mr. Stephens.—
WALPOLE.

¹ "Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shade a solemn light." *Pope*.—WRIGHT.

I am glad you have got rid of your duel, blood guiltless : Captain Lee had ill luck in lighting upon a Lorrain officer ; he might have boxed the ears of the whole Florentine nobility, (*con rispetto si dice*), and not have occasioned you half the trouble you have had in accommodating this quarrel.

You need not distrust Mr. Conway and me for showing any attentions to Prince San Severino,¹ that may convince him of our regard for you ; I only hope he will not arrive till towards winter, for Mr. Conway is gone to his regiment in Ireland, and my chateau is so far from finished, that I am by no means in a condition to harbour a princely ambassador. By next spring I hope to have rusty armour, and arms with quarterings enough to persuade him that I am qualified to be Grand Master of Malta. If you could send me Viviani² with his invisible architects out of the Arabian tales, I might get my house ready at a day's warning ; especially as it will not be quite so lofty as the triumphal arch at Florence.

What you say you have heard of strange conspiracies, fomented by our nephew,³ is not entirely groundless. A Dr. Cameron⁴ has been seized in Scotland, who certainly came over with commission to feel the ground. He is just brought to London ; but nobody troubles their head about him, or anything else, but Newmarket, where the Duke [of Cumberland] is at present making a campaign, with half the nobility and half the money of England, attending him : they really say, that not less than a hundred thousand pounds

¹ Ambassador from the King of Naples.—WALPOLE.

² Viviani, a Florentine nobleman, showing the triumphal arch there to Prince San Severino, assured him, and insisted upon it, that it was begun and finished in twenty-four hours !—WALPOLE.

³ The King of Prussia.—WALPOLE.

⁴ This is a strange story, and it is difficult to believe that the King of Prussia was concerned in it. In his "Memoires," Walpole gives the following account of the taking of Dr. Cameron :—"About this time was taken in Scotland, Dr. Archibald Cameron, a man excepted by the act of indemnity. Intelligence had been received some time before of his intended journey to Britain, with a commission from Prussia to offer arms to the disaffected Highlanders, at the same time that ships were hiring in the north to transport men. The fairness of Dr. Cameron's character, compared with the severity he met from a government most laudably mild to its enemies, confirmed this report. That Prussia, who opened its inhospitable arms to every British rebel, should have tampered in such a business, was by no means improbable. That King hated his uncle : but could a Protestant potentate dip in designs for restoring a popish government ? Of what religion is policy ? To what sect is royal revenge bigoted ? The Queen-dowager, though sister of our King, was avowedly a Jacobite, by principle so—and it was natural : what Prince, but the single one who profits by the principle, can ever think it allowable to overturn sacred hereditary right ? It is the curse of sovereigns that their crimes should be unpunishable."—DOVER.

have been carried thither for the hazard of this single week. The palace has been furnished for him from the great wardrobe, though the *chief person*¹ concerned flatters himself that his son is at the expense of his own amusement there.

I must now tell you how I have been treated by an old friend of yours—don't be frightened, and conclude that this will make against your friend San Severino: he is only a private prince; the rogue in question is a monarch. Your brother has sent you some weekly papers that are much in fashion, called 'The World;' three or four of them are by a friend of yours; one particularly I wrote to promote a subscription for King Theodore, who is in prison for debt. His Majesty's character is so bad, that it only raised fifty pounds; and though that was so much above his desert, it was so much below his expectation, that he sent a solicitor to threaten the printer with a prosecution for having taken so much liberty with his name—take notice too, that he had accepted the money! Dodsley, you may believe, laughed at the lawyer; but that does not lessen the dirty knavery. It would, indeed, have made an excellent suit! a printer prosecuted suppose for having solicited and obtained charity for a man in prison, and that man not mentioned by his right name, but by a mock title, and the man himself not a native of the country!—but I have done with countenancing kings!

Lord Bath has contributed a paper to 'The World,' [No. 17,] but seems to have entirely lost all his wit and genius: it is a plain heavy description of Newmarket, with scarce an effort towards humour. I had conceived the greatest expectations from a production of his, especially in the way of 'The Spectator;' but I am now assured by Franklyn, the old printer of 'The Craftsman,' (who, by a comical revolution of things, is a tenant of mine at Twickenham,) that Lord Bath never wrote a Craftsman himself, only gave hints for them—yet great part of his reputation was built on those papers.² Next week my Lord Chesterfield appears in 'The World'³—I expect much less from him than I did from Lord Bath, but it is very certain that his name will make it applauded. Adieu!

¹ The King.—WALPOLE.

² It is remarkable that the printer of the 'Craftsman' was Mr. Walpole's tenant; and that the writer of the 'Craftsman,' W. Pulteney, Earl of Bath, wrote a ballad in praise of Strawberry Hill.—*Walpole's Description of Strawberry Hill.*—CUNNINGHAM.

³ It forms the 18th number, and is entitled 'A Country Gentleman's Tour to Paris with his Family.'—WRIGHT.

P.S. Since I came to town, I hear that my Lord Granville has cut another colt's tooth—in short, they say he is going to be married again; it is to Lady Juliana Collier,¹ a very pretty girl, daughter of Lord Portmore; there are not above two or three-and-forty years difference in their ages, and not above three bottles difference in their drinking in a day, so it is a very suitable match! She will not make so good a Queen as our friend Sophia, but will like better, I suppose, to make a widow. If this should not turn out true,² I can't help it.

360. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY

Strawberry Hill, May 5, 1753.

THOUGH my letter bears a country date, I am only a passenger here, just come to overlook my workmen, and repose myself upon some shavings, after the fatigues of the season. You know balls and masquerades always abound as the weather begins to be too hot for them, and this has been quite a spring-tide of diversion. Not that I am so abandoned as to have partaken of all; I neither made the Newmarket campaign under the Duke, nor danced at any ball, nor *looked well* at any masquerade: I begin to submit to my years, and amuse myself—only just as much as I like. Indeed, when parties and politics are at an end, an Englishman may be allowed not to be always grave and out of humour. His Royal Highness has won as many hearts at Newmarket as he lost in Scotland; he played deep and handsomely; received everybody at his table with the greatest good humour, and permitted the familiarities of the place with ease and sense.

There have been balls at the Duchess of Norfolk's, at Holland house, and Lord Granville's,³ and a subscription masquerade: the dresses were not very fine, not much invention, nor any very absurd.

¹ Lady Juliana Collier, youngest daughter of Charles, second Earl of Portmore, by Juliana Hale, Duchess-dowager of Leeds. She married, in 1759, James Dawkins, Esq., of Standlinch, in Wiltshire.—DOVER.

² It did not happen.—WALPOLE.

³ "Gaiety of all kinds reigns here at present. Balls, masquerades, and parties for play and suppers abound so much, that not only each night furnishes one, but many nights produce two or three. That at Lord Granville's has made a very great match. Mr. Spencer there fell in love with one of the daughters of Sir Cecil Bishop, who has a great many children and a small estate. Mr. Spencer's family are happy that he is the Cymon of any Iphigenia that is a gentlewoman, and they say the match is agreed upon."—*Lady Hervey, May 12, 1753.* The match did not take place. Mr., afterwards Earl, Spencer married Miss Poyntz.—CUNNINGHAM.

I find I am telling you extreme trifles; but you desired me to write, and there literally happens nothing of greater moment. If I can fill out a sheet even in this way, I will; for at Sligo¹ perhaps I may appear a journalist of consequence.

There is a Madame de Mezières arrived from Paris, who has said a thousand impertinent things to my Lady Albemarle, on my lord's not letting her come to Paris.² I should not repeat this to you, only to introduce George Selwyn's account of this woman, who, he says, is mother to the Princess of Montauban, grandmother to Madame de Brionne, sister to General Oglethorpe, and was laundress to the Duchess of Portsmouth.

Sir Charles Williams, never very happy at panegyric, has made a distich on the Queen of Hungary; which I send you for the curiosity, not the merit of it:—

"O regina orbis prima et pulcherrima, ridens
Es Venus, incedens Juno, Minerva loquens."

It is infinitely admired at Vienna, but Baron Munchausen has received a translation of it into German in six verses, which are still more applauded.

There is another volume published of Lord Bolingbroke's: it contains his famous Letter to Sir William Windham, with an admirable description of the Pretender and his court, and a very poor justification of his own treachery to that party; a flimsy unfinished State of the Nation, written at the end of his life, and the common-place tautology of an old politician, who lives out of the world and writes from newspapers; and a superficial letter to Mr. Pope, as an introduction to his Essays, which are printed, but not yet published.

What shall I say to you more? You see how I am forced to tack paragraphs together, without any connection or consequence! Shall I tell you one more idle story, and will you just recollect that you once concerned yourself enough about the heroine of it, to excuse my repeating such a piece of tittle-tattle? This heroine is Lady Harrington, the hero is—not entirely of royal blood; at least I have never heard that Lodomie, the toothdrawer, was in any manner descended from the House of Bourbon. Don't be alarmed: this plebeian operator is not in the catalogue of your successors. How the lady was the aggressor is not known; 'tis only conjectured

¹ Mr. Conway was then with his regiment quartered at Sligo in Ireland.—
WALPOLE.

² Lord Albemarle [the spendthrift Earl] was then ambassador at Paris.—WALPOLE.

that French politeness and French interestedness could never have gone such lengths without mighty provocation. The first instance of the toothdrawer's ungentle behaviour was on hearing it said that Lady Harrington was to have her four girls drawn by Liotard; which was wondered at, as his price is so great—"Oh!" said Lodomie, "chacune paie pour la sienne." Soon after this insult, there was some dispute about payments and toothpowder, and divers messages passed. At last the lady wrote a card, to say she did not understand such impertinent answers being given to her chairman by an *arracheur de dents*. The angry little gentleman, with as much intrepidity as if he had drawn out all her teeth, tore the card in five slits, and returned it with this astonishing sentence, "I return you your impertinent card, and desire you will pay me what you owe me." All I know more is, that the toothdrawer still lives; and so do many lords and gentlemen, formerly thought the slaves of the offended fair one's will and passions, and among others, to his great shame, your sincere friend.

361. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, May 22, 1753.

You may very possibly be set out for Greatworth, but what house Greatworth is, or whose, or how you came to have it, is all a profound secret to us: your transitions are so Pindaric, that, without notes, we do not understand them, especially as neither Mr. Bentley nor I have seen any of the letters, which I suppose you have written to your family in the intervals of your journeyings from Sir Jonathan Cope's¹ to Roel, and from Roel to Greatworth. Mr. Bentley was just ready to send you down a packet of Gothic, and brick and mortar and arched windows, and taper columns to be erected at Roel—no such matter, you have met with some brave chambers belonging to Sir Jonathan somebody in Northamptonshire, and are unloading your camels and caravans, and pitching your tents among your own tribe. I cannot be quite sorry, for I shall certainly visit you at Greatworth, and it might have been some years before the curtain had drawn up at Roel. We emerge very fast out of shavings, and hammerings, and pastings; the painted glass is full-blown in every window, and the gorgeous saints, that were brought out for one day on the festival

¹ At Brewern, in Oxfordshire.—WRIGHT.

of Saint George Montagu, are fixed for ever in the tabernacles they are to inhabit. The castle is not the only beauty: the garden is at the height of all its sweets; and to-day we had a glimpse of the sun as he passed by, though I am convinced the summer is over; for these two last years we have been forced to compound for five hot days in the pound.

News there is none to tell you. We have had two days in the House of Commons, that had something of the air of Parliament; there has been a Marriage bill, invented by my Lord Bath, and cooked up by the Chancellor, which was warmly opposed by the Duke of Bedford in the Lords, and with us by Fox and Nugent: the latter made an admirable speech last week against it, and Charles Townshend¹ another very good one yesterday, when we sat till near ten o'clock, but were beat, we minority, by 165 to 84.

I know nothing else but elopements: I have lost my man Henry, who is run away for debt; and my Lord Bath his only son [Lord Pulteney], who is run away from thirty thousand pounds a year, which in all probability would have come to him in six months. There had been some great fracas about his marriage; the stories are various on the *Why*; some say his father told Miss Nichol² that his son was a very worthless young man; others, that the Earl could not bring himself to make tolerable settlements; and a third party say, that the Countess has blown up a quarrel in order to have his son in her power, and at her mercy. Whatever the cause was, this ingenious young man, who you know has made my Lady Townshend his everlasting enemy, by repeating her histories of Miss Chudleigh to that *Miss*, of all counsellors in the world, picked out my Lady Townshend to consult on his domestic grievances: she, with all the good-nature and charity imaginable, immediately advised him to be disinherited. He took her advice, left two dutiful letters for his parents, to notify his disobedience, and went off last Friday night to France. The Earl is so angry, that he could almost bring himself to give Mr. Newport, and twenty other people, their estates again. Good night—here is the Goth, Mr. Bentley, wants to say a word to you.

¹ Second son of the Marquis of Townshend.—WALPOLE.

² Not the Minchendon-Chute-Whitehed-Walpole-Orford-old Horace-and-Carnarvon Miss Nicoll, or Nichol, of whom we have heard so much, but Frances Catherine, only daughter and coheir of Sir Charles Gunter Nichol, married soon after this, Jan. 1755, to William Legge, second earl of Dartmouth.—CUNNINGHAM.

"DEAR SIR,

"I wrote you a supernumerary letter on Saturday, but as I find you have shifted your quarters since I heard from you, imagine it may not have reached you yet. If you want to know what made me so assiduous, it was to tell you Sir Danvers Osborn has kissed hands for New York, that's all. I am sincerely yours,

"R. BENTLEY.

"P.S. I wish you would write a line to him mentioning me, that's more."

362. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, May 24, 1753.

It is well you are married! How would my Lady Ailesbury have liked to be asked in a parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn her weeds for ever rather than have passed through so impudent a ceremony! What do *you* think?—But you will want to know the interpretation of this preamble. Why, there is a new bill, which, under the notion of preventing clandestine marriages, has made such a general rummage and reform in the office of matrimony, that every Strephon and Chloe, every dowager and her Hussey,¹ will have as many impediments and formalities to undergo as a treaty of peace. Lord Bath invented this bill,² but had drawn it so ill, that the Chancellor was forced to draw a new one, and then grew so fond of his own creature, that he has crammed it down the throats of both Houses—though they gave many a gulp before they could swallow it. The Duke of Bedford attacked it first with great spirit and mastery, but had little support, though the Duke of Newcastle did not vote. The lawyers were all ordered to nurse it through our House; but, except the poor Attorney-General [Ryder], who is nurse indeed to all intents and purposes, and did amply gossip over it, not one of them said a word. Nugent shone extremely in opposition to the bill, and, though every

¹ Alluding to the Duchess of Manchester and Mr. Hussey.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The following is Tindal's account of the origin of this bill: "The fatal consequences of clandestine marriages had been long complained of in England, as rendering the succession to all property insecure and doubtful. Every day produced hearings of the most shocking kind in the Court of Chancery, and appeals in the House of Lords, concerning the validity of such marriages; and sometimes the innocent offspring were cut off from succession, though their parents had been married *bond fide*, because of the irregularity of such marriage. On the other hand, both women and men of the most infamous characters had opportunities of ruining the sons and daughters of the greatest families in England, by conveniences of marrying in the Fleet, and other unlicensed places; and marrying was now become as much a trade as any mechanical profession."—WRIGHT.

now and then on the precipice of absurdity, kept clear of it, with great humour and wit and argument, and was unanswered—yet we were beat. Last Monday it came into the committee: Charles Townshend acted a very good speech with great cleverness, and drew a picture of his own story and his father's tyranny, with at least as much parts as modesty. Mr. Fox mumbled the Chancellor and his lawyers, and pinned the plan of the bill upon a pamphlet he had found of Dr. Gally's,¹ where the Doctor, recommending the French scheme of matrimony, says, "It was found that fathers were too apt to forgive." "The Gospel, I thought," said Mr. Fox, "enjoined forgiveness; but pious Dr. Gally thinks fathers are too apt to forgive." Mr. Pelham, extremely in his opinion against the bill, and in his inclination too, was forced to rivet it, and, without speaking one word for it, taught the House how to vote for it; and it was carried against the Chairman's leaving the chair by 165 to 84.

This is all the news I know, or at least was all when I came out of town; for I left the tinkering of the bill, and came hither last Tuesday to my workmen. I flatter myself I shall get into tolerable order to receive my Lady Ailesbury and you at your return from Sligo, from whence I have received your letter, and where I hope you have had my first. I say nothing of the exile of the Parliament of Paris, for I know no more than you will see in the public papers; only, as we are going to choose a new Parliament, we could not do better than choose the exiles: we could scarce choose braver or honest men. I say as little of Mademoiselle Murphy,² for I conclude you hear nothing but her health drank in whisky. Don't all the naked Irish flatter themselves with preference, and claim relation with her? Miss Chudleigh says, there is some sense in belonging to a king who turns off an old mistress when he has got a new one.

Arlington Street, May 29.

I AM come to town for a day or two, and find that the Marriage bill has not only lasted till now in the committee, but has produced, or at least disclosed, extreme heats. Mr. Fox and Mr. Pelham have had very high words on every clause, and the former has renewed his attacks on the Chancellor under the name of Dr. Gally.

¹ Dr. Henry Gally, one of the King's chaplains in ordinary. Besides the pamphlet here spoken of, which was entitled, 'Some Considerations upon Clandestine Marriages,' he wrote a 'Dissertation on Pronouncing the Greek Language,' and several other works. He died in 1769.—WALPOLE.

² An Irish woman who was, for a short time, mistress of Louis XV.—WALPOLE.

Yesterday on the nullity clause they sat till half an hour after three in the morning, having just then had a division on adjournment, which was rejected by the Ministry by above 80 to 70. The Speaker, who had spoken well against the clause, was so misrepresented by the Attorney-General [Ryder], that there was danger of a skirmishing between the great wig and the coif, the former having given a flat lie to the latter. Mr. Fox, I am told, outdid himself for spirit, and severity on the Chancellor and the lawyers. I say I am told; for I was content with having been beat twice, and did not attend. The heats between the two Ministers were far from cooling by the length of the debate. Adieu! You did little expect in these times, and at this season, to have heard such a parliamentary history! The bill is not near finished; Mr. Fox has declared he will dispute every inch of ground. I hope he won't be banished to Pontoise.¹ I shall write to you no more; so pray return. I hear most favourable accounts of my Lady Ailesbury.

363. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strauberry Hill, June 11, 1753.

You will think me very fickle, and that I have but a slight regard to the castle I am building of my ancestors, when you hear that I have been these last eight days in London amid dust and stinks, instead of seringa, roses, battlements, and niches; but you perhaps recollect that I have another Gothic passion, which is for squabbles in the Wittenagemot. I can't say that the contests have run so high in either House as they have sometimes done in former days, but this age has found out a new method of parliamentary altercations. The Commons abuse the Barons, and the Barons return it; in short, Mr. Fox attacked the Chancellor violently on the Marriage bill; and when it was sent back to the Lords, the Chancellor made the most outrageous invective on Fox that ever was heard. But what offends still more,—I don't mean offends Fox more,—was the Chancellor describing the chief persons who had opposed his bill in the Commons, and giving reason why he *excused* them. As the Speaker was in the number of the *excused*, the two

¹ The Parliament of Paris having espoused the cause of religious liberty, and apprehended several priests who, by the authority of the Archbishop of Paris and other prelates, had refused the sacraments to those who would not subscribe to the bull *Unigenitus*, were banished by Louis XV. to Pontoise.—WALPOLE.

maces are ready to come to blows.¹ The town says Mr. Fox is to be dismissed, but I can scarce think it will go so far.

My Lord Cornwallis is made an earl; Lord Bristol's sisters have the rank of earl's daughters; Damer is Lord Milton in Ireland, and the new Lord Barnard is, I hear, to be Earl of Darlington.

Poor Lady Caroline Brand² is dead of a rheumatic fever, and her husband as miserable a man as ever he was a cheerful one: I grieve much for her, and pity him; they were infinitely happy, and lived in the most perfect friendship I ever saw.

You may be assured that I will pay you a visit some time this summer, though not yet, as I cannot leave my workmen, especially as we have a painter who paints the paper on the staircase under Mr. Bentley's direction. The armoury bespeaks the ancient chivalry of the lords of the castle; and I have filled Mr. Bentley's Gothic lanthorn with painted glass, which casts the most venerable gloom on the stairs that ever was seen since the days of Abelard. The lanthorn itself, in which I have stuck a coat of the Veres, is supposed to have come from Castle Henningham. Lord and Lady Vere were here t'other day, and called cousins with it, and would very readily have invited it to Hanworth; but her *Portuguese* blood has so *blackened* the true stream that I could not bring myself to offer so fair a gift to their chapel.

I shall only tell you a *bon-mot* of Keith's,³ the marriage-broker, and conclude. "G—d d—n the bishops!" said he, (I beg Miss Montagu's pardon,) "so they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em; but I'll be revenged! I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and, by G—d! I'll underbury them all!" Adieu!

¹ Among the Hardwicke papers there is a letter from Dr. Birch to the Hon. Philip Yorke, giving an account of the debate in the House of Lords. The following is an extract:—"My Lord Chancellor expressed his surprise, that the bill should have been styled out of doors an absurd, a cruel, a scandalous, and a wicked one. With regard to his own share in this torrent of abuse, as he was obliged to those who had so honourably defended him, 'so,' said he, 'I despise the invective, and I despise the retraction; I despise the scurrility, and I reject the adulation.' Mr. Fox was not present, but had soon an account of what had passed; for the same evening, being at Vauxhall with some ladies, he broke from them, and collecting a little circle of young members of parliament and others, told them with great eagerness, that he wished the session had continued a fortnight longer, for then he would have made ample returns to the Lord Chancellor. The Speaker talks of my Lord Chancellor's speech in the style of Mr. Fox, as deserving of the notice of the Commons, if they had not been prorogued.—WRIGHT.

² See vol. i. p. 17.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Alexander Keith the marriage-broker at May Fair Chapel.—CUNNINGHAM.

364. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, June 12, 1753.

I COULD not rest any longer with the thought of your having no idea of a place of which you hear so much, and therefore desired Mr. Bentley to draw you as much idea of it as the post would be persuaded to carry from Twickenham to Florence. The enclosed enchanted little landscape, then, is Strawberry Hill; and I will try to explain so much of it to you as will help to let you know whereabouts we are when we are talking to you; for it is uncomfortable in so intimate a correspondence as ours not to be exactly master of every spot where one another is writing, or reading, or sauntering. This view of the castle¹ is what I have just finished, and is the only side that will be at all regular. Directly before it is an open grove, through which you see a field, which is bounded by a serpentine wood of all kind of trees, and flowering shrubs, and flowers. The lawn before the house is situated on the top of a small hill, from whence to the left you see the town and church of Twickenham encircling a turn of the river, that looks exactly like a seaport in miniature. The opposite shore is a most delicious meadow, bounded by Richmond Hill, which loses itself in the noble woods of the park to the end of the prospect on the right, where is another turn of the river, and the suburbs of Kingston as luckily placed as Twickenham is on the left: and a natural terrace on the brow of my hill, with meadows of my own down to the river, commands both extremities. Is not this a tolerable prospect? You must figure that all this is perpetually enlivened by a navigation of boats and barges, and by a road below my terrace, with coaches, post-chaises, waggons, and horsemen constantly in motion, and the fields speckled with cows, horses, and sheep. Now you shall walk into the house. The bow-window below leads into a little parlour hung with a stone-colour Gothic paper and Jackson's Venetian prints, which I could never endure while they pretended, infamous as they are, to be after Titian, &c., but when I gave them this air of barbarous bas-reliefs, they succeeded to a miracle: it is impossible at first sight not to conclude that they contain the history of Attila or Tottila, done about the very æra. From hence, under two gloomy arches,

¹ It was a view of the south side, towards the north-east.—WALPOLE.

you come to the hall and staircase, which it is impossible to describe to you, as it is the most particular and chief beauty of the castle. Imagine the walls covered with (I call it paper, but it is really paper painted in perspective to represent) Gothic fretwork: the highest Gothic balustrade to the staircase, adorned with antelopes (our supporters) bearing shields; lean windows fattened with rich saints in painted glass, and a vestibule open with three arches on the landing-place, and niches full of trophies of old coats of mail, Indian shields made of rhinoceros's hides, broadswords, quivers, long bows, arrows, and spears—all *supposed* to be taken by Sir Terry Robsart¹ in the holy wars. But as none of this regards the enclosed drawing, I will pass to that. The room on the ground-floor nearest to you is a bedchamber, hung with yellow paper and prints, framed in a new manner, invented by Lord Cardigan; that is, with black and white borders printed. Over this is Mr. Chute's bedchamber, hung with red in the same manner. The bow-window room one pair of stairs is not yet finished; but in the tower beyond it is the charming closet where I am now writing to you. It is hung with green paper and water-colour pictures; has two windows; the one in the drawing looks to the garden, the other to the beautiful prospect; and the top of each glutted with the richest painted glass of the arms of England, crimson roses, and twenty other pieces of green, purple, and historic bits. I must tell you, by the way, that the castle, when finished, will have two-and-thirty windows enriched with painted glass. In this closet, which is Mr. Chute's College of Arms, are two presses with books of heraldry and antiquities, Madame Sevigné's Letters, and any French books that relate to her and her acquaintance. Out of this closet is the room where we always live, hung with a blue and white paper in stripes adorned with festoons, and a thousand plump chairs, couches, and luxurious settees covered with linen of the same pattern, and with a bow-window commanding the prospect, and gloomed with limes that shade half each window, already darkened with painted glass in chiaroscuro, set in deep blue glass. Under this room is a cool little hall, where we generally dine, hung with paper to imitate Dutch tiles.

I have described so much, that you will begin to think that all the accounts I used to give you of the diminutiveness of our habitation were fabulous; but it is really incredible how small most of the

¹ An ancestor of Sir Robert Walpole, who was knight of the garter.—WALPOLE.

rooms are The only two good chambers I shall have are not yet built: they will be an eating-room and a library, each twenty by thirty, and the latter fifteen feet high. For the rest of the house, I could send it you in this letter as easily as the drawing, only that I should have nowhere to live till the return of the post. The Chinese summer-house, which you may distinguish in the distant landscape, belongs to my Lord Radnor.¹ We pique ourselves upon nothing but simplicity, and have no carvings, gildings, paintings, inlayings, or tawdry businesses.

You will not be sorry, I believe, by this time to have done with Strawberry Hill, and to hear a little news. The end of a very dreaming session has been extremely enlivened by an accidental bill which has opened great quarrels, and those not unlikely to be attended with interesting circumstances. A bill to prevent clandestine marriages, so drawn by the Judges as to clog all matrimony in general, was inadvertently espoused by the Chancellor; and having been strongly attacked in the House of Commons by Nugent, the Speaker, Mr. Fox, and others, the last went very great lengths of severity on the whole body of the law, and on its chieftain in particular, which, however, at the last reading, he softened and explained off extremely. This did not appease: but on the return of the bill to the House of Lords, where our amendments were to be read, the Chancellor in the most personal terms harangued against Fox, and concluded with saying that "he despised his scurrility as much as his adulation and recantation." As Christian charity is not one of the oaths taken by privy-counsellors, and as it is not the most eminent virtue in either of the champions, this quarrel is not likely to be soon reconciled. There are natures² whose disposition it is to patch up political breaches, but whether they will succeed, or try to succeed in healing this, can I tell you?

The match for Lord Granville, which I announced to you, is not concluded: his flames are cooled in that quarter as well as in others.

I begin a new sheet to you, which does not match with the other, for I have no more of the same paper here. Dr. Cameron³ is executed,

¹ By all means see Lord Radnor's again. He is a simple old Phobus, but nothing can spoil so glorious a situation, which surpasses everything round it.—*Gray to Wharton, Aug. 13, 1754.* Lord Radnor's house is well represented in a large engraving, "A View of Twickenham," engraved by Green after Muntz, 1756.—CUNNINGHAM.

² An allusion to Mr. Pelham.—WALPOLE.

³ Dr. Cameron was buried in the chapel of the Savoy in London, and a monument to his memory by the permission of her present Majesty (1857) was erected there in the year 1846.—CUNNINGHAM.

and died with the greatest firmness. His parting with his wife the night before was heroic and tender: he let her stay till the last moment, when being aware that the gates of the Tower would be locked, he told her so; she fell at his feet in agonies: he said, "Madam, this was not what you promised me," and embracing her, forced her to retire: then with the same coolness, looked at the window till her coach was out of sight, after which he turned about and wept. His only concern seemed to be at the ignominy of Tyburn: he was not disturbed at the dresser for his body, or at the fire to burn his bowels.¹ The crowd was so great, that a friend who attended him could not get away, but was forced to stay and behold the execution; but what will you say to the minister or priest who accompanied him? The wretch, after taking leave, went into a landau, where, not content with seeing the Doctor hanged, he let down the top of the landau for the better convenience of seeing him embowelled! I cannot tell you positively that what I hinted of this Cameron being commissioned from Prussia was true, but so it is believed. Adieu! my dear child; I think this is a very tolerable letter for summer!

355. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1753.

YOU are so kind, that I am peevish with myself for not being able to fix a positive day for being with you; as near as I can guess, it will be some of the very first days of the next month: I am engaged to go with Lady Ailesbury and Mr. Conway to Stowe, the 28th of this month, if some little business which I have here does not prevent me; and from thence I propose to meet Mr. Chute at Greatworth. If this should at all interfere with your schemes, tell me so; especially, I must beg that you would not so far depend on me as to stay one minute from doing any thing else you like, because it is quite impossible for me to be sure that I can execute just at the time I propose such agreeable projects. Meeting Mrs. Trevor will be a principal part of my pleasure; but the summer shall certainly not pass without my seeing you.

¹ "The populace," says Smollett, "though not very subject to tender emotions, were moved to compassion, and even to tears, by his behaviour at the place of execution; and many sincere well-wishers to the present establishment thought that the sacrifice of this victim, at such a juncture, could not redound either to its honour or security."—WRIGHT.

You will, I am sure, be concerned to hear that your favourite, Miss Brown, the pretty Catholic, who lived with Madame d'Acunha, is dead at Paris, by the ignorance of the physician. Tom Hervey,¹ who always obliges the town with a quarrel in a dead season, has published a delightful letter to Sir William Bunbury,² full of madness and wit. He had given the Doctor a precedent for a clergyman's fighting a duel, and I furnished him with another story of the same kind, that diverted him extremely. A Dr. Suckling, who married a niece of my father, quarrelled with a country squire, who said, "Doctor, your gown is your protection.—"Is it so?" replied the parson: "but, by God! it shall not be yours;" pulled it off, and thrashed him—I was going to say *damnably*, at least, *dicinely*. Do but think, my Lord Coke and Tom Hervey are both bound to the peace, and are always going to fight together: how comfortable for their sureties!

My Lord Pomfret³ is dead; George Selwyn says, *that my Lord Ashburnham⁴ is not more glad to get into the parks than Lord Falkland is to get out of them.* You know he was forced to live in a privileged place.

Jack Hill⁵ is dead too, and has dropped about a hundred legacies; a thousand pound to the Dowager of Rockingham; as much, with all his plate and china, to her sister Bel. I don't find that my uncle [*old Horace*] has got so much as a case of knives and forks: he always paid great court, but Mary Magdalen, my aunt, undid all by scolding the man, and her spouse durst not take his part.

Lady Anne Paulett's daughter is eloped with a country clergyman. The Duchess of Argyle harangues against the Marriage-bill not taking place immediately, and is persuaded that all the girls will go off before next Lady-day.

Before I finish, I must describe to you the manner in which I overtook Monsieur le Duc de Mirepoix t'other day, who lives at Lord Dunkerron's house at Turnham-green.⁶ It was seven o'clock in the

¹ See vol. i. p. 101.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The Rev. Sir William Bunbury, father of Sir Charles, and of Henry, the celebrated caricaturist.—WRIGHT.

³ The father of the Fermor *beauties* of whom we have read so much.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Lord Ashburnham succeeded Lord Pomfret as ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks.—WALPOLE.

⁵ John Hill, Esq., Member for Higham Ferrers.—WALPOLE.

⁶ In the year 1747, Lord Viscount Dunkerron, became possessed of a capital messuage at Turnham Green, which having passed through various hands . . . was purchased in 1789 by Lord Heathfield, the celebrated defender of Gibraltar, who made it his principal residence till his death.—*Lysons' Environs of London*.—CUNNINGHAM.

evening of one of the hottest and most dusty days of this summer. He was walking slowly in the *beau milieu* of Brentford town, without any company, but with a brown lap-dog with long ears, two pointers, two pages, three footmen, and a *vis-à-vis* following him. By the best accounts I can get, he must have been to survey the ground of the battle of Brentford, which I hear he has much studied, and harangues upon.

Adieu! I enclose a "World"¹ to you, which, by a story I shall tell you, I find is called mine. I met Mrs. Clive two nights ago, and told her I had been in the meadows, but would walk no more there, for there was all the world. "Well," says she, "and don't you like the World? I hear it was very clever last Thursday." All I know is, that you will meet some of your acquaintance there. Good night, with my compliments to Miss Montagu.

366. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 21, 1753.

THOUGH I have long had a letter of yours unanswered, yet I verily think it would have remained so a little longer, if the pretty altar-tomb which you have sent me had not roused my gratitude. It arrived here—I mean the tomb, not my gratitude—yesterday, and this morning churchyarded itself in the corner of my wood, where I hope it will remain till some future virtuoso shall dig it up, and publish it in "A collection of Roman Antiquities in Britain." It is the very thing I wanted; how could you, my dear Sir, take such exact measure of my idea? By the way, you have never told me the price; don't neglect it, that I may pay your brother.

I told you how ill-disposed I was to write to you, and you must know without my telling you that the only reason of that could be my not knowing a tittle worth mentioning; nay, not a tittle, worth or not. All England is gone over all England electioneering: I think the spirit is as great now they are all on one side, as when parties ran the highest. You judge how little I trouble myself

¹ No. 23, entitled "Old women most proper objects for love." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter to her daughter, says, "Send me no translations, no periodical papers; though I confess some of 'The World' entertained me very much, particularly Lord Chesterfield and Harry Walpole; but whenever I met Dodsley, I wished him out of the world with all my heart." The title was a very lucky one, being, as you see, productive of puns world without end; which is all the species of wit some people can either practise or understand."—WRIGHT.

about all this; especially when the question is not who shall be in the ministry, only who shall be in the House.

I am almost inclined not to say a word to your last letter, because if I begin to answer it, it must be by scolding you for making so serious an affair of leaving off snuff; one would think you was to quit a vice, not a trick. Consider, child, you are in Italy, not in England: here you would be very fashionable by having so many nerves, and you might have doctors and waters for every one of them, from Dr. Mead to Dr. Thomson, and from Bath to the iron pear-tree water. I should sooner have expected to hear that good Dr. Cocchi¹ was in the Inquisition than in prescribing to a *snuff-twitter-nerve-fever!* You say people tell you that leaving off snuff all at once may be attended with bad consequences.—I can't conceive what bad consequences, but to the snuff-shop, who, I conclude by your lamentations, must have sold you tolerable quantities; and I know what effects any diversion of money has upon the tobacco-trade in Tuscany. I forget how much it was that the duty sank at Florence in a fortnight after the erection of the first lottery, by the poor people abridging themselves of snuff to buy tickets: but I think I have said enough, considering I don't intend to scold.

Thank you much for your civilities to Mr. Stephens; not at all for those to Mr. Perry,² who has availed himself of the partiality which he found you had for me, and passed upon you for my friend. I never spoke one word to him in my life, but when he went out of his own dressing-room at Penshurst that Mr. Chute and I might see it, and then I said, "Sir, I hope we don't disturb you;" he grunted something, and walked away—*la belle amitié!*—yet, my dear child, I thank you, who receive bad money when it is called my coin. I wish you had liked my Lady Rochford's beauty more: I intended it should return well preserved: I grow old enough to be piqued for the charms of my contemporaries.

Lord Pomfret is dead, not a thousand pound in debt. The Countess has two thousand a-year rent-charge for jointure, five hundred as lady of the bedchamber to the late Queen, and fourteen thousand pounds in money, in her own power, just recovered by a lawsuit—what a fund for follies! The new Earl has about two thousand four hundred pounds a-year in present, but deep debts and post-obits. He has not put on mourning, but robes; that is, in the

¹ He was a very free thinker, and suspected by the Inquisition.—WALPOLE.

² He married one of the coheireses of the Sidneys, Earls of Leicester.—WALPOLE.

middle of this very hot summer, he has produced himself in a suit of crimson velvet, that he may be sure of not being mistaken for being in weepers. There are rents worth ten thousand pounds left to little Lady Sophia Carteret,¹ and the whole personal estate between the two unmarried daughters;² so the seat [Easton Neston] must be stripped. There are a few fine small pictures, and one³ very curious one of Henry VII. and his Queen, with Cardinal Morton, and, I think, the Abbot of Westminster. Strawberry casts a Gothic eye upon this, but I fear it will pass our revenues. The statues,⁴ which were part of the Arundel collection, are famous, but few good. The Cicero is fine and celebrated; the Marius I think still finer. The rest are Scipios, Cincinnatuses, and the Lord knows who, which have lost more of their little value than of their false pretensions by living out of doors; and there is a green-house full of colossal fragments. Adieu! Have you received the description and portrait of my castle?

367. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Stowe, Aug. 4, 1753.

You would deserve to be scolded, if you had not lost almost as much pleasure as you have disappointed me of.⁵ Whether George Montagu will be so content with your commuting punishments, I don't know: I should think not: he "cried and roared all night"⁶ when I delivered your excuse. He is extremely well-housed, after having roamed like a Tartar about the country with

¹ Daughter of John, Earl of Granville, by his second wife, eldest daughter of Thomas Fermor, Earl of Pomfret.—WALPOLE. Afterwards married to William Petty, Earl of Shelburne and Marquis of Lansdowne.—DOVER.

² Lady Louisa and Lady Anne: the latter was afterwards married to Mr. Dawson.—WALPOLE.

³ It is the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. The two other figures are probably St. Thomas and the Bishop of Imola, the Pope's nuncio, who pronounced the nuptial benediction. This curious picture was purchased by Lady Pomfret for two hundred pounds. The Earl of Oxford offered her five hundred pounds for it: Mr. Walpole bought it at Lord Pomfret's sale for eighty-four guineas, and it is now at Strawberry Hill.—WALPOLE. Compare Walpole's account of Mabuse, to whom he improperly attributes this picture in his 'Anecdotes.' At the Strawberry Hill sale it was sold to John Dent, Esq., for 178*l.* 10*s.*—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Lady Pomfret bought the statues, after her lord's death, and presented them to the University of Oxford.—WALPOLE.

⁵ In not accompanying Mr. Walpole on a visit to Mr. George Montagu at Greatworth.—WALPOLE.

⁶ A phrase of Mr. Montagu's.—WALPOLE.

his whole personal estate at his heels. There is an extensive view, which is called pretty: but Northamptonshire is no county to please me. What entertained me was, that he who in London was grown an absolute recluse, is over head and ears in neighbours, and as popular as if he intended to stand for the county, instead of having given up the town. The very first morning after my arrival, as we were getting into the chaise to go to Wroxton, they notified a Sir Harry Danvers,¹ a young squire, booted and spurred, and buckskin-breeched. "Will you drink any chocolate?"—"No; a little wine and water, if you please."—I suspected nothing but that he had rode till he was dry. "Nicolò, get some wine and water." He desired the water might be warm—I began to stare; Montagu understood the dialect, and ordered a negus. I had great difficulty to keep my countenance, and still more when I saw the baronet finish a very large jug indeed. To be sure, he wondered as much at me who did not finish a jug; and I could not help reflecting, that living always in the world makes one as unfit for living out of it, as always living out of it does for living in it. Knightley, the knight of the shire, has been entertaining all the parishes round with a turtle-feast, which, so far from succeeding, has almost made him suspected for a *Jew*, as the country parsons have not yet learned to wade into green fat.

The roads are very bad to Greatworth; and such numbers of gates, that if one loved punning one should call it the *Gate-house*. The proprietor had a wonderful invention: the chimneys, which are of stone, have niches and benches in them, where the man used to sit and smoke. I had twenty disasters, according to custom; lost my way, and had my French boy almost killed by a fall with his horse: but I have been much pleased. When I was at Park-place I went to see Sir H. Englefield's [Whiteknights], which Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary prefer, but I think very undeservedly, to Mr. Southcote's [Woburn Farm]. It is not above a quarter as extensive, and wants the river. There is a pretty view of Reading seen under a rude arch, and the water is well disposed. The buildings are very insignificant, and the house far from good. The town of Henley has been extremely disturbed with an engagement between the ghosts of Miss Blandy and her father, which continued so violent, that some bold persons, to prevent farther bloodshed,

¹ Sir Harry Danvers, Bart., of Culworth in Oxfordshire. He died, aged twenty-two, "after a morning's airing," exactly a week after the date of this letter.—CUNNINGHAM.

broke in, and found it was two jackasses which had got into the kitchen.

I felt strangely tempted to stay at Oxford and survey it at my leisure; but, as I was alone, I had not courage. I passed by Sir James Dashwood's [at High Wycombe], a vast new house, situated so high that it seems to stand for the county as well as himself. I did look over Lord Jersey's [Middleton], which was built for a hunting-box, and is still little better. But now I am going to tell you how delightful a day I passed at Wroxton. Lord Guildford has made George Montagu so absolutely viceroy over it, that we saw it more agreeable than you can conceive; roamed over the whole house, found every door open, saw not a creature, had an extreme good dinner, wine, fruit, coffee and tea in the library, were served by fairies, tumbled over the books, said one or two talismanic words, and the cascade played, and went home loaded with pine-apples and flowers.—You will take me for Monsieur de Coulanges,¹ I describe eatables so feelingly; but the manner in which we were served made the whole delicious. The house was built by a Lord Downe in the reign of James the First; and though there is a fine hall and a vast dining-room below, and as large a drawing-room above, it is neither good nor agreeable; one end of the front was never finished, and might have a good apartment. The library is added by this Lord, and is a pleasant chamber. Except loads of old portraits, there is no tolerable furniture. A whole-length of the first Earl of Downe is in the Bath-ropes, and has a coif under the hat and feather. There is a charming picture of Prince Henry about twelve years old, drawing his sword to kill a stag, with a Lord Harrington;² a good portrait of Sir Owen Hopton,³ 1590; your *pious* grandmother, my Lady Dacre, which I think like you; some good Cornelius Johnsons; a Lord North, by Riley, good; and an extreme fine portrait by him of the Lord Keeper: I have never seen but few of the hand, but most of them have been equal to Lely and the best of Sir Godfrey. There is too a curious portrait of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College, Oxford, said to be by Holbein. The chapel is new, but in a pretty Gothic taste, with a very long window of painted glass, very tolerable. The frieze is

¹ The cousin and friend of Madame de Sévigné, and frequently mentioned in her letters.—WRIGHT.

² There is a good duplicate of this at Hampton Court.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Lieutenant of the Tower. His daughter was the wife of the first Earl of Downe.—WRIGHT.

pendent, just in the manner I propose for the eating-room at Strawberry Hill. Except one scene, which is indeed noble, I cannot much commend the without-doors. This scene consists of a beautiful lake entirely shut in with wood: the head falls into a fine cascade, and that into a serpentine river, over which is a little Gothic seat like a round temple, lifted up by a shaggy mount. On an eminence in the park is an obelisk erected to the honour and at the expense of "optimus" and "munificentissimus" the late Prince of Wales, "in loci amenitatem et memoriam adventus ejus." There are several paltry Chinese buildings and bridges, which have the merit or demerit of being the progenitors of a very numerous race all over the kingdom: at least they were of the very first. In the church is a beautiful tomb of an Earl and Countess of Downe, and the tower is in a good plain Gothic style, and was once, they tell you, still more beautiful; but Mr. Miller, who designed it, unluckily once in his life happened to think rather of beauty than of the water-tables, and so it fell down the first winter.

On Wednesday morning we went to see a sweet little chapel at Steane,¹ built in 1620 by Sir Thomas Crewe, Speaker in the time of the first James and Charles. Here are remains of the mansion-house, but quite in ruins: the chapel is kept up by my Lady Arran, the last of the race. There are seven or eight monuments. On one is this epitaph, which I thought pretty enough:

*"Conjux, casta parens felix, matrona pudica;
Sara viro, mundo Martha, Maria Deo."*

On another is the most affected inscription I ever saw, written by two brothers on their sister: they say, "This agreeable mortal translated her into immortality such a day:" but I could not help laughing at one quaint expression, to which time has given a droll sense: "She was a constant lover of the best."

I have been here [at Stowe] these two days, extremely amused and charmed indeed. Wherever you stand you see an Albano landscape. Half as many buildings I believe would be too many, but such a profusion gives inexpressible richness. You may imagine I have some private reflections entertaining enough, not very communicable to the company: the Temple of Friendship, in which, among twenty memorandums of quarrels, is the bust of Mr. Pitt: Mr. James Grenville² is now in the house, whom his uncle disin-

¹ Near Brackley in Northamptonshire.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The Right Hon. James Grenville, second brother of Earl Temple, and nephew of

herited for his attachment to that very Pylades, Mr. Pitt. He broke with Mr. Pope, who is deified in the Elysian fields, before the inscription for his head was finished. That of Sir John Barnard, which was bespoke by the name of a bust of my Lord Mayor, was by a mistake of the sculptor done for Alderman Perry. The statue of the King, and that "honor, laudi, virtuti divæ Carolinæ," make one smile, when one sees the ceiling where Britannia rejects and hides the reign of King * * * * But I have no patience at building and planting a satire! Such is the temple of modern virtue in ruins! The Grecian temple is glorious: this I openly worship: in the heretical corner of my heart I adore the Gothic building, which by some unusual inspiration Gibbs has made pure and beautiful and venerable. The style has a propensity to the Venetian or mosque Gothic, and the great column near it makes the whole put one in mind of the Place of St. Mark. The windows are throughout consecrated with painted glass; most of it from the priory at Warwick, a present from that foolish Greathead, who quarrelled with me (because his father was a gardener) for asking him if Lord Brook had planted much.—Apropos to painted glass. I forgot to tell you of a sweet house which Mr. Montagu carried me to see, belonging to a Mr. Holman, a Catholic, and called Warkworth. The situation is pretty, the front charming, composed of two round and two square towers. The court within is incomplete on one side; but above stairs is a vast gallery with four bow-windows and twelve other large ones, all filled with the arms of the old peers of England, with all their quarterings entire. You don't deserve, after deserting me, that I should tempt you to such a sight; but this alone is worth while to carry you to Greatworth.

Adieu, my dear Sir! I return to Strawberry to-morrow, and forgive you enough not to deprive myself of the satisfaction of seeing you there whenever you have nothing else to do.

368. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 16, 1753.

DON'T you suspect, that I have not only forgot the pleasure I had at Greatworth and Wroxton, but the commissions you gave me too? It looks a little ungrateful not to have vented a word of thanks;

Pope's Lord Cobham. He died in 1783. His eldest son, who died in 1826, was created Lord Glastonbury.—CUNNINGHAM.

but I stayed to write till I could send you the things, and when I had them, I stayed to send them by Mr. Chute, who tells you by to-night's post when he will bring them. The butter-plate is not exactly what you ordered, but I flatter myself you will like it as well. There are a few seeds; more shall follow at the end of the autumn. Besides Tom Hervey's letter, I have sent you maps of Oxfordshire and Northamptonshire, having felt the want of them when I was with you. I found the road to Stowe above twelve miles, very bad, and it took me up two hours and a half: but the formidable idea I conceived of the breakfast and way of life there by no means answered. You was a prophet; it was very agreeable. I am ashamed to tell you that I laughed half an hour yesterday at the sudden death of your new friend Sir Harry Danvers, "after a morning's airing," the news call it; I suspect it was after a negus. I found my garden brown and bare, but these rains have recovered the greenh. You may get your pond ready as soon as you please; the gold fish swarm: Mr. Bentley carried a dozen to town t'other day in a decanter. You would be entertained with our fishing; instead of nets, and rods and lines, and worms, we use nothing but a pail and a basin and a tea-strainer, which I persuade my neighbours is the Chinese method. Adieu! my best compliments to Miss Montagu.

P.S. Since writing my letter, I have received your twin dispatches. I am extremely sensible of the honour my Lord Guildford does me, and beg you to transmit my gratitude to him: if he is ever at Wroxton when I visit Greatworth, I shall certainly wait upon him, and think myself happy in seeing that charming place again. As soon as I go to town, I shall send for Moreland, and harbour your wardrobe with great pleasure. I find I must beg your pardon for laughing in the former part of my letter about your baronet's death; but his "wine and water a little warm" had left such a ridiculous effect upon me, that even his death could not efface it. Good night!

Mr. Miller told me at Stowe, that the chimney-piece (I think from Steane) was he believed at Banbury, but he did not know exactly. If it lies in your way to inquire, on so vague a direction, will you? Mr. Chute may bring me a sketch of it.

369. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR :

Arlington Street, September, 1753.

I AM going to send you another volume of my travels ; I don't know whether I shall not, at last, write a new *Camden's Britannia* ; but lest you should be afraid of my itinerary, I will at least promise you that it shall not be quite so dry as most surveys, which contain nothing but lists of impropriations and glebes, and carucates, and transcripts out of Domesday, and tell one nothing that is entertaining, describe no houses nor parks, mention no curious pictures, but are fully satisfied if they inform you that they believe that some nameless old tomb belonged to a knight-templar, or one of the crusado, because he lies cross-legged. Another promise I will make you is, that my love of abbeys shall not make me hate the Reformation till that makes me grow a Jacobite, like the rest of my antiquarian predecessors ; of whom, Dart in particular wrote Billingsgate against Cromwell and the regicides ; and Sir Robert Atkins concludes his summary of the Stuarts with saying, "that it is no reason, because they have been so, that this family should always continue unfortunate."

I have made my visit at Hagley,¹ as I intended. On my way I dined at Park-place, and lay at Oxford. As I was quite alone, I did not care to see anything ; but as soon as it was dark, I ventured out, and the moon rose as I was wandering among the colleges, and gave me a charming venerable Gothic scene, which was not lessened by the monkish appearance of the old fellows stealing to their pleasures. Birmingham is large, and swarms with people and trade, but did not answer my expectation from any beauty in it : yet, new as it is, I perceived how far I was got back from the London hegira ; for every ale-house is here written *mug-house*,² a name one has not heard of since the riots in the late King's time.

As I got into Worcestershire, I opened upon a landscape of country which I prefer even to Kent, which I had reckoned the most beautiful county in England : but this, with all the richness of

¹ In Worcestershire, the seat of Sir George, afterwards Lord, Lyttelton. The house since Walpole visited it has been rebuilt.—CUNNINGHAM.

² See "The Tatler," June 5, 1710, No. 180 ; and the song, "The Mug House," in Thompson's "Collection of One Hundred and Eighty Loyal Songs, all written since 1678." 1694.—CUNNINGHAM.

Kent, is bounded with mountains. Sir George Lyttelton's house is immeasurably bad and old: one room at the top of the house, which was reckoned a *conceit* in those days, projects a vast way into the air. There are two or three curious pictures, and some of them extremely agreeable to me for their relation to Grammont: there is *le sérieux Lyttelton*,¹ but too old for the date of that book; Mademoiselle Stuart, Lord Brouncker,² and Lady Southesk;³ besides, a portrait of Lord Clifford the Treasurer, with his staff, but drawn in armour (though no soldier) out of flattery to Charles II., as he said the most glorious part of his life was attending the King at the battle of Worcester. He might have said, that it was as *glorious* as any part of his Majesty's life. You might draw, but I can't describe, the enchanting scenes of the park: it is a hill of three miles, but broke into all manner of beauty; such lawns, such wood, rills, cascades, and a thickness of verdure quite to the summit of the hill, and commanding such a vale of towns, and meadows, and woods extending quite to the Black Mountain in Wales, that I quite forgot my favourite Thames! Indeed, I prefer nothing to Hagley but Mount Edgecumbe. There is extreme taste in the park: the seats are not the best, but there is not one absurdity. There is a ruined castle, built by Miller, that would get him his freedom even of Strawberry: it has the true rust of the Barons' Wars. Then there is a scene of a small lake, with cascades falling down such a Parnassus! with a circular temple on the distant eminence; and there is such a fairy dale, with more cascades gushing out of rocks! and there is a hermitage, so exactly like those in Sadeler's prints, on the brow of a shady mountain, stealing peeps into the glorious world below! and there is such a pretty well under a wood, like the Samaritan woman's in a picture of Nicolò Poussin! and there is such a wood without the park, enjoying such a prospect! and there is such a mountain on t'other side of the park commanding all prospects, that I wore out my eyes with gazing, my feet with climbing, and my tongue and my vocabulary with commending! The best notion I can give you of the satisfaction I showed, was, that Sir George proposed to carry me to dine with my Lord Foley;

¹ Sir Charles Lyttelton, distinguished in the 'Mémoires de Grammont' as "*le sérieux Lyttelton*." He died in 1716, at the age of eighty-six.—WRIGHT.

² William, second Viscount Brouncker, and first President of the Royal Society.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Anne, daughter of William, Duke of Hamilton, mortally wounded at the Battle of Worcester, and wife of Robert, third Earl of Southesk. Her intrigue with the Duke of York, is described in 'Grammont.'—CUNNINGHAM.

[at Whitley Court]; and when I showed reluctance, he said, "Why, I thought you did not mind any strangers, if you were to see any thing!" Think of my not minding strangers! I mind them so much, that I missed seeing Hartlebury Castle, and the Bishop of Worcester's¹ chapel of painted glass there, because it was his public day when I passed by his park.—Miller has built a Gothic house in the village at Hagley for a relation of Sir George: but there he is not more than Miller; in his castle he is almost Bentley. There is a genteel tomb in the church [at Hagley] to Sir George's first wife,² with a Cupid and a pretty urn in the Roman style.

You will be diverted with my distresses at Worcester. I set out boldly to walk down the high-street to the cathedral: I found it much more peopled than I intended, and, when I was quite embarked, discovered myself up to the ears in a contested election. A new candidate had arrived the night before, and turned all their heads. Nothing comforted me, but that the opposition is to Mr. Trevis; and I purchased my passage very willingly with crying, "No Trevis! No Jews!" However, the inn where I lay was Jerusalem itself, the very head-quarters where Trevis the Pharisee was expected; and I had scarce got into my room, before the victorious mob of his enemy, who had routed his advanced guard, broke open the gates of our inn, and almost murdered the ostler—and then carried him off to prison for being murdered.

The cathedral is pretty, and has several tombs, and clusters of light pillars of Derbyshire marble, lately cleaned. Gothicism and the restoration of that architecture, and not of the bastard breed, spreads extremely in this part of the world. Prince Arthur's tomb, from whence we took the paper for the hall and staircase, to my great surprise, is on a less scale than the paper, and is not of brass but stone, and that wretchedly whitewashed. The niches are very small, and the long slips in the middle are divided every now and then with the trefoil. There is a fine tomb for Bishop Hough,³ in the Westminster Abbey style; but the obelisk at the back is not loaded with a globe and a human figure, like Mr. Kent's design for Sir Isaac Newton [in Westminster Abbey]: an absurdity which nothing but himself could surpass, when he placed three busts at the foot of an altar—and, not content with that, placed them at the very angles—where they have as little to do as they have with Shakspeare.

¹ Isaac Maddox, Bishop of Worcester in 1743 till his death in 1759.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, Esq. of Filleigh; upon whose death, in 1746-7, Lord Lyttelton wrote his celebrated monody.—WRIGHT.

³ By Roubillac.—CUNNINGHAM.

From Worcester I went to see Malvern Abbey. It is situated half way up an immense mountain of that name: the mountain is very long, in shape like the prints of a whale's back: towards the larger end lies the town. Nothing remains but a beautiful gateway and a church, which is very large: every window has been gluted with painted glass, of which much remains, but it did not answer: blue and red there is in abundance, and good faces; but the portraits are so high, I could not distinguish them. Besides, the woman who showed me the church would pester me with Christ and King David, when I was hunting for John of Gaunt and King Edward. The greatest curiosity, at least what I had never seen before, was, the whole floor and far up the sides of the church has been, if I may call it so, wainscoted with red and yellow tiles, extremely polished, and diversified with coats of arms, and inscriptions, and mosaic. I have since found the same at Gloucester, and have even been so fortunate as to purchase from the sexton about a dozen, which think what an acquisition for Strawberry! They are made of the natural earth of the country, which is a rich red clay that produces every thing. All the lanes are full of all kind of trees, and enriched with large old apple-trees, that hang over from one hedge to another. Worcester city is large and pretty. Gloucester city is still better situated, but worse built, and not near so large. About a mile from Worcester you break upon a sweet view of the Severn. A little farther on the banks is Mr. Lechmere's house; but he has given strict charge to a troop of willows never to let him see the river: to his right hand extends the fairest meadow covered with cattle that ever you saw: at the end of it is the town of Upton, with a church half ruined, and a bridge of six arches, which I believe, with little trouble, he might see from his garden.

The vale increases in riches to Gloucester. I stayed two days at George Selwyn's house, called Matson, which lies on Robin Hood's Hill: it is lofty enough for an Alp, yet is a mountain of turf to the very top, has wood scattered all over it, springs that long to be cascades in twenty places of it; and from the summit it beats even Sir George Lyttelton's views, by having the city of Gloucester at its foot, and the Severn widening to the horizon. His house is small, but neat. King Charles lay here at the siege; and the Duke of York, with typical fury, hacked and hewed the window-shutters of his chamber, as a memorandum of his being there. Here is a good picture of Dudley Earl of Leicester in his later age, which he gave to Sir Francis Walsingham, at whose house in Kent it remained till

removed hither; and what makes it very curious, is his age marked on it, fifty-four in 1572. I had never been able to discover before in what year he was born. And here is the very flower-pot¹ and counterfeit association, for which Bishop Sprat was taken up, and the Duke of Marlborough sent to the Tower. The reservoirs on the hill supply the city. The late Mr. Selwyn governed the borough by them—and I believe by some wine too. The Bishop's [Lavington's] house is pretty, and restored to the Gothic by the last Bishop [Clagget]. Price² has painted a large chapel window for him, which is scarce inferior for colours, and is a much better picture than any of the old glass. The eating-room is handsome. As I am a Protestant Goth, I was glad to worship Bishop Hooper's room, from whence he was led to the stake: but I could almost have been a Hun, and set fire to the front of the house, which is a small pert portico, like the conveniences at the end of a London garden. The outside of the cathedral is beautifully light; the pillars in the nave outrageously plump and heavy. There is a tomb of one Abraham Blackleach, a great curiosity; for, though the figures of him and his wife are cumbent, they are very graceful, designed by Vandyck, and well executed. Kent designed the screen; but knew no more there than he did any where else how to enter into the true Gothic taste. Sir Christopher Wren, who built the tower of the great gateway at Christchurch, has caught the graces of it as happily as you could do: there is particularly a niche between two compartments of a window, that is a masterpiece.

But here is a *modernity*, which beats all antiquities for curiosity: just by the high altar is a small pew hung with green damask, with curtains of the same; a small corner cupboard, painted, carved, and gilt, for books in one corner, and two troughs of a bird-cage, with seeds and water. If any mayoress on earth was small enough to enclose herself in this tabernacle, or abstemious enough to feed on rape and canary, I should have sworn that it was the shrine of the queen of the aldermen. It belongs to a Mrs. Cotton, who, having lost a favourite daughter, is convinced her soul is transmigrated into a robin-redbreast; for which reason she passes her life in making an aviary of the cathedral of Gloucester. The chapter indulge this whim, as she contributes abundantly to glaze, whitewash, and ornament the church.

¹ See Walpole to Bentley, August 5, 1752.—CUNNINGHAM.

² William Price, the younger, died 1765.—CUNNINGHAM.

King Edward the Second's tomb is very light and in good repair. The old wooden figure of Robert, the Conqueror's unfortunate eldest son, is extremely genteel, and, though it may not be so ancient as his death, is in a taste very superior to any thing of much later ages. Our Lady's Chapel has a bold kind of portal, and several ceilings of chapels, and tribunes in a beautiful taste: but of all delight, is what they call the abbot's cloister. It is the very thing that you would build, when you had extracted all the quintessence of trefoils, arches, and lightness. In the church is a star-window of eight points, that is prettier than our rose-windows.

A little way from the town are the ruins of Lantony Priory: there remains a pretty old gateway, which G. Selwyn has begged, to erect on the top of his mountain, and it will have a charming effect.

At Burford I saw the house of Mr. Lenthal, the descendant of the Speaker. The front is good; and a chapel connected by two or three arches, which let the garden appear through, has a pretty effect; but the inside of the mansion is bad and ill-furnished. Except a famous picture of Sir Thomas More's family,¹ the portraits are rubbish, though celebrated. I am told that the Speaker, who really had a fine collection, made his peace by presenting them to Cornbury,² where they were well known, till the Duke of Marlborough bought that seat.

I can't go and describe so known a place as Oxford, which I saw pretty well on my return. The whole air of the town charms me; and what remains of the true Gothic *un-Gibbs'd*, and the profusion of painted glass, were entertainment enough to me. In the Picture Gallery are quantities of portraits; but in general they are not only not so much as copies, but *proxies*—so totally unlike they are to the persons they pretend to represent.³ All I will tell you more of Oxford is, that Fashion has so far prevailed over her collegiate sister, Custom, that they have altered the hour of dinner from twelve to

¹ The Lenthal picture has been attributed to Holbein, but it bears a date (1593) thirty-nine years after Holbein's death. The earliest notice of it is in Aubrey's "Lives:" "In the hall of Sir John Lenthal at Besilslye [Besils-Leigh between Faringdon and Oxford] is an original of Sir Thomas More and his father, mother, wife, and children, done by Hans Holbein. There is an inscription in golden letters of about 60 lines, which I spake to Mr. Thomas Pigot, of Wadham College, to transcribe, and he has done it very carefully." This picture was sold and bought in at Christie's, in 1833, for 105*l*. A better picture at Nostall Priory in Yorkshire is described by Waagen, iii. 334.—CUNNINGHAM.

² See Vol. i. p. 6, and vol. ii. p. 223.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Walpole has underrated the value of the Picture Gallery at Oxford. Some of the portraits are highly curious.—CUNNINGHAM.

one. Does not it put one in mind of reformations in religion? One don't abolish Mahomedism; one only brings it back to where the imposter himself left it.—I think it is at the South-Sea-house, where they have been forced to alter the hours of payment, instead of from ten to twelve, to from twelve to two; so much do even monied citizens sail with the current of idleness!

Was not I talking of religious sects? Methodism is quite decayed in Oxford, its cradle. In its stead, there prevails a delightful fantastic system, called the sect of the Hutchinsonians,¹ of whom one seldom hears any thing in town. After much inquiry, all I can discover is, that their religion consists in driving Hebrew to its fountain head, till they find some word or other in every text of the Old Testament, which may seem figurative of something in the New, or at least of something that may happen God knows when, in consequence of the New. As their doctrine is novel, and requires much study, or at least much invention, one should think that they could not have settled half the canon of what they are to believe—and yet they go on zealously, trying to make and succeeding in making converts.²—I could not help smiling at the thoughts of *etymological salvation*; and I am sure you will smile when I tell you, that according to their gravest doctors, “Soap is an excellent type of Jesus Christ, and the York-buildings waterworks³ of the Trinity.” I don't know whether this is not as entertaining as the passion of the Moravians for the “little side-hole!” Adieu, my dear sir!

370. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 6, 1753.

I FEAR the letter of July 21st, which you tell me you have received, was the last I wrote. I will make no more excuses for my silence; I think they take up half my letters. The time of year must be full excuse; and this autumn is so dead a time, that people even don't die.

¹ John Hutchinson, the founder of this sect, was born in 1674, and died in 1737, leaving a number of works on the Hebrew language, which were collected in 1748, in twelve volumes octavo. He imagined all knowledge to be contained in the Hebrew Scriptures, and, rejecting the points, he gave a fanciful meaning to every one of the Hebrew letters.—WRIGHT.

² Among Hutchinson's followers were the amiable Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich, who published an 'Abstract' of his writings, and Parkhurst, the author of the Hebrew Lexicon.—WRIGHT.

³ Famous waterworks at the foot of Buckingham Street, Strand, and so called from the palace there of the Archbishops of York.—CUNNINGHAM.

You have puzzled me extremely by a paragraph in yours about one Wilton a sculptor,¹ who, you say, is mentioned with encomiums in one of the 'Worlds:'² I recollected no such thing. The first parcel your brother sends you shall convey the other numbers of that paper, and I will mark all the names I know of the authors: there are several, and of our first writers;³ but in general you will not find that the paper answers the idea you have entertained of it.

I grieve for my Florentine friends and for the doubling of their yoke: the Count has shown great art. I am totally ignorant, not to say indifferent, about the Modenese treaty;⁴ indeed, I have none of that spirit which was formerly so much objected to some of my family, the love of negotiations during a settled peace. Treaties within treaties are very dull businesses: contracts of marriage between baby-princes and miss-princesses give me no curiosity. If I had not seen it in the papers, I should never have known that Master Tommy the Archduke was playing at marrying Miss Modena. I am as sick of the *hide-and-seek* at which all Europe has been playing about a King of the Romans! Forgive me, my dear child, you who are a minister, for holding your important affairs so cheap. I amuse myself with Gothic and painted glass, and am as grave about my own trifles as I could be at Ratisbon. I shall tell you one or two events within my own very small sphere, and you must call them a letter. I believe I mentioned having made a kind of *armoury*: my upper servant, who is full as dull as his predecessor, whom you knew, Tom Barney, has had his head so filled with *arms*, that the other day, when a man brought home an old chimney-back, which I had bought for having belonged to Harry VII., he came running in, and said, "Sir, Sir! here is a man has brought some more *armour*!"

Last week, when I was in town, I went to pay a bill to the glazier who fixed up the painted glass: I said, "Mr. Palmer, you charge me seven shillings a-day for your man's work: I know you give him but two shillings; and I am told that it is impossible for him to

¹ Joseph Wilton best known by his monument in Westminster Abbey to General Wolfe; died November 25, 1809, in his eighty-first year.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Mr Mann mistook; I think it was in a paper called 'The Adventurer.'—WALPOLE.

³ Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bath, Mr. W. [William] Whited, Sir Charles Williams, Mr. Soame Jenyns, Mr. Cambridge, Mr. Coventry, &c.—WALPOLE.

⁴ It was between the Empress-Queen and the Duke of Modena, for settling the duchy of Milan on one of the little Archdukes, on his marrying the Duke's granddaughter, and in the mean time the Duke was made administrator of Milan.—WALPOLE.

earn seven shillings a-day."—"Why no, Sir," replied he, "it is not that; but one must pay house-rent, and one must eat, and one must wear." I looked at him, and he had on a blue silk waistcoat with an extremely broad gold lace. I could not help smiling. I turned round, and saw his own portrait, and his wife's, and his son's. "And I see," said I, "one *must* sit for one's picture: I am very sorry that I am to contribute for all you *must* do!" Adieu! I gave you warning that I had nothing to say.

371. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 6, 1753.

IN a very long, and consequently a very agreeable letter, which I received from you yesterday, you set me an example which I despair of following, keeping up a correspondence with spirit when the world furnishes no events. I should not say *no events*, for France is big with matter, but to talk of the parliamentary wars of another country would be only transcribing gazettes: and as to Prince Heraclius,¹ the other phænomenon of the age, it is difficult to say much about a person of whom one knows nothing at all. The only scene, that promises to interest one, lies in Ireland, from whence we are told that the Speaker's party has carried a question against the Lord Lieutenant's; but no particulars are yet arrived. Foundations have formerly been laid in Ireland of troubles that have spread hither: I have read somewhere this old saw,

"He that would England win,
Must with Ireland first begin."

The only novelty I know, and which is quite private history, is, that there is a man² in the world, who has so much obligingness and attention in his friendships, that in the middle of public business, and teased to death with all kind of commissions, and overrun with cubs and cubaccioni's of every kind, he can for twelve years together remember any single picture, or bust, or morsel of *virtù*, that a friend

¹ One of the pretenders to the throne of Persia, who gained many victories about this time.—WALPOLE.

² When Mr. Walpole was at Florence he saw a fine picture by Vasari of the Great Duchess Bianca Capello, in the palace of the Marchese Vitelli, whose family falling to decay, and their effects being sold twelve years afterwards, Mr. Mann recollected Mr. Walpole's having admired that picture, bought and sent it to him.—WALPOLE. Sold at the Strawberry Hill sale to Mr. Seguier for 16*l.* 16*s.*—CUNNINGHAM.

of his ever liked ; and what is forty times more extraordinary than this circumstantial kindness, he remembers it just at the time when others, who might be afflicted with as good a memory, would take pains to forget it, that is, when it is to be obtained :—exactly then this person goes and purchases the thing in question, whips it on board a ship, and sends it to his friend, in the manner in the world to make it most agreeable, except that he makes it impossible to thank him, because you must allow that one ought to be possessed of the same manner of obliging, before one is worthy of thanking such a person. I don't know whether you will think this person so extraordinary as I do ; but I have one favour to beg ; if you should ever hear his name, which, for certain reasons, I can't tell you, let me intreat you never to disclose it, for the world in general is so much the reverse of him, that they would do nothing but commend to him everything they saw, in order to employ his memory and generosity. For this reason you will allow that the prettiest action that ever was *committed*, ought not to be published to all the world.

You, who love your friends, will not be sorry to hear a little circumstance, that concerns, in a tolerable manner, at least two of them. The last of my mother's surviving brothers' is dead, and dead without a will, and dead rich. Mr. Conway and I shall share about six thousand pounds a-piece in common with his brother and sister and my brother. I only tell you this for a momentary pleasure, for *you* are not a sort of person to remember anything relative to your friends beyond the present instant !

After writing me two sheets of paper, not to mention the episode of Bianca Capello, I know not how to have the confidence to put an end to my letter already ; and yet I must, and you will admit the excuse : I have but just time to send my brother an account of his succession : you who think largely enough to forgive any man's deferring such notice to you, would be the last man to defer giving it to anybody else ; and therefore, to spare you any more of the compliments and thanks, which surely I owe you, you shall let me go make my brother happy. Adieu !

¹ Erasmus Shorter, brother of Catherine Lady Walpole, and of Charlotte Lady Conway, whose surviving children, Edward and Horace Walpole, Francis Earl of Hertford, Henry and Anne Conway, became his heirs.—WALPOLE. See Vol. i. p. lxxvii.—CUNNINGHAM.

372. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 6, 1753.

I HAVE at last found a moment to answer your letter ; a possession of which, I think, I have not been master these ten days. You must know that I have an uncle dead ; a sort of event that could not possibly have been disagreeable to me, let his name have been what it would ; and to make it still less unpleasant, here am I one of the heirs-at-law to a man worth thirty thousand pounds. One of the heirs, you must construe, one of five. In short, my uncle Erasmus is dead, and I think at last we may depend on his having made no will. If a will should appear, we are but where we were ; if it does not, it is not uncomfortable to have a little sum of money drop out of the clouds, to which one has as much right as anybody, for which one has no obligation, and paid no flattery. This death and the circumstances have made extreme noise, but they are of an extent impossible to tell you within the compass of any letter, and I will not raise your curiosity when I cannot satisfy it but by a narration, which I must reserve till I see you. The only event I know besides within this atmosphere, is the death of Lord Burlington,¹ who, I have just heard, has left every thing in his power to his relict. I tell you nothing of Jew bills and Jew motions, for I dare to say you have long been as weary of the words as I am. The only point that keeps up any attention, is expectation of a mail from Ireland, from whence we have heard, by a side wind, that the court have lost a question by six ; you may imagine one wants to know more of this.

The Opera is indifferent ; the first man has a finer voice than Monticelli, but knows not what to with it. Ancient Visconti does so much with hers that it is intolerable. There is a new play of Glover's,² in which Boadicea the heroine rants as much as Visconti screams ; but happily you hear no more of her after the end of the third act, till in the last scene somebody brings a card with her compliments, and she is very sorry she cannot wait upon you, but she is dead. Then there is a scene between Lord Sussex and Lord

¹ The architect Earl.—CUNNINGHAM.

² 'Boadicea,' a Tragedy, by Glover, author of 'Leonidas,' acted for the first time at Drury Lane Theatre, December 1, 1753. It ran ten nights. Garrick, Mrs. Cibber, and Mr. Pritchard had parts in it.—CUNNINGHAM.

Cathcart, two captives, which is most incredibly absurd : but yet the parts are so well acted, the dresses so fine, and two or three scenes pleasing enough, that it is worth seeing.

There are new young lords, fresh and fresh : two of them are much in vogue ; Lord Huntingdon and Lord Stormont.¹ I supped with them t'other night at Lady Caroline Petersham's ; the latter is most cried up ; but he is more reserved, seems sly and to have sense, but I should not think extreme : yet it is not fair to judge on a silent man at first. The other is very lively and very agreeable. This is the state of the town you inquire after, and which you do inquire after as one does after Mr. Somebody that one used to see at Mr. Such-a-one's formerly : do you never intend to know more of us ? or do you intend to leave me to wither upon the hands of the town, like Charles Stanhope² and Mrs. Dunch ? My cotemporaries seem to be all retiring to their proprieties. If I must too, positively I will go no farther than Strawberry Hill ! You are very good to lament *our* gold fish : their whole history consists in their being stolen *à deux reprises*, the very week after I came to town.

Mr. Bentley is where he was, and well, and now and then makes me as happy as I can be, having lost him, with a charming drawing. We don't talk of his abode ; for the Hecate his wife endeavours to discover it. Adieu ! my best compliments to Miss Montagu.

373. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 19, 1753.

I LITTLE thought when I parted with you, my dear Sir, that your absence³ could indemnify me so well for itself : I still less expected that I should find you improving daily : but your letters grow more and more entertaining, your drawings more and more picturesque ; you write with more wit, and paint with more *melancholy*, than ever anybody did : your woody mountains hang down " somewhat so

¹ David Murray, Viscount Stormont (died 1796), nephew of the great Lord Mansfield.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Charles Stanhope, Esq., elder brother of the first Earl of Harrington. He died March 16, 1760, aged 87. He figures conspicuously in Hanbury Williams's charming poem of 'Isabella, or the Morning.'—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Mr. Bentley was now in the island of Jersey ; whither he had retired on account of the derangement of his affairs, and whither all the following letters are addressed to him.—BERRY.

poetical," as Mr. Ashe¹ said, that your own poet Gray will scarce keep tune with you. All this refers to your cascade scene and your letter. For the library, it cannot have the Strawberry imprimatur: the double arches and double pinnacles are most ungraceful; and the doors below the book-cases in Mr. Chute's design had a conventual look, which yours totally wants. For this time, we shall put your genius in commission, and, like some other regents, execute our own plan without minding our sovereign. For the chimney, I do not wonder you missed our instructions: we could not contrive to understand them ourselves; and therefore, determining nothing but to have the old picture stuck in a thicket of pinnacles, we left it to you to find out *the how*. I believe it will be a little difficult; but as I suppose *facere quia impossibile est*, is full as easy as *credere*, why—you must do it.

The present journal of the world and of me stands thus: King George II. does not go abroad.—Some folks fear nephews,² as much as others hate uncles. The Castle of Dublin has carried the Armagh election by one vote only—which is thought equivalent to losing it by twenty. Mr. Pelham has been very ill, I thought of St. Patrick's fire,³ but it proved St. Antony's. Our House of Commons, mere poachers, are piddling with the torture of Leheup,⁴ who extracted so much money out of the lottery.

The robber of Po Yang⁵ is discovered, and I hope will be put to death, without my pity interfering, as it has done for Mr. Shorter's servant,⁶ or Lady Caroline Petersham's, as it did for Maclean. In

¹ A nurseryman at Twickenham. He had served Pope. Mr. Walpole telling him he would have his trees planted irregularly, he said, "Yes, Sir, I understand: you would have them hang down somewhat poetical."—WALPOLE.

² Frederic II. King of Prussia, nephew to George II. Mr. Walpole alludes to himself, who was upon bad terms with his uncle Horace Walpole, afterwards Lord Walpole of Wolterton.—BERRY.

³ Alluding to the disturbances and opposition to government, which took place in Ireland during the vicereignty of Lionel Duke of Dorset.—WALPOLE.

⁴ In framing the act for the purchase of the Sloane Museum and the Harleian Manuscripts by lottery, Mr. Pelham, who disapproved of this financial expedient, as tending to foster a spirit of gambling, had taken care to restrict the number of tickets to be sold to any single individual. Notwithstanding which, Mr. Leheup, one of the commissioners of the lottery, had sold to one person, under names which he knew to be fictitious, between two and three hundred tickets. The subject was brought before the House of Commons, where a series of resolutions was passed against Mr. Leheup, accompanied by an address to the King, praying that the offender might be prosecuted. The result was, that he was prosecuted by the Attorney-general, and fined one thousand pounds.—WRIGHT. See Vol. i. p. 391.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Mr. Walpole had given this Chinese name to a pond of gold fish at Strawberry Hill. [See p. 286].—WALPOLE.

⁶ A Swiss servant of Erasmus Shorter's, maternal uncle to Mr. Walpole, who was not without suspicion of having hastened his master's death.—BERRY.

short, it was a heron. I like this better than thieves, as I believe the gang will be more easily destroyed, though not mentioned in the King's speech or Fielding's treatises.¹

Lord Clarendon, Lord Thanet, and Lord Burlington are dead. The second sent for his tailor, and asked him if he could make him a suit of mourning in eight hours: if he could, he would go into mourning for his brother Burlington²—but that he did not expect to live twelve hours himself.

There are two more volumes come out of Sir "Charles Grandison." I shall detain them till the last is published, and not think I postpone much of your pleasure. For my part, I stopped at the fourth; I was so tired of sets of people getting together, and saying, "Pray, Miss, with whom are you in love?" and of mighty good young men that convert your Mr. M * * * * 's in the twinkling of a sermon!—You have not been much more diverted, I fear, with Hogarth's book³—'tis very silly!—Palmyra⁴ is come forth, and is a noble book; the prints finely engraved, and an admirable dissertation before it. My wonder is much abated: the Palmyrene empire which I had figured, shrunk to a small trading city with some magnificent public buildings out of proportion to the dignity of the place.

The operas succeed pretty well; and music has so much recovered its power of charming, that there is started up a burletta at Covent Garden, that has half the vogue of the old Beggar's Opera: indeed there is a soubrette, called the Niccolina,⁵ who, besides being pretty, has more vivacity and variety of humour than ever existed in any creature.

374. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 23, 1754.

HER Serene Highness, the Great Duchess Bianca Capello,⁶ is arrived safe at a palace lately taken for her in Arlington Street. She

¹ Fielding's 'Enquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers,' was published this year.—CUNNINGHAM.

² The Countesses of Thanet and Burlington were sisters.—WALPOLE.

³ 'The Analysis of Beauty.'—WALPOLE.

⁴ Robert Wood's great work, 'The Ruins of Palmyra.' The epitaph for his monument at Putney, written by Walpole at the request of his widow, concludes thus:—"The beautiful editions of Balbec and Palmyra, illustrated by the classic pen of Robert Wood, supply a nobler and more lasting monument, and will survive those august remains."—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ See Genest's 'Stage,' iv. 395. Murphy calls her, Signora Spiletta.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁶ Bianca Capello was the daughter of a noble Venetian. She had been seduced and carried off from her father's house by a young Florentine of low origin, named

has been much visited by the quality and gentry, and pleases universally by the graces of her person and comeliness of her deportment—my dear child, this is the least that the newspapers would say of the charming Bianca. I, who feel all the agreeableness of your manner, must say a great deal more, or should say a great deal more, but I can only commend the picture enough, not you. The head is painted equal to Titian; and though done, I suppose, after the clock had struck five-and-thirty, yet she retains a great share of beauty. I have bespoken a frame for her, with the grand-ducal coronet at top, her story¹ on a label at bottom, which Gray is to compose in Latin, as short and expressive as Tacitus, (one is lucky when one can bespeak and have executed such an inscription!) the Medici arms on one side, and the Capello's on the other. I must tell you a critical discovery of mine *à propos*: in an old book of Venetian arms, there are two coats of Capello, who from their *name* bear a *hat*; on one of them is added a *fleur-de-lis* on a blue ball, which I am persuaded was given to the family by the Great Duke, in consideration of this alliance; the Medicis, you know, bore such a badge at the top of their own arms. This discovery I made by a talisman, which Mr. Chute calls the *Sortes Walpoliana*, by which I find every thing I want, *à pointe nommée*, wherever I dip for it. This discovery, indeed, is almost of that kind which I call *Serendipity*, a very expressive word, which, as I have nothing better to tell you, I shall endeavour to explain to you: you will understand it better by the derivation than by the definition. I once read a silly fairy tale, called "The Three Princes of Serendip:" as their Highnesses travelled, they were always making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things which they were not in quest of: for instance, one of them discovered that a mule blind of the right eye had travelled

Peter Bonaventuri. They came to Florence, where she became the mistress of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Francis of Medicis. He was very anxious to have a child by her; upon which she pretended to be brought to bed of a son, who had in reality been bought of one of the lower orders. He was called Don Anthony of Medicis. In order to prevent the Grand Duke from discovering her fraud, Bianca caused several of the persons who had had a part in the deception to be assassinated. At length the wife of Francis, the Archduchess Joan of Austria, died in child-bed; and Bianca intrigued so successfully, that she persuaded her lover to marry her. Her marriage with the Grand Duke took place on the 12th of October, 1579, and was so sumptuous that it cost one hundred thousand Florentine ducats. Her tyranny and rapacity soon made her universally hated. She is supposed, as well as her husband, to have died by poison, administered to them through the means of his brother, the Cardinal Ferdinand of Medicis, who succeeded him as Grand Duke.—DOVER.

¹ See the story in a cartouche on the frame in Walpole's description of Strawberry Hill. It hung in the Round Drawing Room.—CUNNINGHAM.

the same road lately, because the grass was eaten only on the left side, where it was worse than on the right—now do you understand *Serendipity*? One of the most remarkable instances of this *accidental sagacity*, (for you must observe that *no* discovery of a thing you are looking for comes under this description,) was of my Lord Shaftesbury, who, happening to dine at Lord Chancellor Clarendon's, found out the marriage of the Duke of York and Mrs. Hyde, by the respect with which her mother treated her at table. I will send you the inscription in my next letter; you see I endeavour to grace your present as it deserves.

Your brother would have me say something of my opinion about your idea of taking the name of *Guise*;¹ but he has written so fully that I can only assure you in addition, that I am stronger even than he is against it, and cannot allow of your reasoning on families; because, however families may be prejudiced about them, and however foreigners (I mean, *great foreigners*) here may have those prejudices too, yet they never operate here, where there is any one reason to counterbalance them. A minister who has the least disposition to promote a creature of his, and to set aside a Talbot or a Nevil, will at one breath puff away a genealogy that would reach from hence to Herenhausen. I know a *great foreigner* who always says that my Lord Denbigh is the best gentleman in England, because he is descended from the old Counts of Hapsburg;² and yet my Lord Denbigh (and though he is descended from what one should think of much more consequence here, the old Counts of Denbigh,) has for many years wanted a place or a pension, as much as if he were only what I think the first Count of Hapsburg was, the Emperor's butler. Your instance of the Venetians refusing to receive Valenti can have no weight: Venice might bully a Duke of Mantua, but what would all her heralds signify against a British envoy? In short, what weight do you think family has here, when the very last minister whom we have despatched is Sir James Gray, —nay, and who has already been in a public character at Venice! His father was first a box-keeper, and then footman to James the Second; and this is the man exchanged against the Prince de San Severino! One of my father's maxims was *quieta non movere*; and

¹ Mr. Mann's mother was an heiress of that house.—WALPOLE.

² Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who draw their origin from the Counts of Habsburg. . . . The romance of Tom Jones, that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial eagle of the house of Austria.—*Gibbon's Autobiography*.—CUNNINGHAM.

he was a wise man in that his day. My dear child, if you will suffer me to conclude with a pun, content yourself with your *Manhood* and Tuscany: it would be thought injustice to remove you from thence for anybody else: when once you shift about, you lose the benefit of prescription, and subject yourself to a thousand accidents. I speak very seriously; I know the *carte du pais*.

We have no news: the flames in Ireland are stifled, I don't say extinguished, by adjourning the Parliament, which is to be prorogued. A catalogue of dismissions was sent over thither, but the Lord Lieutenant durst not venture to put them in execution. We are sending a strong squadron to the East Indies, which may possibly bring back a war with France, especially as we are going to ask money of our Parliament for the equipment. We abound in diversions, which flourish exceedingly on the demise of politics. There are no less than five operas every week, three of which are burlettas; a very bad company, except the Niccolina, who beats all the actors and actresses I ever saw for vivacity and variety. We had a good set four years ago, which did not take at all; but these being at the playhouse, and at play prices, the people, instead of resenting it, as was expected, are transported with them, call them their own operas, and I will not swear that they do not take them for English operas. They huzzaed the King twice the other night, for bespeaking one on the night of the Haymarket opera.

I am glad you are aware of Miss Pitt:¹ pray continue your awaredom: I assure you, before she set out for Italy, she was qualified to go any Italian length of passion. Her very first slip was with her eldest brother;² and it is not her fault that she has not made still blacker trips. Never mention this, and forget it as soon as she is gone from Florence. Adieu!

¹ Anne Pitt, sister of the great Lord Chatham. She was a very clever woman, eccentric, said smart things, swore a good deal, was privy-purse to the Princess Dowager of Wales, and died mad, 9 Feb., 1781. She was buried at Kensington. "If the new servant of the Princess is the Miss Pitt I know, I am sorry for it. I am afraid I know her very well . . . she has wit, but—"—*Lady Mary W. Montagu to her daughter*, Sept. 10, 1753. Compare Walpole's 'Memoirs of George III.,' vol. i., p. 85, and Walpole's note on Letter to Mann of Oct. 27 1755.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Thomas Pitt, Esq., of Boconnock, in Cornwall, died July, 1760.—CUNNINGHAM.

375. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, March 2, 1754.

AFTER calling two or three times without finding him, I wrote yesterday to Lord Granville,¹ and received a most gracious answer, but desiring to see me. I went. He repeated all your history with him, and mentioned your vivacity at parting; however, consented to give you the apartment, with great good humour, and said he would write to his bailiff; and added, laughing, that he had an old cross housekeeper, who had regularly quarrelled with all his grantees. It is well that some of your desires, though unfortunately the most trifling, depend on me alone, as those at least are sure of being executed. By Tuesday's coach there will go to Southampton two orange-trees, two Arabian jasmynes, some tuberose roots, and plenty of cypress seeds, which last I send you in lieu of the olive-trees, none of which are yet come over.

The weather grows fine, and I have resumed little flights to Strawberry. I carried George Montagu thither, who was in raptures, and screamed, and hooped, and hollaed, and danced, and crossed himself a thousand times over. He returns to-morrow to Greatworth, and I fear will give himself up entirely to country 'squirehood. But what will you say to greater honour which Strawberry has received? Nolkejumskoi² has been to see it, and liked the windows and staircase. I can't conceive how he entered it. I should have figured him like Gulliver cutting down some of the largest oaks in Windsor Forest to make joint-stools, in order to straddle over the battlements and peep in at the windows of Lilliput. I can't deny myself this reflection (even though he liked Strawberry), as he has not employed you as an architect.

Still there is little news. To-day it is said that Lord George Sackville is summoned in haste from Ireland, where the grand juries are going to petition for the resitting of the Parliament. Hitherto they have done nothing but invent satirical healths, which I believe gratify a taste more peculiar to Ireland than politics, drinking. We have had one considerable day in the House of Commons here. Lord Egmont, in a very long and fine speech, opposed a new

¹ John Earl Granville, then secretary of state, had an estate in Jersey.—WALPOLE.

² Cant name for William Duke of Cumberland.—WALPOLE.

Mutiny-bill for the troops going to the East Indies (which I believe occasioned the reports with you of an approaching war). Mr. Conway got infinite reputation by a most charming speech in answer to him, in which he displayed a system of military learning which was at once new, striking, and entertaining.¹ I had carried Monsieur de Gisors thither, who began to take notes of all I explained to him: but I begged he would not; for, the question regarding French politics, I concluded the Speaker would never have done storming at the Gaul's collecting intelligence in the very senate-house. Lord Holderness made a magnificent ball for these foreigners last week: there were a hundred and forty people, and most stayed supper. Two of my Frenchmen learnt country-dances, and succeeded very well. T'other night they danced minuets for the entertainment of the King at the Masquerade; and then he sent for Lady Coventry to dance: it was quite like Herodias—and I believe if he had offered her a boon, she would have chosen the head of *St. John*.—I believe I told you of her passion for the young Lord Bolingbroke.²

Dr. Mead is dead, and his collection going to be sold. I fear I have not virtue enough to resist his miniatures. I shall be ruined!³

I shall tell you a new instance of the *Sortes Walpolianæ*: I lately bought an old volume of pamphlets; I found at the end a history of the Dukes of Lorrain, and with that an account of a series of their medals, of which, says the author, there are but two sets in England. It so happens that I bought a set above ten years ago at Lord Oxford's sale; and on examination I found the Duchess, wife of Duke René,⁴ has a head-dress, allowing for being modernised, as the medals are modern, which is evidently the same with that

¹ Mr. Conway's speech will be found in the Parliamentary History, vol. xv., p. 232. The object of the bill was to extend the operation of the Mutiny act to the troops in the service of the East India Company. This question was strongly combated, on constitutional grounds, as conferring on a trading body powers which ought to be viewed with jealousy, when vested even in the head of the state. The second reading was carried by 245 against 50.—WRIGHT.

² Frederick St. John, second Viscount Bolingbroke, and nephew and heir of the great Lord Bolingbroke. He was now in his twentieth year. In 1757 he married Lady Di Spencer, better known, after her divorce, as Lady Di Beauclerk. He died 5th May, 1787.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Dr. Mead's pictures were chosen with so much judgment, that at the sale of them in this month they produced 347*l.* 11*s.*, nearly seven hundred pounds more than he gave for them.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Duke of Anjou, father of Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI. of England.—WRIGHT.

figure in my Marriage of Henry VI.¹ which I had imagined was of her. It is said to be taken from her tomb at Angiers; and that I might not decide too quickly *en connoisseur*, I have sent to Angiers for a draught of the tomb.

Poor Mr. Chute was here yesterday, the first going out after a confinement of thirteen weeks; but he is pretty well. We have determined upon the plan for the library, which we find will fall in exactly with the proportions of the room, with no variations from the little door-case of St. Paul's, but widening the larger arches. I believe I shall beg your assistance again about the chimney-piece and ceiling; but I can decide nothing till I have been again at Strawberry. Adieu! my dear Sir.

376. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, March 6, 1754.

YOU will be surprised at my writing again so very soon; but unpleasant as it is to be the bearer of ill news,² I flattered myself that you would endure it better from me, than to be shocked with it from an indifferent hand, who would not have the same management for your tenderness and delicacy as I naturally shall, who always feel for you, and on this occasion with you! You are very unfortunate: you have not many real friends, and you lose—for I must tell it you, the chief of them! indeed, the only one who could have been of real use to you—for what can *I* do, but wish, and attempt, and miscarry?—or from whom could I have hoped assistance for you, or warmth for myself and my friends, but from the friend I have this morning lost?—But it is too selfish to be talking of our losses, when Britain, Europe, the world, the King, Jack Roberts, Lord Barnard,⁴ have lost their guardian angel.—What are private misfortunes to the affliction of one's country? or how inglorious is an Englishman to bewail himself, when a true patriot should be acting for the good of mankind!—Indeed, if it is possible to feel any comfort, it is from seeing how many true Englishmen, how many *true*

¹ The marriage of Henry VI. to Margaret of Anjou. At the Strawberry Hill sale this picture was sold to the Duke of Sutherland for 84*l.*—CUNNINGHAM.

² This is an ironic letter on the death of Henry Pelham, first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer, with whom Mr. Walpole was on ill terms.—WALPOLE.

³ John Roberts, Esq., secretary to Mr. Pelham.—WALPOLE. To erect his monument in Westminster Abbey part of Chaucer's tomb was destroyed.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Henry Vane, afterwards Earl of Darlington.—WALPOLE.

Scotchmen, are zealous to replace the loss, and snatch at the rudder of the state, amidst this storm and danger! Oh! my friend, how will your heart glow with melancholy admiration, when I tell you, that even the poor Duke of Newcastle himself conquers the torrent of his grief, and has promised Mrs. Betty Spence,¹ and Mr. Graham the apothecary, that, rather than abandon England to its evil genius, he will even submit to be Lord Treasurer himself! My Lord Chancellor, too, is said to be willing to devote himself in the same manner for the good of his country. Lord Hartington² is the most inconsolable of all; and when Mrs. Molly Bodens³ and Mrs. Garrick were entreated by some of the cabinet council to ask him whom he wished to have minister, the only answer they could draw from him was, *A Whig! a Whig!* As for Lord B. I may truly say, he is humbled and licks the dust; for his tongue, which never used to hang below the waistband of his breeches, is now dropped down to his shoe-buckles; and had not Mr. Stone assured him, that if the worst came to the worst, they could but make their fortunes under another family, I don't know whether he would not have despaired of the commonwealth. But though I sincerely pity so good a citizen, I cannot help feeling most for poor Lord Holderness, who sees a scheme of glory dashed which would have added new lustre to the British annals, and have transmitted the name D'Arcy down to latest posterity. He had but just taken Mr. Mason the poet⁴ into his house to *write his deserts*; and he had just reason to expect that the secretary's office would have gained a superiority over that of France and Italy, which was unknown even to Walsingham.

I had written thus far, and perhaps should have elegized on for a page or two farther, when Harry, who has no idea of the dignity of grief, blundered in, with satisfaction in his countenance, and thrust two packets from you into my hand.—Alas! he little knew that I was incapable of tasting any satisfaction but in the indulgence of my concern.—I was once going to commit them to the devouring flames, lest any light or vain sentence should tempt me to

¹ Companion to the Duchess of Newcastle.—WALPOLE. This lady was related to the Rev. Joseph Spence, author of 'Polymetia.' She died in 1764, after being the friend and companion of the Duchess of Newcastle for more than forty-five years.—WRIGHT.

² William, afterwards fourth Duke of Devonshire.—WALPOLE.

³ Companion of Lady Burlington, Lord Hartington's mother-in-law.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Lord Holderness was the patron of Mason, who dedicates his poems in a manly sonnet to the Earl.—CUNNINGHAM.

smile ; but my turn for true philosophy checked my hand, and made me determine to prove that I could at once launch into the bosom of pleasure and be insensible to it.—I have conquered ; I have read your letters, and yet think of nothing but Mr. Pelham's death ! Could Lady Catherine¹ do thus ? Could she receive a love-letter from Mr. Brown, and yet think only on her breathless lord ?

Thursday, 7.

I wrote the above last night, and have stayed as late as I could this evening, that I might be able to tell you who the person is in whom all the world is to discover the proper qualities for replacing the national loss. But, alas ! the experience of two whole days has showed that the misfortune is irreparable ; and I don't know whether the elegies on his death will not be finished before there be any occasion for congratulations to his successor. The mystery is profound. How shocking it will be if things should go on just as they are ! I mean by that, how mortifying if it is discovered, that when all the world thought Mr. Pelham did and could alone maintain the calm and carry on the government, even he was not necessary, and that it was the calm and the government that carried on themselves ! However, this is not my opinion.—I believe all this *will make a party.*²

Good night ! There are two more new plays : 'Constantine,'³ the better of them, expired the fourth night at Covent-garden. 'Virginia,'⁴ by Garrick's acting and popularity, flourishes still : he has written a remarkably good epilogue to it. Lord Bolingbroke is come forth in five pompous quartos, two and a half new and most unorthodox.⁵ Warburton is resolved to answer, and the bishops not

¹ Lady Catherine Pelham, the widow of Mr. Pelham.—WRIGHT.

² Mr. Walpole, when young, loved faction ; and Mr. Bentley one day saying, " that he believed certain opinions would make a sect," Mr. W. said eagerly, " Will they make a party !"—WALPOLE.

³ 'Constantine,' a tragedy, by the Rev. Philip Francis, the translator of Horace and Demosthenes, and father of Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of the Letters of Junius.—WRIGHT.

⁴ 'Virginia' was written by Henry Crisp, a clerk in the Custom-house. It was acted at Drury-lane with some success ; owing chiefly to the excellence of the performers.—WRIGHT.

⁵ A splendid edition of Lord Bolingbroke's Works, in five volumes, quarto, having been published on the very day of Mr. Pelham's death, Garrick wrote an ode on the occasion, which contains the following stanza:—

" The same sad morn, to Church and State
(So for our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)
A double shock was given :

to answer him. I have not had a moment to look into it. Good night!

377. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 7, 1754.

You will little have expected, my dear Sir, the great event that happened yesterday. Mr. Pelham is dead! all that calm, that supineness, of which I have lately talked to you so much, is at an end! there is no heir to such luck as his. The whole people of England can never agree a second time upon the same person for the residence of infallibility; and though so many have found their interest in making Mr. Pelham the *fermier-général* for their venality, yet almost all have found too, that it lowered their prices to have but one purchaser. He could not have died at a more critical time: all the elections were settled, all bargains made, and much money advanced: and by the way, though there never was so little party, or so little to be made by a seat in Parliament, either with regard to profit or fame, there never was such established bribery, or so profuse. And as everything was settled by his life, so everything is thrown into confusion by his death: the difficulty of naming, or of who should name the successor, is almost insurmountable—for you are not such a *tramontane* as to imagine that the person who must sign the warrant will have the filling it up. The three apparent candidates are Fox, Pitt, and Murray; all three with such incumbrances on their hopes as make them very desperate. The Chancellor hates Fox; the Duke of Newcastle does not (I don't say, love him, but to speak in the proper phrase, does not) pretend to love him; the Scotch abominate him, and they and the Jacobites make use of his connexion with the Duke to represent him as formidable: the Princess cannot approve him for the same reason: the Law, as in duty bound to the Chancellor and to Murray, and to themselves, whom he always attacks, must dislike him. He has his parts and the Whigs, and the seeming right of succession. Pitt has no health, no party, and has, what in *this* case is allowed to operate, the King's negative. Murray is a Scotchman, and it has been suspected, of the

Black as the regions of the North,
St. John's fell genius issued forth,
And Pelham's fled to heaven!"—WRIGHT.

I was at the worst on that memorable day when the public lost Mr. Pelham.—
Fielding's Voyage to Lisbon.—CUNNINGHAM.

worst dye : add a little of the Chancellor's jealousy : all three are obnoxious to the probability of the other two being disobliged by a preference. There is no doubt but the Chancellor and the Duke of Newcastle will endeavour to secure their own power, by giving an exclusion to Fox : each of them has even been talked of for Lord Treasurer ; I say talked of, though Mr. Pelham died but yesterday ; but you can't imagine how much a million of people can talk in a day on such a subject ! It was even much imagined yesterday, that Sir George Lee would be the Hulla, to wed the post, till things are ripe for divorcing him again ; he is an unexceptionable man, sensible, of good character, the ostensible favourite of the Princess, and obnoxious to no set of men ; for though he changed ridiculously quick on the Prince's death, yet as everybody changed with him, it offended nobody ; and what is a better reason for promoting him now, it would offend nobody to turn him out again.

In this buzz is all the world at present : as the plot thickens or opens, you shall hear more. In the mean time you will not dislike to know a little of the circumstances of this death. Mr. Pelham was not sixty-one ; his florid, healthy constitution promised long life, and his uninterrupted good fortune as long power ; yet the one hastened his end, and the other was enjoyed in its full tranquillity but three poor years ! I should not say, enjoyed ; for such was his peevishness and suspicions, that the lightest trifles could poison all that stream of happiness ! he was careless of his health, most intemperate in eating, and used no exercise. All this had naturally thrown him into a most scorbutic habit, for which last summer he went to Scarborough, but stayed there only a month, which would not have cleansed a scorbutic kitten. The sea-air increased his appetite, and his flatterers pampered it at their seats on the road. He returned more distempered, and fell into a succession of boils, fevers, and St. Anthony's fire—indeed, I think, into such a carbuncular state of blood as carried off my brother. He had recovered enough to come to the House of Commons ; and last Friday walked in the Park till he put himself into an immense sweat ; in that sweat he stood at a window to look at horses, ate immoderately at dinner, relapsed at six that evening, and died yesterday morning (Wednesday) a quarter before six. His will was to be opened to-day ; he is certainly dead far from rich.¹ There are great lamentations, some

¹ Walpole, almost the only author who has treated the memory of Mr. Pelham with disrespect, mentions to his honour, that he "lived without abusing his power,

joy, some disappointments, and much expectation. As a person who loves to write history better than to act in it, you will easily believe that I confine my sensations on the occasion chiefly to observation—at least, my care that posterity may know all about it prevents my indulging any immoderate grief; consequently I am *as well as can be expected*, and ever yours, &c.

378. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, March 17, 1754.

IN the confusion of things, I last week hazarded a free letter to you by the common post. The confusion is by no means ceased. However, as some circumstances may have rendered a desire of intelligence necessary, I send this by the coach, with the last volume of Sir Charles Grandison for its chaperon.

After all the world had been named for Chancellor of the Exchequer, and my Lord Chief Justice Lee, who is no part of the world, really made so *pro tempore*; Lord Hartington went to notify to Mr. Fox that the cabinet council having given it as their unanimous opinion to the King that the Duke of Newcastle should be at the head of the Treasury, and he (Mr. Fox) Secretary of State, with the management of the House of Commons; his grace, who had submitted to so *oracular* a sentence, hoped Mr. Fox would not refuse to concur in so salutary a measure; and assured him, that *though* the Duke would reserve the sole disposition of the secret service-money, his grace would bestow his entire confidence on Mr. Fox, and acquaint him with the most minute details of that service. Mr. Fox bowed and obeyed—and, as a preliminary step, received the Chancellor's¹ absolution. From thence he attended his and our new master.—But either grief for his brother's death, or joy for it, had so intoxicated the new *maitre du palais*, that he would not ratify any one of the conditions he had imposed: and though my Lord Hartington's virtue interposed, and remonstrated on the purport of the message he had carried, the Duke persisted in assuming the whole and un-

and died poor." See 'Mémoires,' vol. i., p. 322. By this expression, says Coxe, the reader will be reminded of a curious coincidence, in the concluding lines of the eulogium inscribed on the base of Mr. Pitt's statue, by his friend and pupil, the Right Honourable George Canning, "Dispensing, for more than twenty years, the favours of the crown, he lived without ostentation, and he died poor."—WRIGHT. And will remind others of the alderman who suggested an alteration in Canning's epitaph on Pitt of the expression *poor* into "indifferent circumstances."—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ With whom he was at variance.—WALPOLE.

divided power himself, and left Mr. Fox no choice but of obeying or disobeying, as he might choose. This produced the next day a letter from Mr. Fox, carried by my Lord Hartington, in which he refused Secretary of State, and pinned down the lie with which the new ministry is to commence. It was tried to be patched up at the Chancellor's on Friday night, though ineffectually: and yesterday morning Mr. Fox in an audience desired to remain Secretary at War. The Duke immediately kissed hands—declared, in the most unusual manner, universal minister. Legge was to be Chancellor of the Exchequer; but I can't tell whether that disposition will hold, as Lord Duplin is proclaimed the acting favourite. The German Sir Thomas Robinson was thought on for the Secretary's seals; but has just sense enough to be unwilling to accept them under so ridiculous an administration.—This is the first act of the comedy.

On Friday this august remnant of the Pelhams went to court for the first time. At the foot of the stairs he cried and sunk down: the yeomen of the guard were forced to drag him up under the arms. When the closet-door opened, he flung himself at his length at the King's feet, sobbed, and cried, "God bless your Majesty! God preserve your Majesty!" and lay there howling and embracing the King's knees, with one foot so extended, that my Lord Coventry, who was *luckily* in waiting, and begged the standers-by to retire, with—"For God's sake, gentlemen, don't look at a great man in distress," endeavouring to shut the door, caught his grace's foot, and made him roar out with pain.

You can have no notion of what points of ceremony have been agitated about the tears of the family. George Selwyn was told that my Lady Catherine had not shed one tear: "And pray," said he, "don't she intend it?" It is settled that Mrs. Watson is not to cry till she is brought to bed.

You love George Selwyn's *bon-mots*: this crisis has redoubled them: here is one of his best. My Lord Chancellor is to be Earl of Clarendon:—"Yes," said Selwyn, from the very summit of the whites of his demure eyes; "and I suppose he will get the title of Rochester for his son-in-law, my Lord Anson." Do you think he will ever lose the title of Lord Rochester?

I expected that we should have been over-run with elegies and panegyrics; indeed, I comforted myself that one word in all of them would atone for the rest—the *late* Mr. Pelham. But the world seems to allow that their universal attachment and submission was universal interestedness; there has not been published a single encomium:

Orator Henley alone has held forth in his praise—yesterday it was on *charming Lady Catherine*. Don't you think it should have been in these words, in his usual style? "Oratory-chapel.—Right reason; madness; charming Lady Catherine; hell-fire," &c.

Monday, March 18.

Almost as extraordinary news as our political, is, that it has snowed ten days successively, and most part of each day. It is living in Muscovy, amid ice and revolutions; I hope lodgings will begin to let a little dear in Siberia! Beckford¹ and Delaval, two celebrated partisans, met lately at Shaftesbury, where they oppose one another: the latter said,

"Art thou the man whom men famed Beckford call?"

T'other replied,

"Art thou the much more famous Delaval?"

But to leave politics and change of ministries, and to come to something of *real* consequence, I must apply you to my library ceiling, of which I send you some rudiments. I propose to have it all painted by Clermont; the principal part in *chiaroscuro*, on the design which you drew for the Paraclete; but as that pattern would be surfeiting, so often repeated in an extension of twenty feet by thirty, I propose to break and enliven it by compartments in colours, according to the enclosed sketch, which you must adjust and dimension. Adieu!

379. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, March 19, 1754.

You *will* live in the country, and then you are amazed that people use you ill. Don't mistake me: I don't mean that you deserve to be ill-treated for living in the country; at least only by those who love and miss you; but if you inhabited the town a little, you would not quite so much expect uprightness, nor be so surprised at ingratitude and neglect. I am far from disposed to justify the great Cû; but when you had declined being *his* servant, do you wonder that he will not serve *your* friends! I will tell you what, if the news of

¹ The celebrated William Beckford, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London in 1770. He died June 21, 1770.—CUNNINGHAM.

to-day holds at all, which is what no one piece of news of this last fortnight has done, you may be worse used by your cousin as soon as you please; for he is one of the first upon the list for Secretary of State, in the room of the Duke of Newcastle. Now again, are you such a rusticated animal as to suppose that the Duke is dismissed for inability, on the death of his brother? So far from it, it is already certainly known that it was he who supported Mr. Pelham, and the impediments and rubs thrown in the way of absolute power long ago were the effects of the latter's timidity and irresolution. The Duke, freed from that clog, has declared himself sole minister, and the King has kissed his hand upon it. Mr. Fox, who was the only man in England that objected to this plan, is to be sent to a prison which is building on the coast of Sussex, after the model of Fort l'Évêque, under the direction of Mr. Taaffe.¹

Harry Legge is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, but the declared favour rests on Lord Duplin.² Sir George Lyttelton is to be Treasurer of the Navy. The Parliament is to be dissolved on the fourth of next month; till when, I suppose, none of the changes will take place. These are the politics of the day; but as they are a little fluctuating, notwithstanding the steadiness of the new first minister, I will not answer that they will hold true to Greatworth: nothing lasts now but the bad weather.

I went two days ago, with Lady Ailesbury, and Mr. Conway, and Miss Anne, to hear the rehearsal of Mrs. Clive's new farce,³ which is very droll, with very pretty music.

380. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 28, 1754.

I PROMISED to write to you again soon, and therefore I do: that is, I stick to the letter, not to the essence; for I not only have very little to write, but your brother has, I believe, already told you all that has happened. Mr. Fox received almost at once a testimonial that he was the most proper for minister, and a proof that he was not to be so. He on the Tuesday consented to be Secretary of State, with the management of the House of Commons, and the very next

¹ See vol. ii. pp. 272, 273.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Eldest son of William Hay, Earl of Kinnoul.—WALPOLE.

³ The operetta called 'The London Apprentice,' acted on Mrs. Clive's benefit night at Drury Lane, 23rd March, 1754.—CUNNINGHAM.

day refused to be the former, as he found he was not to have the latter. He remains Secretary at War, in rupture with the Duke of Newcastle, (who, you know has taken the Treasury,) but declaring against opposition. That Duke is omnipotent; and to show *that* power, makes use of nothing but machines. Sir Thomas Robinson is Secretary of State; Mr. Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Duplin, the agent of business. Yesterday an odd event happened: Lord Gower resigned the Privy Seal: it had been for some time promised to the Duke of Rutland,¹ who having been reported dead, and who really having voided a quarry of stones, is come to town; and his brother, a Lord William Manners, better known in the groom-porter's annals than in those of Europe, and the whole Manners family having intimated to the Duke of Newcastle, that unless Lord Gower was dismissed in a month, and the Duke of Rutland instated in his place, they would oppose the prosperous dawn of the new ministry, that poor Earl, who is inarticulate with the palsy, has been drawn into a resignation, and is the first sacrifice to the spirit of the new administration.² You will very likely not understand such politics as these, but they are the best we have.

Our old good-humoured friend Prince Craon is dead; don't you think that the Princess will not still despair of looking well in weeds! My Lord Orford's grandmother³ is dead too; and after her husband's death, (whose life, I believe, she has long *known* to be not worth a farthing,) has left everything to her grandson. This makes me very happy, for I had apprehended, from Lord Orford's indolence and inattention, and from his mother's cunning and attention, that she would have wriggled herself into the best clause in the will; but she is not mentioned in it, and the Houghton pictures may still be saved.

Adieu! my dear Sir; I don't call this a letter, but a codicil to my last: one can't write volumes on trifling events.

¹ John Manners, third Duke of Rutland, the father of the more celebrated Lord Granby. He died in 1779, at the age of eighty-three.—DOVER.

² The Duke of Rutland did not succeed to the Privy Seal; but Charles Spenser, second Duke of Marlborough.—DOVER.

³ Margaret Tuckfield, second wife of Samuel Rolle, of Haynton in Devonshire; by whom she was mother of Margaret, Countess of Orford, and afterwards married to John Harris, of Hayne in Devonshire, master of the household to the King.—WALPOLE.

381. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, April 24, 1754.

BEFORE I received your letter of March 29th, I had already told you the state of our politics, as they seemed fixed—at least for the present. The Duke of Newcastle is alone and all powerful, and, I suppose, smiles at those who thought that we must be governed by a succession of geniuses. I don't know whether there are not more parts in governing without genius!—be it as it will, all the world acquiesces: he has placed all the orators in whatever offices they demanded, and the new Parliament, which is almost chosen, will probably degenerate from the complaisance of its predecessor. Which of the popes was it, who being chosen for his insufficiency, said, "I could not have believed that it was so easy to govern!" You will forgive my smiling in my turn at your begging me to lay aside family considerations, and tell you if I do not think my uncle the fittest subject for a first minister. My dear child, you have forgot that three years are past since I so totally laid aside all family considerations as not to speak or even to bow to my uncle. Since the affair of Lord Orford and Miss Nicoll,¹ I have not had the least intercourse with the Pigwiggin branch; and should be very sorry if there were any person in the world but you, and my uncle himself, who thought him proper for minister.

I believe there is no manner of intention of sending Lord Albemarle to Ireland: the style toward that island is extremely lofty; and after some faint proposals of giving them some agreeable governor, violent measures have been resumed: the Speaker is removed from being Chancellor of the Exchequer, more of his friends are displaced, and the Primate, with the Chancellor and Lord Besborough, again nominated Lords Justices. These measures must oppress the Irish spirit, or, what is more likely, inflame it to despair. Lord Rochford certainly returns to Turin. General Wall, who was in the highest favour here, and who really was grown fond of England—not at all to the prejudice of doing us what hurt he could in his public character,—is recalled, to succeed Don Carvalho

¹ Miss Margaret Nicoll, daughter and sole heiress of John Nicoll of Southgate in Middlesex, married, March 22, 1753, James Brydges, Marquis of Caernarvon, afterwards (1771), third Duke of Chandos. She died August 14, 1768, and was buried in the Chandos vault at Whitechurch in Middlesex.—CUNNINGHAM.

and Lancaster, as secretary of state for foreign affairs. If he regrets England too much, may not he think of taking Ireland in his way back?

I shall fill up the remainder of an empty letter with transcribing some sentences which have diverted me in a very foolish vulgar book of travels, lately published by one Drummond,¹ consul at Aleppo. Speaking of Florence, he says, that the very evening of his arrival he was carried by Lord Eglinton and some other English, whom he names, to your house: "Mr. Mann" (these are his words) "is extremely polite, and I do him barely justice in saying he is a fine gentleman, though indeed this is as much as can be said of any person whatever; yet there are various ways of distinguishing the qualities that compose this amiable character, and of these he, in my opinion, possesses the most agreeable. He lives in a fine palace; all the apartments on the ground-floor, which is elegantly furnished, were lighted up; and the garden was a little epitome of Vauxhall. These *conversazioni* resemble our card-assemblies;" (this is called *writing travels*, to observe that an assembly is like an assembly!) "and this was remarkably brilliant, for all the married ladies of fashion in Florence were present; yet were they as much inferior to the fair part of a British assembly, especially those of York and Edinburgh, as a crew of female Laplanders are to the fairest dames of Florence. Excuse this sally, which is more warm than just; for even this assembly was not without a few lovely creatures. Some played at cards, some passed the time in conversation; others walked from place to place; and many retired with their gallants into gloomy corners, where they entertained each other, but in what manner I will not pretend to say; though, if I may depend upon my information, which, by-the-by, was very good, their taste and mine would not at all agree. In a word, these countries teem with more singularities than I choose to mention."

You will conclude I had very little to say when I had recourse to the observations of such a simpleton; but I thought they would divert you for a moment, as they did me. One don't dislike to know what even an Aleppo factor would write of one—and I can't absolutely dislike him, as he was not insensible to your agreeableness. I don't believe Orpheus would think even a bear ungentle when it danced to his music. Adieu!

¹ Alexander Drummond, Esq. The work is entitled 'Travels through different Cities of Germany, Italy, Greece, and several Parts of Asia, as far as the Banks of the Euphrates.'—WRIGHT.

382. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Arlington Street, April 30, 1754.

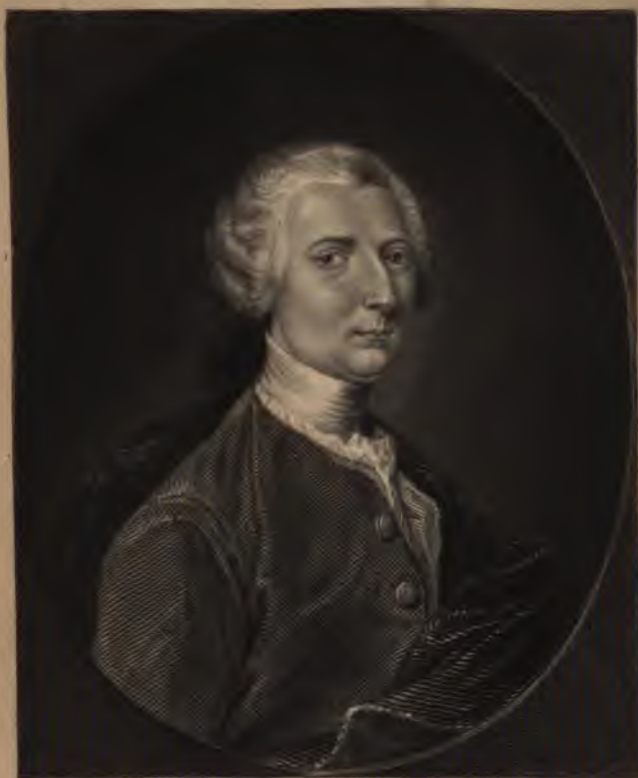
“MY God! Farinelli, what has this nation done to the King of Spain, that the moment we have anything dear and precious he should tear it from us?”—This is not the beginning of my letter to you, nor does it allude to Mr. Bentley; much less is it relative to the captivity of the ten tribes; nor does *the King* signify Benhadad or Tiglath-pileser; nor Spain, Assyria, as Dr. Poccocke or Warburton, misled by dissimilitude of names, or by the Septuagint, may, for very good reasons, imagine—but it is literally the commencement of my Lady Rich’s¹ epistle to Farinelli on the recall of General Wall, as she relates it herself. It serves extremely well for my own lamentation, when I sit down by the waters of Strawberry, and think of ye, O Chute and Bentley!

I have seen ‘*Creusa*,’² and more than agree with you: it is the only new tragedy that I ever saw and really liked. The plot is most interesting, and though so complicated, quite clear and natural. The circumstance of so much distress being brought on by characters, every one good, yet acting consistently with their principles towards the misfortunes of the drama, is quite new and pleasing. Nothing offended me but that lisping Miss Haughton, whose every speech is inarticulately oracular.

I was last night at a little ball at Lady Anne Furnese’s for the new Lords, Dartmouth and North, but nothing passed worth relating; indeed, the only event since you left London was the tragedy that was acted last Saturday at the Opera. One of the dramatic guards fell flat on his face and motionless in an apoplectic fit. The Princess [of Wales] and her children were there. Miss Chudleigh, who *apparentment* had never seen a man fall on his face before, went into the most theatric fit of kicking and shrieking that ever was seen. Several other women, who were preparing their fits, were so distanced that she had the whole house to herself; and indeed such a confusion for half an hour I never saw! The next day, at my Lady Townshend’s, old Charles Stanhope asked what these fits were called. Charles Townshend replied, “The true con-

¹ One of the daughters and coheiresses of the Lord Mohun, killed in a duel with Duke Hamilton.—WALPOLE.

² A tragedy by William Whitehead, produced at Drury Lane, April 20, 1754, and acted nine times.—CUNNINGHAM.



Mason

W. Grinstead

JOHN CHUTE,

Of the Vine in Hampshire Esq.

FROM THE ORIGINAL FORMERLY AT STRAWKERS HILL



vulsive fits, to be had only of the maker." Adieu! my dear Sir. To-day looks summerish, but we have no rain yet.

383. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, May 14, 1754.

I WROTE to you the last day of last month: I only mention it to show you that I am punctual to your desire. It is my only reason for writing to-day, for I have nothing new to tell you. The town is empty, dusty, and disagreeable; the country is cold and comfortless; consequently I daily run from one to t'other, as if both were so charming that I did not know which to prefer. I am at present employed in no very lively manner, in reading a treatise on commerce, which Count Perron has lent me, of his own writing: this obliges me to go through with it, though the subject and the style of the French would not engage me much. It does not want sense.

T'other night, a description was given me of the most extraordinary declaration of love that ever was made. Have you seen young Poniatowski?¹ He is very handsome. You *have* seen the figure of the Duchess of Gordon,² who looks like a raw-boned Scotch metaphysician that has got a red face by drinking water. One day at the drawing-room, having never spoken to him, she sent one of the foreign ministers to invite Poniatowski to dinner with her for the next day. He bowed and went. The moment the door opened, her two little sons, attired like Cupids, with bows and arrows, shot at him; and one of them literally hit his hair, and was very near putting his eye out, and hindering his casting it to the couch

Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

The only company besides this Highland goddess were two Scotchmen, who could not speak a word of any language but their own Erse; and, to complete his astonishment at this allegorical entertainment, with the dessert there entered a little horse, and galloped round the table; a hieroglyphic I cannot solve. Poniatowski accounts for this profusion of kindness by his great-grandmother

¹ Stanislaus, the ill-fated King of Poland.—WALPOLE.

² Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen, widow of Cosmo, Duke of Gordon, who died in 1752. She married, secondly, Colonel Saates Morris.—WRIGHT.

being a Gordon; but I believe it is to be accounted for by * * * * *
Adieu! my dear Sir.

384. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, May 18, 1754.

UNLESS you will be exact in dating your letters, you will occasion me much confusion. Since the undated one which I mentioned in my last, I have received another as unregistered, with the fragment of the rock, telling me of one which had set sail on the 18th, I suppose of last month, and been driven back: this I conclude was the former undated. Yesterday, I received a longer, tipped with May 8th. You must submit to this lecture, and I hope will amend by it. I cannot promise that I shall correct myself much in the intention I had of writing to you seldomer and shorter at this time of year. If you could be persuaded how insignificant I think all I do, how little important it is even to myself, you would not wonder that I have not much *empressement* to give the detail of it to anybody else. Little excursions to Strawberry, little parties to dine there, and many jaunts to hurry Bromwich, and the carver, and Clermont, are my material occupations. Think of sending these 'cross the sea!—The times produce nothing: there is neither party, nor controversy, nor gallantry, nor fashion, nor literature—the whole proceeds like farmers regulating themselves, their business, their views, their diversions, by the almanac. Mr. Pelham's death has scarce produced a change; the changes in Ireland, scarce a murmur. Even in France the squabbles of the parliament and clergy are under the same opiate influence.—I don't believe that Mademoiselle Murphy' (who is delivered of a prince, and is lodged openly at Versailles) and Madame Pompadour will mix the least grain of ratsbane in one another's tea. I, who love to ride in the whirlwind, cannot record the yawns of such an age!

The little that I believe you would care to know relating to the Strawberry annals is, that the great tower is finished on the outside, and the whole whitened, and has a charming effect, especially as the verdure of this year is beyond what I have ever seen it: the grove nearest the house comes on much; you know I had almost despaired of its ever making a figure. The bow-window room over the supper-parlour is finished; hung with a plain blue paper,

¹ See letter to Conway, May 24, 1753.—CUNNINGHAM.

with a chintz bed and chairs; my father and mother over the chimney in the Gibbons frame, about which you know we were in dispute what to do. I have fixed on black and gold, and it has a charming effect over your chimney with the two dropping points, which is executed exactly; and the old grate of Henry VIII. which you bought, is within it. In each panel round the room is a single picture; Gray's, Sir Charles Williams's, and yours, in their black and gold frames; mine is to match yours; and, on each side the door, are the pictures of Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, with their son, on one side; Mr. Conway and Lady Ailesbury on the other. You can't imagine how new and pretty this furniture is.—I believe I must get you to send me an attestation under your hand that you knew nothing of it, that Mr. Rigby may allow that at least this one room was by my own direction. As the library and great parlour grow finished, you shall have exact notice.

From Mabland² I have little news to send you, but that the obelisk is danced from the middle of the rabbit-warren into his neighbour's garden, and he pays a ground-rent for looking at it there. His shrubs are hitherto unmolested,

Et Maryboniacos³ gaudet revirescere lucos!

The town is as busy again as ever on the affair of Canning, who has been tried for perjury. The jury would have brought her in guilty of perjury, but not wilful, till the judge informed them that that would rather be an Irish verdict; they then brought her in simply guilty, but recommended her. In short, nothing is discovered; the most general opinion is, that she was robbed, but by some other gipsy. For my own part, I am not at all brought to believe her story, nor shall, till I hear that living seven-and-twenty days without eating is among one of those secrets for doing impossibilities, which I suppose will be at last found out, and about the time that I am dead, even some art of living for ever.

You was in pain for me, and indeed I was in pain for myself, on the prospect of the sale of Dr. Mead's miniatures. You may be

¹ By Eckardt and Wootton, and sold at the Strawberry Hill sale to the Marquis of Lansdowne for 51*l.* 9*s.*—CUNNINGHAM.

² A cant name which Mr. Walpole had given to Lord Radnor's whimsical house and grounds at Twickenham.—BERRY.

³ Lord Radnor's garden was full of statues, &c., like that at Marylebone.—WALPOLE.

easy: it is more than I am quite; for it is come out that the late Prince of Wales had bought them every one.

I have not yet had time to have your granite examined, but will next week. If you have not noticed to your sisters any present of Ormer shells, I shall contradict myself, and accept them for my Lady Lyttelton,¹ who is making a grotto. As many as you can send conveniently, and anything for the same use, will be very acceptable. You will laugh when I tell you, that I am employed to reconcile Sir George and Moore;² the latter has been very flippant, say impertinent, on the former's giving a little place to Bower,³ in preference to him.—Think of my being the mediator!

The Parliament is to meet for a few days the end of this month, to give perfection to the Regency-bill. If the King dies before the end of this month, the old Parliament revives, which would make tolerable confusion, considering what sums have been laid out on seats in this. Adieu! This letter did not come kindly; I reckon it rather extorted from me, and therefore hope it will not amuse. However, I am in tolerable charity with you, and yours ever.

385. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 21, 1754.

I DID not intend to write to you till after Thursday, when all your Boscauens, Rices, and Trevors⁴ are to dine at Strawberry Hill; but an event has happened, of which I cannot delay giving you the instant pleasurable notice; now will you, according to your custom, be guessing, and, according to your custom, guessing wrong; but lest you should from my spirits make any undutiful or disloyal conjectures for me, know, that the great Cû⁵ of the Vine is dead, and that John the first was yesterday proclaimed undoubted monarch. Nay, champion Dimmock himself shall cut the throat of any Tracy, Atkins, or Harrison, who shall dare to gainsay the legality of his

¹ Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Robert Rich, Bart., and second wife of George Lord Lyttelton. She was separated from her husband, and died in 1795.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Author of 'The World,' and some plays and poems. Moore had written in defence of Lord Lyttelton against the 'Letters to the Whigs;' which were not known to be Walpole's.—WALPOLE.

³ Archibald Bower, author of the 'History of the Popes'—died 1766.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ The daughters of Mr. Montagu's uncle, John Morley Trevor, of Glynd in Sussex; Anne, married to General Boscawen; Lucy, married to Edward Rice, Esq.; and Miss Grace Trevor, who was living at Bath in 1792.—WRIGHT.

⁵ Anthony Chute, Esq., of the Vine, Hants; who had been member for Newport, Hants.—WRIGHT.

title. In short, there is no more will than was left by the late Erasmus Shorter¹ of particular memory.

I consulted Madame Rice, and she advised my directing to you at Mrs. Wettenhall's; to whom I beg as many compliments as if she wrote herself "La blanche Whitnell." As many to your sister Harriot and to your brother, who I hear is with you. I am sure, though both you and I had reason to be peevish with the poor tigress, that you grieve with me for her death. I do most sincerely, and for her Bessy: the man-tiger will be so sorry, that I am sure he will marry again to comfort himself. I am so tired with letters I have written on this event, that I can scarce hold the pen. How we shall wish for you on Thursday—and *shan't you be proud to cock your tail at the Vine?* Adieu!

386. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, May 23, 1754.

PRAY continue your *Mémoires* of the war of the Delmontis;² I have received two tomes, and am delighted with them. The French and Irish Parliaments proceed so heavily, that one cannot expect to live to the setting up the first standard; and it is so long since the world has furnished any brisk event, that I am charmed with this little military *entremets*. My Lady Orford will certainly wish herself at Florence again on the behalf of her old friend;³ I always wish myself there; and, according to custom, she and I should not be of the same party: I cannot help wishing well to the rebellious. You ask, whether this Countess can deprive her son of her estate?—by no means, but by another child, which, at her age, and after the variety of experiments which she has made in all countries, I cannot think very likely to happen. I sometimes think her succession not very distant; she is very asthmatic. Her life is as retired as ever, and passed entirely with her husband, who seems a martyr to his former fame, and is a slave to her jealousy. She has given up nothing to him, and pays such attention to her affairs, that she will

¹ Walpole's maternal uncle. See vol. i. p. lxxvii.—CUNNINGHAM.

² This alludes to the proceedings of a mad prior of the family of the Marchese Delmonti; who, with a party of ruffians, had seized upon a strong castle called Monte di Santa Maria, belonging to his brother the Marchese, and situated near Cortona. From hence he and his band ravaged the neighbouring country; and it was only with great difficulty that the troops of the Grand Duke of Tuscany succeeded in dislodging them.—DOVER.

³ The Marquis Delmonti.—WALPOLE.

soon be vastly rich. But I won't be talking of her wealth, when the chief purpose of my writing to-night is, to announce the unexpected riches and good fortune of our dear Mr. Chute,—I say *our* dear Mr. Chute, for though you have not reason to be content with him, yet I know your unchangeable heart—and I know he is so good, that if you will take this occasion to write him a line of joy, I am persuaded it will *raccommode* everything; and though he will be far from proving a regular correspondent, we shall all have satisfaction in the re-establishment of the harmony.—In short, that tartar his brother is dead; and having made no will, the whole, and a very considerable whole, falls to our friend. This good event happened but three days ago, and I wait with the utmost impatience for his return from the Vine, where he was at the critical instant. As the whole was in the tyrant's power, and as every art had been used to turn the vinegar of his temper against his brother, I had for some time lived persuaded that he would execute the worst purposes—but let us forgive him!

I like to see in the Gazette that Goldsworthy¹ is going to be removed far from Florence: his sting has long been out—and yet I cannot help feeling glad that even the shadow of a competitor is removed from you.

We are going to have a week of Parliament—not to taste the new one, of which there is no doubt, but to give it essence: by the Regency-bill, if the King had died before it had sat, the old one must have revived.

There is nothing else in the shape of news but small-pox and military fevers, which have carried off people you did not know. If I had not been eager to notify Mr. Chute's prosperity to you, I think I must have deferred writing for a week or two longer: it is unpleasant to be *inventing* a letter to send so far, and must be disappointing when it comes *from* so far, and brings so little. Adieu!

387. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, June 5, 1754.

THOUGH I wrote to you but a few days ago, when I told you of Mr. Chute's good fortune, I must send you a few lines to-night upon a particular occasion. Mr. Brand,² a very intimate friend of

¹ Consul to Lisbon, [see vol. i. p. 158].—WALPOLE.

² Thomas Brand, of the Hoo, in Hertfordshire, [vol. i. p. 17].—WALPOLE.

vaine, whom I believe you have formerly seen in Italy, is just set out for Germany on his way to Rome. I know by long and uninterrupted experience, that my barely saying he is my friend, will secure for him the kindest reception in the world from you: it would not express my conviction, if I said a word more on that head. His story is very melancholy: about six or seven years ago he married Lady Caroline Pierpoint,¹ half-sister of Lady Mary Wortley;² a match quite of esteem: she was rather older than he; but never were two people more completely, more reasonably happy. He is naturally all cheerfulness and laughter; she was very reserved, but quite sensible and faultless. She died about this time twelvemonth of a fever, and left him, with two little children, the most unhappy man alive. He travels again to dissipate his grief: you will love him much, if he stays any time with you. His connections are entirely with the Duke of Bedford.

I have had another letter from you to-day, with a farther journal of the Delmonti war, which the rebels seem to be leaving to the Pope to finish for them. It diverted me extremely. Had I received this letter before Mr. Brand set out, I would have sent you the whole narrative of the affair of Lord Orford and Miss Nicoll; it is a little volume.³ The breach, though now by time silenced, was, I assure you, final.

We have had a spurt of Parliament for five days, but it was prorogued to-day. The next will be a terrible session from elections and petitions. The Oxfordshire⁴ will be endless; the Appleby outrageous in expense. The former is a revival of downright Whiggism and Jacobitism; two liveries that have been lately worn indiscriminately by all factions. The latter is a contest between two young Cræsus's, Lord Thanet⁵ and Sir James Lowther:⁶ that, a convert;

¹ Daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, by his second wife.—WALPOLE.

² Lady Mary Wortley, in a letter to her daughter, of the 23rd of July, 1753, says, "The death of Lady Carolina naturally raises the mortifying reflection, on how slender a thread hangs all worldly prosperity! I cannot say I am otherwise much touched at it. It is true she was my sister, as it were, and in some sense; but her behaviour to me never gave me any love, nor her general conduct any esteem."—WRIGHT.

³ See the Appendix to the last volume of this edition.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ This was the great Oxfordshire contest between the Jacobites and the Whigs. The candidates of the former party were Viscount Wenman and Sir Edward Turner, Bart.; those of the latter, Viscount Parker, eldest son of the Earl of Macclesfield, and Sir James Dashwood, Bart. Great sums were spent on both sides: in the election the Jacobites carried it; but on petition to the House of Commons, the ministers, as usual, seated their own friends.—DOVER.

⁵ Sackville Tufton, eighth Earl of Thanet [died 1786].—DOVER.

⁶ Sir James Lowther had succeeded his collateral relation, Henry third Viscount

this, an hereditary Whig. A knowing lawyer said, to-day, that with purchasing tenures, votes, and carrying on the election and petition, five-and-fifty thousand pounds will not pay the whole expense—it makes one start! Good night! you must excuse the nothingness of a supernumerary letter.

388. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, June 8, 1754.

BY my computation you are about returned to Greatworth; I was so afraid of my letters missing you on the road, that I deferred till now telling you how much pleasure I shall have in seeing you and the Colonel¹ at Strawberry. I have long been mortified that for these three years you have seen it only in winter: it is now in the height of its greenth, blueth, gloomth, honey-suckle and seringahood. I have no engagement till Wednesday se'nnight, when I am obliged to be in town on law business. You will have this to-morrow night; if I receive a letter, which I beg you will direct to London, on Tuesday or Wednesday, I will meet you here whatever day you will be so good as to appoint. I thank the Colonel a thousand times. I cannot write a word more; for I am getting into the chaise to whisk to the Vine for two days, but shall be in town on Tuesday night. Adieu!

389. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 29, 1754.

I SHALL take care to send your letter the first time I write to Mr. Bentley. It is above a fortnight since I heard from him. I am much disappointed at not having seen you yet; I love you should execute your intentions while you intend them, because you are a little apt to alter your mind, and as I have set mine on your seeing Strawberry Hill this summer, while it is in its beauty, you will really mortify me by changing your purpose.

It is in vain that you ask for news: I was in town two days ago, but heard nothing; indeed, there were not people enough either to

Lonsdale, in his vast estates. He became afterwards remarkable for his eccentricities, and we fear, we must add, for his tyranny and cruelty. Mr. Pitt created him Earl of Lonsdale, in the year 1784. He died in 1802.—DOVER.

¹ Colonel Charles Montagu.—CUNNINGHAM.

cause or make news. Lady Caroline Petersham had scraped together a few foreigners, after her christening; but I cannot say that the party was much livelier than if it had met at Madame Montandre's.¹ You must let me know a little beforehand, when you have fixed your time for coming; because, as I am towards flying about on my summer expeditions, I should be unhappy not to be here just when you would like it. Adieu!

P.S. I supped at White's the other night with the great Cû, and he was by far more gracious, both on your topic and my own, than ever I knew him.

390. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1754.

I BELIEVE you never receive a letter from me at this season of the year, without wishing for winter, that I might have something to tell you. Warm weather in England disperses all the world, except a few old folks, whose day of events is past, and who contribute nothing to the society of news. There is a court indeed as near as Kensington, but where the monarch is old, the courtiers are seldom young: they sun themselves in a window like flies in autumn, past even buzzing, and to be swept away in the first hurricane of a new reign. However, as little novelty as the season or the times produce, there is an adventuress in the world, who even in the dullest times will take care not to let conversation stagnate: this public-spirited dame is no other than a Countess-dowager, my sister-in-law, who has just notified to the town her intention of parting from her second husband—a step which, being in general not likely to occasion much surprise,—she had, however, taken care to render extraordinary, by a course of inseparable fondness and wonderful jealousy, for the three years since these her second nuptials. The testimonials which Mr. Shirley had received in print from that living academy of love-lore, my Lady Vane, added to this excessive tenderness of one, little less a novice, convinced everybody that he was a perfect hero. You will pity poor Hercules! Omphale, by a

¹ Widow of Francis de la Rochefaucauld, Marquis de Montandre, who came to England with William III., and served in all the wars of that monarch, and of Queen Anne. He was made a marshal in July 1739, and died in the following August.—WRIGHT.

most unsentimental precaution, has so secured to her own disposal her whole estate and jointure, that he cannot command so much as a distaff; and as she is not inclined to pay much for nothing, her offers on the article of separation are exceedingly moderate. As yet he has not accepted them, but is gone to Scarborough, and she into the west, to settle her affairs, and from thence embarks for France and Italy. I am sorry she will plague you again at Florence; but I shall like to hear of what materials she composes her second volume, and what reasons she will allege in her new manifestoes: her mother, who sold her, is dead; the all-powerful minister [Sir Robert Walpole], who bought her, is dead! whom will she charge with dragging her to the bed of this second tyrant, from whom she has been forced to fly?—On her son's account, I am really sorry for this second *équipée*: I can't even help pitying her! at her age nobody can take such steps, without being sensible of their ridicule, and what snakes must such passions be, as can hurry one over such reflections? Her original story was certainly very unhappy; and the forcing so very young a creature against her inclinations, unjustifiable: but I much question whether any choice of her own could have tied down her inclinations to any temper—at least, I am sure she had pitched upon a Hercules then, who of all men living was the least proper to encounter such labours, my Lord Chesterfield!

I have sent your letter to Mr. Chute, who is at his own Vine; he had written to you of his own accord, and I trust your friendship will be re-established as strongly as ever, especially as there was no essential fault on either side, and as you will now be prepared not to mind his aversion to writing. Thank Dr. Cocchi for the book¹ he is so good as to intend for me; I value anything from him, though I scarce understand anything less than Greek and physic; the little I knew of the first I have almost forgot, and the other, thank God! I never had any occasion to know. I shall duly deliver the other copies.

The French are encroaching extremely upon us in all the distant parts of the world, especially in Virginia, from whence their attempts occasion great uneasiness here. For my own part, I think we are very lucky, when they will be so good as to begin with us at the farther end. The revocation of the Parliament of Paris, which is done or doing, is thought very bad for us; I don't know but it may: in any other age I should have thought not, as it is a concession or

¹ An edition of some of the Greek physicians.—WALPOLE.

yielding from the throne, and would naturally spirit up the Parliament to struggle on for power; but no other age is a precedent for this. As no oppression would, I believe, have driven them into rebellion, no concession will tempt them to be more assuming. The King of France will govern his Parliament by temporising; the Parliament of Ireland is governed by being treated like a French one. Adieu!

391. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday, July 6, 1754.

Your letter certainly stopped to drink somewhere by the way, I suppose with the hearty hostess at the Windmill; for, though written on Wednesday, it arrived here but this morning: it could not have travelled more deliberately in the Speaker's body-coach. I am concerned, because, your fishmonger not being arrived, I fear you have stayed for my answer. The fish¹ are apprised that they are to *ride* over to Park-place, and are ready booted and spurred; and the moment their pad arrives, they shall set forth. I would accompany them on a pillion if I were not waiting for Lady Mary [Churchill], who has desired to bring her poor little sick girl here for a few days to try the air. You know how courteous a knight I am to distressed virgins of five years old, and that my castle-gates are always open to them. You will, I am sure, accept this excuse for some days; and as soon as ever my hospitality is completed, I will be ready to obey your summons, though you should send a water-pot for me. I am in no fear of not finding you in perfect verdure; for the sun, I believe, is gone a great way off to some races or other, where his horses are to run for the King's plate: we have not heard of him in this neighbourhood. Adieu!

392. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 9, 1754.

I ONLY write a letter for company to the enclosed one. Mr. Chute is returned from the Vine, and gives you a thousand thanks for your letter; and if ever he writes, I don't doubt but it will be to you. Gray and he come hither to-morrow, and I am promised

¹ Gold fish.—WALPOLE.

Montagu and the Colonel¹ in about a fortnight—How naturally my pen adds, but when does Mr. Bentley come? I am sure Mr. Wicks wants to ask me the same question every day—“Speak to it, Horatio!” Sir Charles Williams brought his eldest daughter² hither last week: she is one of your real admirers, and, without its being proposed to her, went on the bowling-green and drew a perspective view of the castle from the angle, in a manner to deserve the thanks of the *Committee*.³ She is to be married to my Lord Essex in a week, and I begged she would make you overseer of the works at Cashibury. Sir Charles told me, that on the Duke of Bedford's wanting a Chinese house at Woburn, he said, “Why don't your grace speak to Mr. Walpole? He has the prettiest plan in the world for one.”—“Oh,” replied the Duke, “but then it would be too dear!” I hope this was a very great economy, or I am sure ours would be very great extravagance: only think of a plan for little Strawberry giving the alarm to thirty thousand pounds a-year! My dear Sir, it is time to retrench! Pray send me a slice of granite⁴ no bigger than a Naples biscuit.

The Monument for my mother is at last erected: it puts me in mind of the manner of interring the Kings of France: when the reigning one dies, the last before him is buried. Will you believe that I have not yet seen the tomb? None of my acquaintance were in town, and I literally had not courage to venture alone among the Westminster-boys at the Abbey: they are as formidable to me as the ship-carpenters at Portsmouth. I think I have showed you the inscription, and therefore I don't send it you.

I was reading t'other day the Life of Colonel Codrington,⁵ who founded the library at All Souls': he left a large estate for the propagation of the Gospel, and ordered that three hundred negroes should constantly be employed upon it. Did one ever hear a more truly Christian charity, than keeping up a perpetuity of three

¹ Charles Montagu.—WALPOLE.

² Frances Williams, married Aug. 1, 1754, to the fourth (died 1799) Earl of Essex. She died in childbed, in July, 1759.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Mr. Walpole, in these letters, calls the Strawberry committee those of his friends who had assisted in the plans and Gothic ornaments of Strawberry Hill.—BERRY.

⁴ Mr. Walpole had commissioned Mr. Bentley to send him a piece of the granite found in the Island of Jersey, for a sideboard in his dining-room. It is now in his dining-room.—BERRY.

⁵ Colonel Christopher Codrington. He was governor of the Leeward Islands, and died at Barbadoes in 1710. He wrote some Latin poems, published in the ‘*Muse Anglicanæ*,’ and addressed a copy of English verses to Garth, on his ‘*Dispensary*.’—WRIGHT.

hundred slaves to look after the Gospel's estate? How could one intend a religious legacy, and miss the disposition of that estate for delivering three hundred negroes from the most shocking slavery imaginable? Must devotion be twisted into the unfeeling interests of trade? I must revenge myself for the horror this fact has given me, and tell you a story of Gideon.¹ He breeds his children Christians: he had a mind to know what proficiencie his son had made in his new religion; "So," says he, "I began, and asked him who made him? He said, 'God.' I then asked him who redeemed him? He replied very readily, 'Christ.' Well, then I was at the end of my interrogatories, and did not know what other question to put to him. I said, Who—who—I did not know what to say; at last I said, Who gave you that hat? 'The Holy Ghost,' said the boy." Did you ever hear a better catechism? The great cry against Nugent at Bristol was for having voted for the Jew-bill: one old woman said, "What, must we be represented by a Jew and an Irishman?" He replied with great quickness, "My good dame, if you will step aside with me into a corner, I will show you that I am *not* a Jew, and that *I am* an Irishman."

The Princess [of Wales] has breakfasted at the long Sir Thomas Robinson's at Whitehall: my Lady Townshend will never forgive it. The second dowager of Somerset² is gone to know whether all her letters from the living to the dead have been received. Before I bid you good-night, I must tell you of an admirable curiosity: I was looking over one of our antiquarian volumes, and in the description of Leeds is an account of Mr. Thoresby's famous museum there—what do you think is one of the rarities?—a knife taken from one of the Mohocks! Whether tradition is infallible or not, as you say, I think so authentic a relic will make their history indisputable. Castles, Chinese houses, tombs, negroes, Jews, Irishmen, princesses, and Mohocks—what a farrago do I send you! I trust that a letter from England to Jersey has an imposing air, and that you don't presume to laugh at anything that comes from your mother island. Adieu!

¹ Sampson Gideon, the noted rich Jew.—WALFOLE. See vol. ii. p. 260.

² Frances Thynne, Duchess of Somerset, better known as Countess of Hertford, the friend of Thomson, Savage, Shenstone, and Isaac Watts, died 7 July, 1754.—CUNNINGHAM.

393. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, August 6, 1754.

FROM Sunday next, which is the eleventh, till the four or five-and-twentieth, I am quite unengaged, and will wait upon you any of the inclusive days, when your house is at leisure, and you will summon me; therefore, you have nothing to do but to let me know your own time: or, if this period does not suit you, I believe I shall be able to come to you any part of the first fortnight in September; for, though I ought to go to Hagley, it is incredible how I want resolution to tap such a journey.

I wish you joy of escaping such an accident as breaking the Duke's [of Cumberland] leg; I hope he and you will be known to posterity together by more dignified wounds than the kick of a horse. As I can never employ my time better than in being your biographer, I beg you will take care that I may have no such plebeian mishaps upon my hands; or, if the Duke is to fall out of battle, he has such delicious lions and tigers, which I saw the day before yesterday at Windsor, that he will be exceedingly to blame, if he does not give some of them an exclusive patent for tearing him to pieces.

There is a beautiful tiger at my neighbour Mr. Crammond's here, of which I am so fond, that my Lady Townshend says it is the only thing I ever wanted to kiss. As you know how strongly her ladyship sympathises with the Duke, she contrived to break the tendon of her foot, the very day that his leg was in such danger. Adieu!

P.S. You may certainly do what you please with the Fable;¹ it is neither worth giving nor refusing.

394. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1754.

You may be sure that I shall always be glad to see you whenever you like to come hither, but I cannot help being sorry that you are determined not to like the place, nor to let the Colonel like it; a conclusion I may very justly make, when, I think, for these four

¹ In July, 1754, I wrote 'The Entail,' a fable in versc.—*Walpole's Short Notes*, i. lxxviii.—CUNNINGHAM.

years, you have contrived to visit it only when there is not a leaf upon the trees. Villas are generally designed for summer: you are the single person who think they look best in winter. You have still a more unlucky thought; which is, to visit the Vine in October. When I saw it in the middle of summer, it was excessively damp; you will find it a little difficult to persuade me to accompany you thither on stilts, and I believe Mr. Chute will not be quite happy that you prefer that season; but for this I cannot answer at present, for he is at Mr. Morris's in Cornwall. I shall expect you and the Colonel here at the time you appoint. I engage for no farther, unless it is a very fine season indeed. I beg my compliments to Miss Montagu, and am yours ever.

395. TO SIR HORACE MANN

Arlington Street, Oct 6, 1754.

You have the kindest way in the world, my dear Sir, of reproving my long silence, by accusing yourself. I have looked at my dates, and though I was conscious of not having written to you for a long time, I did not think it had been so long as three months. I ought to make some excuse, and the truth is all I can make: if you have heard by any way in the world that a single event worth mentioning has happened in England for these three months, I will own myself guilty of abominable neglect. If there has not, as you know my unalterable affection for you, you will excuse me, and accuse the times. Can one repeat often, that everything stagnates? At present we begin to think that the world may be roused again, and that an East Indian war and a West Indian war may beget such a thing as an European war. In short, the French have taken such cavalier liberties with some of our forts, that are of great consequence to cover Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia, that we are actually despatching two regiments thither. As the climate and other American circumstances are against these poor men, I pity them, and think them too many, if the French mean nothing farther; too few, if they do. Indeed, I am one of those that feel less resentment when we are attacked so far off: I think it an obligation to be eaten the last.

You have entertained me much with the progress of the history of the Delmontis, and obliged me. I wish I could say I was not shocked at the other part of your letter, where you mention the

re-establishment of the Inquisition at Florence. Had Richcourt power enough to be so infamous! was he superstitious, fearful, revengeful, or proud of being a tool of the court of Rome? What is the fate of the poor Florentines, who are reduced to regret the Medicis, who had usurped their government! You may be glad, my dear child, that I am not at Florence; I should distress your ministerial prudence, your necessary prudence, by taking pleasure to speak openly of Richcourt as he deserves: you know my warmth upon power and church power!

The Boccaneri seems to be one of those ladies who refine so much upon debauchery as to make even matrimony enter into their scheme of profligacy. I have known more than one instance, since the days of the Signora Messalina, where the lady has not been content to cuckold her husband, but with another husband. All passions carried to extremity embrace within their circle even their opposites. I don't know whether Charles the Fifth did not resign the empire out of ambition of more fame. I must contradict myself in saying all passions; I don't believe Sir Robert Brown will ever be so covetous as to find a pleasure in squandering.

Mr. Chute is much yours: I am going with him in a day or two to his Vine, where I shall try to draw him into amusing himself a little with building and planting; hitherto he has done nothing with his estate—but good.

You will have observed what precaution I had taken, in the smallness of the sheet, not to have too much paper to fill; and yet you see how much I have still upon my hands! As, I assure you, were I to fill the remainder, all I should say would be terribly wire-drawn, do excuse me: you shall hear an ample detail of the first Admiral Vernon that springs out of our American war; and I promise you at least half a brick of the first sample that is sent over of any new Porto Bello. The French have tied up the hands of an excellent fanfaron, a Major Washington,¹ whom they took, and engaged not to serve for a year. In his letter, he said, "Believe me, as the cannon-balls flew over my head, they made a most delightful sound." When your relation, General Guise, was marching up to Carthage, and the pelicans whistled round him, he said, "What would Chloe² give for some of these to make a pelican pie?" The conjecture made that scarce a rodomontade; but what pity it is, that

¹ The celebrated Liberator of America, who had been serving in the English army against the French for some time with much distinction.—DOVER.

² The Duke of Newcastle's French cook [vol. i. p. 185].—WALPOLE.

a man who can deal in hyperboles at the mouth of a cannon, should be fond of them with a glass of wine in his hand! I have heard Guise affirm, that the colliers at Newcastle feed their children with fire-shovels! Good night.

396. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1754

You have obliged me most extremely by telling me the progress you have made in your most desirable affair.¹ I call it progress; for, notwithstanding the authority you have for supposing there may be a compromise, I cannot believe that the Duke of Newcastle would have affirmed the contrary so directly, if he had known of it. Mr. Brudenel very likely has been promised my Lord Lincoln's interest, and then supposed he should have the Duke's. However, that is not your affair: if anybody has reason to apprehend a breach of promise, it is poor Mr. Brudenel. He can never come into competition with you; and without saying anything to reflect on him, I don't know where you can ever have a competitor, and not have the world on your side.

Though the tenure is precarious, I cannot help liking the situation for you. Anything that sets you in new lights, must be for your advantage. You are naturally indolent and humble, and are content with being perfect in whatever you happen to be. It is not flattering you to say, nor can you deny it, with all your modesty, that you have always made yourself master of whatever you have attempted, and have never made yourself master of anything without shining extremely in it. If the King lives, you will have his favour; if he lives at all, the Prince must have a greater establishment, and then you will have the King's partiality to countenance your being removed to some distinguished place about the Prince: if the King should fail, your situation in his family, and your age, naturally recommend you to an equal place in the new household. I am the more desirous of seeing you at court, because, when I consider the improbability of our being in a situation to make war, I am earnest to have you have other opportunities of being one of the first men in this country, besides by being a general. Don't think all I say on this subject compliment. I can have no view in flattering you;

¹ His appointment as groom of the bedchamber to King George II.—CUNNINGHAM.

and you have a still better reason for believing me sincere, which is, that you know well that I thought the same of you, and professed the same to you, before I was of an age to have either views or flattery; indeed, I believe you know me enough to be sure that I am as void of both now as when I was fourteen, and that I am so little apt to court anybody, that if you heard me say the same to anybody but yourself, you would easily think that I spoke what I thought.

George Montagu and his brother are here, and have kept me from meeting you in town: we go on Saturday to the Vine. I fear there is too much truth in what you have heard of your old mistress.¹ When husband, wife, lover, and friend tell everything, can there but be a perpetual fracas? My dear Harry, how lucky you was in what you escaped, and in what you have got! People do sometimes avoid, not always, what is most improper for them; but they do not afterwards always meet with what they most deserve. But how lucky you are in everything! and how ungrateful a man to Providence if you are not thankful for so many blessings as it has given you! I won't preach, though the dreadful history which I have just heard of poor Lord Drumlanrig² is enough to send one to La Trappe. My compliments to all yours, and Adieu!

397. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, November 3, 1754.

I HAVE finished all my parties, and am drawing towards a conclusion here: the Parliament meets in ten days:³ the House, I hear, will be extremely full—curiosity drawing as many to town as party used to do. The minister [the Duke of Newcastle] in the House of Lords is a new sight in these days.

¹ Lady Caroline Petersham.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Only son of Charles third Duke of Queensberry, who was shot by the accidental discharge of his pistol on his journey from Scotland to London, in company with his parents and newly married wife, a daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun. Lady Mary Wortley thus alludes to this calamity in a letter to her daughter:—"The Duchess of Queensberry's misfortune would move compassion in the hardest heart; yet, all circumstances coolly considered, I think the young lady deserves most to be pitied, being left in the terrible situation of a young and, I suppose, rich widowhood; which is walking blindfold upon stilts amidst precipices, though perhaps as little sensible of her danger, as a child of a quarter old would be in the paws of a monkey leaping on the tiles of a house."—WRIGHT.

³ In this Parliament Walpole sat for Castle Rising.—CUNNINGHAM.

Mr. Chute and I have been at Mr. Barrett's¹ at Belhouse [in Essex]; I never saw a place for which one did not wish, so totally void of faults. What he has done is in Gothic, and very true, though not up to the perfection of the Committee. The hall is pretty: the great dining-room² hung with good family pictures; among which is his ancestor, the Lord Dacre who was hanged.³ I remember when Barrett was first initiated in the College of Arms by the present Dean of Exeter³ at Cambridge, he was overjoyed at the first ancestor he put up, who was one of the murderers of Thomas Becket. The chimney-pieces, except one little miscarriage into total Ionic (he could not resist statuary and Siena marble), are all of a good King James the First Gothic. I saw the heronry so fatal to Po Yang, and told him that I was persuaded they were descended from Becket's assassin, and I hoped from my Lord Dacre too. He carried us to see the famous plantations and buildings of the last Lord Petre.⁴ They are the Brobdingnag of bad taste. The unfinished house is execrable, massive, and split through and through: it stands on the brow of a hill, rather to see *for* a prospect than to see one, and turns its back upon an outrageous avenue, which is closed with a screen of tall trees, because he would not be at the expense of beautifying the back front of his house. The clumps are gigantic, and very ill placed.

George Montagu and the Colonel have at last been here, and have screamed with approbation through the whole *Cu-gamut*. Indeed, the library is delightful. They went to the Vine, and approved as much. Do you think we wished for you? I carried down incense and mass-books, and we had most Catholic enjoyment of the chapel. In the evenings, indeed, we did *touch a card* a little to please George—so much, that truly I have scarce an idea left that is not spotted with clubs, hearts, spades, and diamonds. There is a vote of the Strawberry committee for great embellishments to the chapel, of which it will not be long before you hear something. It will not be longer than the spring, I trust, before you see something of it. In the mean time, to rest your impatience, I have enclosed a scratch

¹ Afterwards Lord Dacre.—WALPOLE.

² See vol. ii. p. 301.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Dr. Charles Lyttelton, brother of Lord Lyttelton. He was first a barrister-at-law, but in 1742 entered into holy orders, and in 1762 was consecrated Bishop of Carlisle. He died in 1768 unmarried.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Robert James Petre, eighth Lord Petre (died 1742), son of the Lord Petre of the 'Rape of the Lock.' The seat of the Petres is Thorndon Hall, near Brentwood, in Essex.—CUNNINGHAM.

of mine, which you are to draw out better, and try if you can give yourself a perfect idea of the place. All I can say is, that my sketch is at least more intelligible than Gray's was of Stoke, from which you made so like a picture.¹

Thank you much for the box of Guernsey lilies, which I have received. I have been packing up a few seeds, which have little merit but the merit they will have with you, that they come from the Vine and Strawberry. My chief employ in this part of the world, except surveying my library, which has scarce any thing but the painting to finish, is planting at Mrs. Clive's,² whither I remove all my superabundancies. I have lately planted the green lane, that leads from her garden to the common: "Well," said she, "when it is done, what shall we call it?"—"Why," said I, "what would you call it but Drury Lane?" I mentioned desiring some samples of your Swiss's³ abilities: Mr. Chute and I even propose, if he should be tolerable, and would continue reasonable, to tempt him over hither, and make him work upon your designs—upon which, you know, it is not easy to make you work. If he improves upon our hands, do you think we shall purchase the fee-simple of him for so many years, as Mr. Smith did of Canaletti?⁴ We will *sell to the English*. Can he paint perspectives, and cathedral-aisles, and holy glooms? I am sure you could make him paint delightful insides of the chapel at the Vine, and of the library here. I never come up the stairs without reflecting how different it is from its primitive state, when my Lady Townshend all the way she came up the stairs, cried out, "Lord God! Jesus; what a house! It is just such a house as a parson's, where the children lie at the feet of the bed!" I can't say that to-day it puts me much in mind of another speech of my lady's, "That it would be a very pleasant place, if Mrs. Clive's face did not rise upon it and make it so hot!" The sun and Mrs. Clive seem gone for the winter.

The West Indian war has thrown me into a new study: I read

¹ The view of the old house at Stoke Poges engraved in Bentley's designs for Six Poems, by Mr. T. Gray, 1753.—CUNNINGHAM.

² At Little Strawberry Hill, or Cliveden, as Walpole loved to call it, between Strawberry Hill and Teddington. Walpole left Little Strawberry Hill to the Miss Berrys for their lives. It is now (1857) the property of Frances Countess Waldegrave.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Mr. Muntz, a Swiss painter.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Mr. Smith, the English consul at Venice, had engaged Canaletti for a certain number of years to paint exclusively for him, at a fixed price, and sold his pictures at an advanced price to English travellers [vol. i. pp. 239 and 307].—BERRY.

nothing but American voyages, and histories of plantations and settlements. Among all the Indian nations, I have contracted a particular intimacy with the Ontaouanous, a people with whom I beg you will be acquainted: they pique themselves upon speaking the purest dialect. How one should delight in the grammar and dictionary of their Crusca! My only fear is, that if any of them are taken prisoners, General Braddock is not a kind of man to have proper attentions to so polite a people; I am even apprehensive that he would damn them, and order them to be scalped, in the very worst plantation-accent. I don't know whether you know that none of the people of that immense continent have any labials: they tell you *que c'est ridicule* to shut the lips in order to speak. Indeed, I was as barbarous as any polite nation in the world, in supposing that there was nothing worth knowing among these charming savages. They are in particular great orators, with this little variation from British eloquence, that at the end of every important paragraph they make a present; whereas we expect to receive one. They begin all their answers with recapitulating what has been said to them; and their method for this is, the respondent gives a little stick to each of the by-standers, who is, for his share, to remember such a paragraph of the speech that is to be answered. You will wonder that I should have given the preference to the Ontaouanous, when there is a much more extraordinary nation to the north of Canada, who have but one leg, and p—— from behind their ear; but I own I had rather converse for any time with people who speak like Mr. Pitt, than with a nation of jugglers, who are only fit to go about the country, under the direction of Taafe and Montagu.¹ Their existence I do not doubt; they are recorded by Père Charlevoix, in his much admired history of New France, in which there are such outrageous legends of miracles for the propagation of the Gospel, that his fables in natural history seem strict veracity.

Adieu! You write to me as seldom as if you were in an island where the Duke of Newcastle was sole minister, parties at an end, and where every thing had done happening. Yours ever.

P. S. I have just seen in the advertisements that there are arrived two new volumes of Madame de Sévigné's Letters. Adieu, my American studies;—adieu, even my favourite Ontaouanous!

¹ Two English gentlemen who were shut up in Fort l'Evêque for cheating a Jew. [Vol. ii. p. 273.]—WALPOLE.

398. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 11, 1754.

If you was dead, to be sure you would have got somebody to tell me so. If you was alive, to be sure in all this time you would have told me so yourself. It is a month to-day since I received a line from you. There was a Florentine ambassador here in Oliver's reign, who with great circumspection wrote to his court, "Some say the Protector is dead, others say he is not: for my part, I believe neither one nor t'other." I quote this sage personage, to show you that I have a good precedent, in case I had a mind to continue neutral upon the point of your existence. I can't resolve to believe you dead, lest I should be forced to write to Mr. S. again to bemoan you; and on the other hand, it is convenient to me to believe you living, because I have just received the enclosed from your sister, and the money from Ely. However, if you are actually dead, be so good as to order your executor to receive the money, and to answer your sister's letter. If you are not dead, I can tell you who is, and at the same time whose death is to remain as doubtful as yours till to-morrow morning. Don't be alarmed; it is only the Queen-dowager of Prussia. As *excessive* as the concern for her is at court, the whole royal family, out of great consideration for the mercers, lacemen, &c. agreed not to shed a tear for her till to-morrow morning, when the birth-day will be over; but they are all to rise by six o'clock to-morrow morning to cry quarts. This is the sum of all the news that I learnt to-day on coming from Strawberry Hill, except that Lady Betty Waldegrave¹ was robbed t'other night in Hyde Park, under the very noses of the lamps and the patrole. If anybody is robbed at the ball at court to-night, you shall hear in my next dispatch. I told you in my last that I had just got two new volumes of Madame Sévigné's Letters; but I have been cruelly disappointed; they are two hundred letters which have been omitted in the former editions, as having little or nothing worth reading. How provoking, that they would at last let one see that she could write so many letters that were not worth reading? I will tell you truth: as they

¹ Lady Elizabeth Gower, daughter of John, first Earl Gower, and wife of the Hon. John Waldegrave, afterwards (1763) third Earl of Waldegrave. She died in 1784. Her name frequently occurs in Rigby's entertaining letters to the Duke of Bedford.—CUNNINGHAM.

are certainly hers, I am glad to see them, but I cannot bear that anybody else should. Is not that true sentiment? How would you like to see a letter of hers, describing a wild young Irish lord, a Lord P * * *, who has lately made one of our ingenious wagers, to ride I don't know how many thousand miles in an hour, from Paris to Fontainebleau?¹ But admire the *politesse* of that nation: instead of endeavouring to lame his horse, or to break his neck, that he might lose the wager, his antagonist and the spectators showed all the attention in the world to keep the road clear, and to remove even pebbles out of his way. They heaped coals of fire upon his head with all the good breeding of the Gospel. Adieu!—If my letters are short, at least my notes are long.

399. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1754.

You are over-good to me, my dear Sir, in giving yourself the trouble of telling me you was content with Strawberry Hill. I will not, however, tell you, that I am content with your being there, till you have seen it in all its greenth and blueth. Alas! I am sorry I cannot insist upon as much with the Colonel.

Mr. Chute, I believe, was so pleased with the *tenebra* in his own chapel, that he has fairly buried himself in it. I have not even had so much as a burial card from him since.

The town is as full as I believe you thought the room was at your ball at Waldershare. I hear of nothing but the parts and merit of Lord North. Nothing has happened yet, but sure so many *English* people cannot be assembled long without committing something extraordinary!

I have seen and conversed with our old friend Cope; I find him grown very old: I fear he finds me so too; at least as old as I ever intend to be. I find him very grave too, which I believe he does not find me.

Solomon and Hesther, as my Lady Townshend calls Mr. Pitt and Lady Hester Grenville, espouse one another to-day. I know nothing more but a new fashion which my Lady Hervey has brought from Paris. It is a tin funnel covered with green ribbon, and holds

¹ This wager will remind many readers of Dr. Johnson's admirable paper in 'The Idler,' No. 6 (20 May, 1758) of the lady who had undertaken to ride on one horse a thousand miles in a thousand hours.—CUNNINGHAM.

water, which the ladies wear to keep their bouquets fresh. I fear Lady Caroline and some others will catch frequent colds and sore throats with overturning this reservoir.

A propos, there is a match certainly in agitation, which has very little of either Solomon or Hesther in it. You will be sorry when I tell you, that Lord Waldegrave certainly dis-Solomons himself with the Drax. Adieu! my dear Sir; I congratulate Miss Montagu on her good health, and am ever yours.

400. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1754.

IF this does not turn out a scolding letter, I am much mistaken. I shall give way to it with the less scruple, as I think it shall be the last of the kind; not that you will mend, but I cannot support a commerce of visions! and therefore, whenever you send me mighty cheap schemes for finding out longitudes and philosophers' stones, you will excuse me if I only smile, and don't order them to be examined by my council.—For heaven's sake, don't be a projector! Is not it provoking, that, with the best parts in the world, you should have so gentle a portion of common sense? But I am clear, that you never will know the two things in the world that import you the most to know, yourself and me.—Thus much by way of preface: now for the detail.

You tell me in your letter of November 3rd, that the quarry of granite might be rented at twenty pounds or twenty shillings, I don't know which, no matter, per annum. When I can't get a table out of it, is it very likely you or I should get a fortune out of it? What signifies the cheapness of the rent? The cutting and shippage would be articles of some little consequence! Who should be supervisor? You, who are so good a manager, so attentive, so diligent, so expeditious, and so accurate? Don't you think our quarry would turn to account?—Another article, to which I might apply the same questions, is the project for importation of French wine: it is odd that a scheme so cheap and so practicable should hitherto have been totally overlooked. One would think the breed of smugglers was lost, like the true spaniels, or genuine golden pippins! My dear Sir, you know I never drink three glasses of any wine—can you think I care whether they are sour or sweet, cheap or dear?—or do you think that I, who am always taking trouble to reduce my trouble

into as compact a volume as I can, would tap such an article as importing my own wine?—But now comes your last proposal about the Gothic paper. When you made me fix up mine, unpainted, engaging to paint it yourself, and yet could never be persuaded to paint a yard of it, till I was forced to give Bromwich's man God knows what to do it, would you make me believe that you will paint a room eighteen feet by fifteen? But, seriously, if it is possible for you to lay aside visions, don't be throwing continual discouragements in my way. I have told you seriously and emphatically that I am labouring your restoration; the scheme is neither facile nor immediate—but, for God's sake! act like a reasonable man. You have a family to whom you owe serious attention. Don't let me think, that if you return, you will set out upon every wild-goose chase, sticking to nothing, and neglecting chiefly the talents and genius which you have in such excellence, to start projects which you have too much honesty and too little application ever to thrive by. This advice is, perhaps, worded harshly; but you know the heart from which it proceeds, and you know that, with all my prejudice to it, I can't even pardon your wit, when it is employed to dress up schemes that I think romantic. The glasses and Ray's Proverbs you shall have, and some more gold fish, when I have leisure to go to Strawberry; for you know I don't suffer any fisheries to be carried on there in my absence.

I am as newsless as in the dead of summer. The Parliament produces nothing but elections; there has already been one division on the Oxfordshire of two hundred and sixty-seven Whigs to ninety-seven Tories—you may calculate the burial of that election easily from these numbers.¹ The Queen of Prussia is not dead, as I told you in my last. If you have shed many tears for her, you may set them off to the account of our son-in-law, the Prince of Hesse, who is turned Roman Catholic. One is in this age so unused to conversions above the rank of a house-maid turned Methodist, that it occasions as much surprise as if one had heard that he had been initiated in the Eleusinian mysteries. Are not you prodigiously alarmed for the Protestant interest in Germany?

¹ At the close of the Oxfordshire election the sheriff returned all the four candidates, who all of them petitioned. Two were chosen upon what was called the new interest, and were supported by the court; and two by the old interest. The expense and animosity which this dispute occasioned is incredible. Even murder was committed upon the place of election. The friends of the new interest were ultimately voted to be the sitting members by a majority of 233 against 103.—WRIGHT.

We have operas, burlettas, cargoes of Italian dancers, and none good but the Mingotti, a very fine figure and actress. I don't know a single *bon-mot* that is new; George Selwyn has not waked yet for the winter. You will believe that, when I tell you, that t'other night having lost eight hundred pounds at hazard, he fell asleep upon the table with near half as much more before him, and slept for three hours, with everybody stamping the box close at his ear. He will say prodigiously good things when he does wake. In the mean time, can you be content with one of Madame Sévigné's best *bons-mots*, which I have found amongst her new letters? Do you remember her German friend the Princess of Tarente, who was always in mourning for some sovereign prince or princess? One day Madame de Sévigné happening to meet her in colours, made her a low curtsy, and said, "Madame, je me réjouis de la santé de l'Europe." I think I may apply another of her speeches, which pleased me, to what I have said to you in the former part of my letter. Mademoiselle du Plessis had said something she disapproved; Madame Sévigné said to her, "Mais que cela est sot; car je veux vous parler doucement." Adieu!

401. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 1, 1754.

You do me justice, my dear Sir, when you impute the want of my letters to my want of news: as a proof, I take up my pen again, on the first spring-tide of politics. However, as this is an age of abortions, and as I have often announced to you a pregnancy of events, which have soon after been still-born, I beg you will not be disappointed if nothing comes of the present ferment. The offenders and the offended have too often shown their disposition to soothe, or to be soothed, by preferments, for one to build much on the duration or implacability of their aversions. In short, Mr. Pitt has broke with the Duke of Newcastle, on the want of power, and has alarmed the dozing House of Commons with some sentences, extremely in the style of his former *Pittics*. As Mr. Fox is not at all more in humour, the world expects every day to see these two commanders, first unite to overturn all their antagonists, and then worry one another. They have already mumbled poor Sir Thomas Robinson cruelly. The Chancellor of the Exchequer [Legge] crouches under the storm, and seems very willing to *pass eldest*. The

Attorney-General [Murray]¹ seems cowed, and unwilling to support a war, of which the world gives him the honour.² Nugent alone, with an intrepidity worthy his country, affects to stand up against the greatest orator, and against the best reasoner of the age. What will most surprise you, is, that the Duke of Newcastle, who used to tremble at shadows, appears unterrified at Gorgons! If I should tell you in my next, that either of the Gorgons has kissed hands for Secretary of State, only smile: snakes are as easily tamed as lap-dogs.

I am glad you have got my Lord of Cork.³ He is, I know, a very worthy man, and though not a bright man, nor a man of the world, much less a good author, yet it must be comfortable to you now and then to see something besides travelling children, booby governors, and abandoned women of quality. You say you have made my Lord Cork give up my Lord Bolingbroke: it is comical to see how he is given up here, since the best of his writings, his metaphysical divinity, have been published. While he betrayed and abused every man who trusted him, or who had forgiven him, or to whom he was obliged, he was a hero, a patriot, and a philosopher; and the greatest genius of the age: the moment his Craftsmen against Moses and St. Paul, &c., were published, we have discovered that he was the worst man and the worst writer in the world. The grand jury have presented his works, and as long as there are any parsons, he will be ranked with Tindal and Toland—nay, I don't know whether my father won't become a rubric martyr, for having been persecuted by him. Mr. Fraigneau's story of the late King's design of removing my father and employing Bolingbroke, is not new to me; but I can give you two reasons, and one very

¹ Mr. Murray; he was preferred to be attorney-general this year, in the room of Sir Dudley Ryder, who was made lord chief justice, on the death of Sir William Lee. — WALPOLE.

² "At this time," says Lord Waldegrave, "Fox had joined Pitt in a kind of parliamentary opposition. They were both in place,—the one paymaster, the other secretary at war,—and therefore could not decently obstruct the public business; but still they might attack persons, though not things. Pitt undertook the difficult task of silencing Murray, the attorney-general, the ablest man, as well as the ablest debater, in the House of Commons; whilst Fox entertained himself with the less dangerous amusement of exposing Sir Thomas Robinson, or rather assisted him whilst he turned himself into ridicule; for Sir Thomas, though a good secretary of state as far as the business of his office, was ignorant even of the language of the House of Commons controversy; and when he played the orator, it was so exceedingly ridiculous, that those who loved and esteemed him could not always preserve a friendly composure of countenance."—*Memoirs*, p. 31.—WRIGHT.

³ John, Earl of Orrery and Cork, author of a translation of Pliny's Epistles, a Life of Dr. Swift, &c. — WALPOLE.

strong indeed, that convince me of its having no foundation, though it is much believed here. During the last year of the late King's life, he took extremely to New Park, [Richmond] and loved to shoot there, and dined with my father and a private party, and a good deal of punch. The Duchess of Kendal, who hated Sir Robert, and favoured Bolingbroke, and was jealous for herself, grew uneasy at these parties, and used to put one or two of the Germans upon the King to prevent his drinking, (very odd preventives!)—however, they obeyed orders so well, that one day the King flew into a great passion, and reprimanded them in his own language with extreme warmth; and when he went to Hanover, ordered my father to have the New Lodge in the Park finished against his return; which did not look much like an intention of breaking with the Ranger of the Park. But what I am now going to tell you is conclusive: the Duchess obtained an interview for Bolingbroke in the King's closet, which not succeeding, as Lord Bolingbroke foresaw it might not at once, he left a memorial with the King, who, the very next time he saw Sir Robert, gave it to him.¹

You will expect that I should mention the progress of the West Indian war; but the Parliamentary campaign opening so warmly, has quite put the Ohio upon an obsolete foot. All I know is, that the Virginians have disbanded all their troops and say they will trust to England for their defence. The dissensions in Ireland increase. At least, here are various and ample fields for speeches, if we are to have new oppositions. You will believe that I have not great faith in the prospect, when I can come quietly hither for two or three days to place the books in my new library. Mr. Chute is with me, and returns you all your kind speeches with increase. Your two brothers, who dine at Lord Radnor's, have just been here, and found me writing to you: your brother Gal. would not stay a moment, but said, "Tell him I prefer his pleasure to my own." I wish, my dear Sir, I could give you much more, that is, could tell you more; but unless our civil wars continue, I shall know nothing but of contested elections: a first session of a Parliament is the most laborious scene of dulness that I know of. Adieu!

¹ Compare 'Walpole's Reminiscences' in vol. i. p. xcviil.—CUNNINGHAM.

402. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Friday, Dec. 13, 1754.

“IF we do not make this effort to recover our dignity, we shall only sit here to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful a subject!” *Non riconosci tu l'altero viso?* Don't you at once know the style? Shake those words all altogether, and see if they can be anything but the *disjecta membra* of Pitt! In short, about a fortnight ago, this bomb burst. Pitt, who is well, is married, is dissatisfied—not with his bride, but with the Duke of Newcastle; has twice thundered out his dissatisfaction in Parliament, and was seconded by Fox. The event was exactly what I dare say you have already foreseen. Pitt *was to be* turned out; overtures were made to Fox; Pitt is *not* turned out; Fox is quieted with the dignity of cabinet-counsellor, and the Duke of Newcastle remains affronted—and omnipotent. The commentary on this text is too long for a letter; it may be developed some time or other. This scene has produced a diverting interlude: Sir George Lyttelton, who could not reconcile his content with Mr. Pitt's discontents, has been very ill with the *cousinhood*. In the grief of his heart he thought of resigning his place, but, *somehow or other*, stumbled upon a negotiation for introducing the Duke of Bedford into the ministry again, to balance the loss of Mr. Pitt. Whatever persuaded him, he thought this treaty so sure of success that he lost no time to be the agent of it himself; and whether commissioned or non-commissioned, as both he and the Duke of Newcastle say, he carried *carte blanche* to the Duke of Bedford, who bounced like a rocket, frightened away poor Sir George, and sent for Mr. Pitt to notify the overture. Pitt and the Grenvilles are outrageous; the Duke of Newcastle disclaims his ambassador, and everybody laughs. Sir George came hither yesterday, to *expectorate* with me, as he called it. Think how I pricked up my ears, as high as King Midas, to hear a Lyttelton vent his grievances against a Pitt and Grenvilles! Lord Temple has named Sir George the *apostolic nuncio*; and George Selwyn says, “that he will certainly be invited by Miss Ashe among the foreign ministers.” These are greater storms than perhaps you expected yet; they have occasioned mighty bustle, and whisper, and speculation; but you see

Pulveris exigui jactu composita quiescunt.

You will be diverted with a collateral incident. * * * * met Dick Edgumbe, and asked him with great importance, if he knew whether Mr. Pitt was out. Edgumbe, who thinks nothing important that is not to be decided by dice, and who, consequently, had never once thought of Pitt's political state, replied, "Yes."—"Ay! how do you know?"—"Why, I called at his door just now, and his porter told me so." Another political event is, that Lord E. comes into place; he is to succeed Lord Fitzwalter, who is to have Lord Grantham's pension, who is dead¹ immensely rich: I think this is the last of the old Opposition, of any name, except Sir John Barnard. If you have curiosity about the Ohio, you must write to France: there I believe they know something about it; here it was totally forgot till last night, when an express arrived with an account of the loss of one of the transports off Falmouth, with eight officers and sixty men on board.

My Lady Townshend has been dying, and was wofully frightened and *took* prayers; but she is recovered now, even of her repentance. You will not be undiverted to hear that the mob of Sudbury have literally sent a *card* to the mob of Bury, to offer their assistance at a contested election there: I hope to be able to tell you in my next, that Mrs. Holman² has sent cards to both mobs for her assembly.

The shrubs shall be sent, but you must stay till the holidays; I shall not have time to go to Strawberry sooner. I have received your second letter, dated November 22nd, about the Gothic paper. I hope you will by this time have got mine, to dissuade you from that thought. If you insist upon it, I will send the paper: I have told you what I think, and will therefore say no more on that head; but I will transcribe a passage which I found t'other day in Petronius, and thought not unapplicable to you: "Omnium herbarum succos. Democritus expressit; et ne lapidum virgultorumque vis lateret, ætatem inter experimenta consumpsit." I hope Democritus could not draw charmingly when he threw away his time in extracting tints from flints and twigs!

I can't conclude my letter without telling you what an escape I had at the sale of Dr. Mead's library, which goes extremely dear. In the catalogue I saw Winstanley's views of Audley-inn, which I

¹ Henry de Nassau D'Overquerque, created 1698 Baron of Alford, Viscount of Boston, and Earl of Grantham. He was chamberlain to George II. and his Queen, when Prince and Princess of Wales, and died 5th December, 1754, at the age of ninety-two. He retained his foreign accent to the last.—CUNNINGHAM.

² See Walpole to Mann, 2nd April, 1750, ii. 206.—CUNNINGHAM.

concluded was, as it really was, a thin, dirty folio, worth about fifteen shillings. As I thought it might be scarce, it might run to two or three guineas: however, I bid Graham *certainly* buy it for me. He came the next morning in a great fright, said he did not know whether he had done very right or very wrong, that he had gone as far as *nine-and-forty guineas*—I started in such a fright! Another bookseller had luckily had as unlimited a commission, and bid fifty—when my Graham begged it might be adjourned, till they could consult their principals. I think I shall never give an unbounded commission again, even for views of *Les Rochers*.¹ Adieu! Am I ever to see any more of your *hand-drawing*? Adieu!

Yours ever.

403. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 24, 1754.

I RECEIVED your packet of December 6th last night, but intending to come hither for a few days, had unluckily sent away by the coach in the morning a parcel of things for you; you must therefore wait till another bundle sets out, for the new letters of Madame Sévigné. Heaven forbid that I should have said they were bad! I only meant that they were full of family details, and mortal distempers, to which the most immortal of us are subject; and I was sorry that the profane should ever know that my divinity was ever troubled with a sore leg or the want of money; though, indeed, the latter defeats Bussy's ill-natured accusation of avarice; and her tearing herself from her daughter, then at Paris, to go and save money in Bretagne to pay her debts, is a perfection of virtue which completes her amiable character. My Lady Hervey has made me most happy, by bringing me from Paris an admirable copy of the very portrait that was Madame de Simiane's: I am going to build an altar for it, under the title of *Notre Dame des Rochers*!

Well! but you will want to know the contents of the parcel that is set out. It contains another parcel, which contains I don't know what; but Mr. Cumberland sent it, and desired I would transmit it to you. There are Ray's Proverbs, in two volumes interleaved; a few seeds, mislaid when I sent the last; a very indifferent new tragedy, called 'Barbarossa,'² now running; the author unknown,

¹ Madame de Sévigné's seat in Bretagne.—WALPOLE.

² It being mentioned to Dr. Johnson, that Garrick assisted Browne in the com-

but believed to be Garrick himself. There is not one word of Barbarossa's real story, but almost the individual history of Merope; not one new thought, and, which is the next material want, but one line of perfect nonsense;

And rain down transports in the shape of sorrow.

To complete it, the manners are so ill observed, that a Mahometan princess royal is at full liberty to visit her lover in Newgate, like the banker's daughter in *George Barnwell*. I have added four more 'Worlds,'¹ the second of which will, I think, redeem my Lord Chesterfield's character with you for wit, except in the two stories, which are very flat: I mean those of two misspelt letters. In the last 'World,' [No. 103] besides the hand, you will find a story of your acquaintance: *Bonccœur* means Norborne Berkeley, whose horse sinking up to his middle in Woburn park, he would not allow that it was anything more than a little damp. The last story of a highwayman happened almost literally to Mrs. Cavendish.

For news, I think I have none to tell you. Mr. Pitt is gone to the Bath, and Mr. Fox to Newcastle House; and everybody else into the country for the holidays. When Lord Bath was told of the first determination of turning out Pitt, and letting Fox remain, he said it put him in mind of a story of the Gunpowder Plot. The Lord Chamberlain was sent to examine the vaults under the Parliament-house, and, returning with his report, said he had found five-and-twenty barrels of gunpowder; that he had removed ten of them, and hoped the other fifteen would do no harm. Was ever anything so well and so just?

The Russian ambassador is to give a masquerade for the birth of the little great prince:² the King lends him Somerset House: he wanted to borrow the palace over against me, and sent to ask it of the cardinal-nephew,³ who replied, "Not for half Russia."

The new madness is Oratorys. Macklin has set up one, under the title of *The British Inquisition*;⁴ Foote another against him; and a

position of 'Barbarossa,' "No, Sir," said the Doctor, "Browne would no more suffer Garrick to write a line in his play than he would suffer him to mount his pulpit."—WRIGHT.

¹ No. 92, 'Reflections on the Drinking Club;' No. 98, 'On the Italian Opera;' No. 100, 'On Dr. Johnson's Dictionary;' and No. 101, 'Humorous Observations on the English Language;' all written by Lord Chesterfield.—WRIGHT.

² The Czar Paul the First.—WALPOLE.

³ Henry, Earl of Lincoln, nephew to the Duke of Newcastle, to whose title he succeeded.—WALPOLE.

⁴ The British Inquisition was opened in 1754, by a public ordinary, where every

third man has advertised another to-day. I have not heard enough in their favour to tempt me to them, nor do I in the world know enough to compose another paragraph. I am here quite alone; Mr. Chute is setting out for his Vine; but in a day or two I expect Mr. Williams,¹ George Selwyn, and Dick Edgecumbe. You will allow that when I do admit anybody within my cloister, I choose them well. My present occupation is putting up my books; and thanks to arches, and pinnacles, and pierced columns, I shall not appear scantily provided. Adieu!

404. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Jan. 7, 1755.

I IMAGINED by your letter the Colonel was in town, and was shocked at not having been to wait on him; upon inquiry, I find he is not; and now, can conceive how he came to tell you, that the town has been entertained with a paper of mine; I send it you, to show you that this is one of the many fabulous histories which have been spread in such quantities, and without foundation.

I shall take care of your letter to Mr. Bentley. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, or I know he would, as I do, beg his compliments to Miss Montagu. You do not wish me joy on the approaching nuptials of Mr. Harris and our Miss Anne. He is so amorous, that whenever he sits by her, (and he cannot stand by her,) my Lady Townshend, by a very happy expression, says, "he is always setting his dress." Have you heard of a Countess Chamfelt, a Bohemian, rich and hideous, who is arrived here, and is under the protection of Lady Caroline Petersham? She has a great facility at languages, and has already learned, "D—n you, and kiss me;" I beg her pardon,

person was permitted, for three shillings a-head, to drink port, or claret, or whatever liquor he should choose. This was succeeded by a lecture on oratory. The plan did not succeed; for while Macklin was engaged in drilling his waiters, or fitting himself for the rostrum, his waiters, in return, were robbing him in all directions; so that, in the February of this year, he was declared a bankrupt, under the designation of a vintner.—WRIGHT.

¹ George James Williams, Esq., son of William Peere Williams, Esq., an eminent lawyer and brother of Sir William Peere Williams, Bart., killed at the siege of Belleisle, in 1761, and the subject of a beautiful epitaph by Gray. He married in 1752 Miss Bertie, one of the daughters of the Countess of Coventry, and died in London, 28th Nov., 1805, at the age of eighty-six. He is known as *Gilly* Williams, and as the friend and correspondent of Selwyn. His appearance is preserved to us in the 'Conversation' piece by Sir Joshua, of Williams, Selwyn, and Dick Edgecumbe, formerly at Strawberry Hill, now (1857) in the possession of the Right Honourable Henry Labouchere.—CUNNINGHAM.

I believe she never uses the former, but upon the miscarriage of the latter: in short, as Dodington says, she has had the honour of performing at most courts in Europe. Adieu!

405. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Jan. 9, 1755.

I USED to say that one could not go out of London for two days without finding at one's return that something very extraordinary had happened; but of late the climate had lost its propensity to odd accidents. Madness be praised, we are a little restored to the want of our senses! I have been twice this Christmas at Strawberry Hill for a few days, and at each return have been not a little surprised: the first time, at the very unexpected death of my Lord Albemarle,¹ who was taken ill at Paris, going home from supper, and expired in a few hours; and last week at the far more extraordinary death of Montford.² He himself, with all his judgment in bets, I think would have betted any man in England against himself for self-murder: yet after having been supposed the sharpest genius of his time, he, by all that appears, shot himself on the distress of his circumstances; an apoplectic disposition, I believe, concurring either to lower his spirits, or to alarm them. Ever since Miss * * * * lived with him, either from liking her himself, as some think, or to tempt her to marry his Lilliputian figure, he has squandered vast sums at Horse-heath, and in living. He lost twelve hundred a-year by Lord Albemarle's death, and four by Lord Gage's, the same day. He asked immediately for the government of Virginia or the Foxhounds, and pressed for an answer with an eagerness that surprised the Duke of Newcastle, who never had a notion of pinning down the relief of his own or any other man's wants to a day. Yet that seems to have been the case of Montford, who determined to throw the die of life and death, Tuesday was se'nnight, on the answer he was to receive from court; which did not prove favourable. He consulted indirectly, and at last pretty directly, several people on the easiest method of finishing life; and seems to have thought that he had

¹ William Anne Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle, Ambassador at Paris, where he died 22nd Dec., 1754.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Henry Bromley, created Lord Montford of Horse-heath, in 1741. He married Frances, daughter of Thomas Wyndham, Esq., and sister and heiress of Sir Francis Wyndham, of Trent, in the county of Somerset.—WRIGHT.

too explicit; for he invited company to dinner for the day after
 bath, and ordered a supper at White's, where he supped, too,
 night before. He played at whisk till one in the morning; it
 New Year's morning: Lord Robert Bertie drank to him a
 New Year; he clapped his hand strangely to his eyes! In
 morning he had a lawyer and three witnesses, and executed his
 which he made them read twice over, paragraph by paragraph:
 then asking the lawyer if that will would stand good, though a
 were to shoot himself? and being assured it would; he said,
 y stay while I step into next room;"—went into next room
 shot himself. He clapped the pistol so close to his head, that
 heard no report. The housekeeper heard him fall, and, thinking
 d a fit, ran up with drops, and found his skull and brains shot
 the room!—You will be charmed with the friendship and
 osity of Sir Francis. Montford a little time since opened his
 astances to him. Sir Francis said, "Montford, if it will be
 y service to you, you shall see what I have done for you;"
 out his will, and read it, where he had left him a vast legacy.
 beauty of this action is heightened by Sir Francis's life not
 worth a year's purchase.¹ I own I feel for the distress this
 must have felt, before he decided on so desperate an action. I
 him but little; but he was good-natured and agreeable
 h, and had the most commendous understanding I ever knew.
 d affected a finesse in money matters beyond what he deserved,
 imed at reducing even natural affections to a kind of calcula-
 like Demoiivre's.² He was asked, soon after his daughter's

Lord Montford's strange end surprised me a good deal, as he seemed as happy
 eat taste for pleasure, and an ample fortune to gratify it, could make him,
 many friends, few disappointments, and a cheerful temper. I never heard of
 coolness than that with which he put an end to his life. I as yet hear no
 assigned for this event, but that *tedium vitæ*, which is so frequent in this
 r. He had supped and played at White's as usual the night before, but sent to
 or he made use of, to come to him the next day at eleven o'clock, having
 t *business* at twelve. The lawyer, with Lord Montford, read over his will three
 examining very carefully every word, that there might not be any flaw or room
 a dispute. He then sealed up the will and the duplicate, putting the one
 s drawer, and desiring the lawyer to take care of the other; went immediately
 s bedchamber, and before the man could take his papers and get down stairs,
 Montford shot himself through the head. These things are what our countrymen
 te to more reflection, solid reasoning, and greater resolution than other people
 sters of; I impute them to more phlegmatic constitutions, thicker and more
 dating blood, and lower spirits; natural effects of our climate on our bodies,
 refore a physical evil, not a moral excellence. Happy shall I be when I return
 country where the air, the people, and the manner of living, dispose one to
 lness, and to enjoy life, not to destroy it."—*Lady Hervey's Letters.*—
 INGHAM.

celebrated by Pope.—CUNNINGHAM.

marriage, if she was with child: he replied, "Upon my word I don't know; I have no bet upon it." This and poor * * * *s self-murder have brought to light another, which happening in France, had been sunk; * * * *s. I can tell you that the ancient and worshipful company of lovers are under a great dilemma, upon a husband and a gamester killing themselves: I don't know whether they will not apply to Parliament for an exclusive charter for self-murder.

On the occasion of Montford's story, I heard another more extraordinary. If a man insures his life, this killing himself vacates the bargain. This (as in England almost everything begets a contradiction) has produced an office for insuring in spite of self-murder; but not beyond three hundred pounds. I suppose voluntary deaths were not then the *bon-ton* of people in higher life. A man went and insured his life, securing this privilege of a *free-dying* Englishman. He carried the insurers to dine at a tavern, where they met several other persons. After dinner he said to the life-and-death brokers, "Gentlemen, it is fit that you should be acquainted with the company: these honest men are tradesmen, to whom I was in debt, without any means of paying, but by your assistance; and now I am your humble servant!" He pulled out a pistol and shot himself. Did you ever hear of such a mixture of honesty and knavery?

Lord Rochford is to succeed as groom of the stole. The Duke of Marlborough is privy-seal, in the room of Lord Gower, who is dead; and the Duke of Rutland is lord steward. Lord Albemarle's other offices and honours are still *in petto*. When the King first saw this Lord Albemarle, he said, "Your father had a great many good qualities, but he was a sieve!"¹—It is the last receiver into which I should have thought his Majesty would have poured gold! You will be pleased with the monarch's politesse. Sir John Bland² and

¹ "The king has been so good to give Lady Albemarle a pension of 1200*l.* a year, which, added to 500*l.* which she receives for having been lady of the bedchamber to the late queen, is a good income. All she has of her own are two houses, one in town, the other about twenty miles off, which it is hoped will produce a moderate fortune for her two daughters. The present earl has not a sixpence but what his regiment and places bring in; all the other sons are provided for by government, but without a farthing from their father. The King, when he was solicited for Lady Albemarle and her family, readily granted the request, but said it was hard that a man who for thirty years past had everything he asked for, which was everything that was to be had, should at his death leave him his whole family to keep: adding, what he had often said of him when alive, that he was *un vaurien aimable*."—*Lady Hervey's Letters*, p. 206.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Sir John Bland, of Kippax, Bart., a member of White's, and M.P. for Luggershal, Wilts. He died (in ruined circumstances) suddenly (3rd Sept., 1755) "on the road between Paris and Calais."—CUNNINGHAM.

Offley made interest to play at Twelfth-night, and succeeded—not at play, for they lost 1400*l.* and 1300*l.* As it is not usual for people of no higher rank to play,¹ the King thought they would be bashful about it, and took particular care to do the honours of his house to them, set only to them, and spoke to them at his levee next morning.

You love new nostrums and inventions: there is discovered a method of inoculating the cattle for the distemper—it succeeds so well that they are not even marked. How we advance rapidly in discoveries, and in applying everything to everything! Here is another secret, that will better answer your purpose, and I hope mine too. They found out lately at the Duke of Argyle's, that any kind of ink may be made of privet: it becomes green ink by mixing salt of tartar. I don't know the process; but I am promised it by Campbell,² who told me of it t'other day, when I carried him the true genealogy of the Bentleys, which he assured me shall be inserted in the next edition of the Biographia.

There sets out to-morrow morning, by the Southampton waggon, such a cargo of trees for you, that a detachment of Kentishmen would be furnished against an invasion if they were to unroll the bundle. I write to Mr. S * * * * to recommend great care of them. Observe how I answer your demands: are you as punctual? The forests in your landscapes do not thrive like those in your letters. Here is a letter from G. Montagu; and then I think I may bid you good-night!

406. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 9, 1755.

I HAD an intention of deferring writing to you, my dear Sir, till I could wish you joy on the completion of your approaching dignity;³ but as the Duke of Newcastle is not quite so expeditious as my friendship is earnest; and as your brother tells me that you have

¹ On Twelfth-Night the groom-porter (a kind of half-master of the revels) was the presiding genius over the games at Court, and generally, a winner. Fools like Offley and Bland threw their money away on these occasions, partly for ostentation, and for fame at White's.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Dr. John Campbell, author of the "Lives of the Admirals," and editor of the "Biographia Britannica," died 1775.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Mr. Mann was on the 15th of February created a baronet, with a reversion to his brother Galfridus.—WRIGHT.

had some very unnecessary qualms, from your silence to me on this chapter, I can no longer avoid telling you how pleased I am with any accession of distinction to you and your family: I should like nothing better but an accession of appointments: but I shall say no more on this head, where wishes are so barren as mine. Your brother, who had not time to write by this post, desires me to tell you that the Duke will be obliged to you, if you will send him the new map of Rome and of the patrimony of St. Peter, which his Royal Highness says is just published.

You will have heard long before you receive this, of Lord Albemarle's¹ sudden death at Paris: everybody is so sorry for him!—without being so: yet as sorry as he would have been for anybody, or as he deserved. Can one really regret a man, who with the most meritorious wife² and sons³ in the world, and with near 15,000*l.* a year from the government, leaves not a shilling to his family, lawful or illegitimate, (and both *very* numerous,) but dies immensely in debt, though, when he married, he had 90,000*l.* in the funds, and my Lady Albemarle brought him 25,000*l.* more, all which is dissipated to 14,000*l.*! The King very handsomely, and untired with having done so much for a man who had so little pretensions to it, immediately gave my Lady Albemarle 1200*l.* a year pension, and I trust will take care of this Lord [Lord Bury], who is a great friend of mine, and what is much better for him, the first favourite of the Duke [of Cumberland]. If I were as grave an historian as my Lord Clarendon, I should now without any scruple tell you a dream; you would either believe it from my dignity of character, or conclude from my dignity of character that I did not believe it myself. As neither of these important evasions will serve my turn, I shall relate the following, only prefacing, that I do believe the dream happened, and happened right, among the millions of dreams that do not hit. Lord Bury was at Windsor with the Duke when the express of his father's death arrived: he came to town time enough to find his mother and sisters at breakfast. "Lord! child," said my Lady Albemarle, "what brings you to town so early?" He said he had been sent for. Says she, "You are not well!" "Yes," replied Lord Bury, "I am, but a little flustered

¹ For an interesting account of this magnificent spendthrift see "Memoires de Marmontel."—DOVER.

² Lady Anne Lenox, sister of Charles Duke of Richmond.—WALPOLE.

³ George Lord Viscount Bury, lord of the Bedchamber to the Duke, and colonel of a regiment; Augustus, captain of a man-of-war, who was with Lord Anson in his famous expedition; and William, colonel of the Guards, and aide-de-camp to the Duke: the two other sons were very young.—WALPOLE.

with something I have heard." "Let me feel your pulse," said Lady Albemarle: "Oh!" continued she, "your father is dead!" "Lord! Madam," said Lord Bury, "how could that come into your head? I should rather have imagined that you would have thought it was my poor brother William" (who is just gone to Lisbon for his health). "No," said my Lady Albemarle, "I know it is your father; I dreamed last night that he was dead, and came to take leave of me!" and immediately swooned.¹

Lord Albemarle's places are not yet given away: ambassador at Paris, I suppose, there will be none; it was merely kept up to gratify him—besides, when we have no minister, we can deliver no memorials. Lord Rochford is, I quite believe, to be groom of the stole: that leaves your Turin open—besides such trifles as a blue garter, the second troop of Guards, and the Government of Virginia.

A death much more extraordinary is that of my Lord Montford, who, having all his life aimed at the character of a monied man, and of an artfully money-getting man, has shot himself, on having ruined himself. If he had despised money, he could not have shot himself with more deliberate resolution. The only points he seems to have considered in so mad an action, were, not to be thought mad, and which would be the easiest method of despatching himself. It is strange that the passage from life to death should be an object, when one is unhappy enough to be determined to change one for the other.

I warned you in my last not to wonder if you should hear that either that Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox had kissed hands for Secretary of State; the latter has kissed the Secretary of State's hand for being a cabinet councillor.² The more I see, the more I am confirmed in my idea of this being the *age of abortions!*

¹ There is one piece of news which is much to the King's honour, and shows a great deal of good-nature. When he heard of my Lord Albemarle's death, he immediately gave my Lady a pension of 1200*l.* a-year. She was very much shocked when Lord Bury told her the news; but as soon as he came into the room, bid him not speak a word, for she knew what he was come about; she was sure his father was dead, for she had seen him the night before, and it never failed. When this came to be explained it was only a dream: she thought she saw him dressed in white; the same thing happened before the Duke of Richmond's death, and often has happened before the death of any of her family. Methinks, I see you laugh!—*Lady Temple to Lord Temple, Dec. 28, 1754.*—CUNNINGHAM.

² "I proposed an interview between Fox and the Duke of Newcastle, which produced the following agreement—that Fox should be called up to the cabinet council; that employments should be given to some of his friends, who were not yet provided for; and that others, who had places already, should be removed to higher stations. Fox, during the whole negotiation, behaved like a man of sense and a man of honour; very frank, very explicit, and not very unreasonable."—*Waldegrave's Memoirs.*—WRIGHT.

I have received yours of December 13th, and find myself obliged to my Lord of Cork for a remembrance of me, which I could not expect he should have preserved. Lord Huntingdon I know very well, and like very much: he has parts, great good breeding, and will certainly make a figure. You are lucky in such company; yet I wish you had Mr. Brand!

I need not desire you not to believe the stories of such a mountebank as Taylor:¹ I only wonder that he should think the names of our family a recommendation at Rome; we are not conscious of any such merit: nor have any of our eyes ever wanted to be put out. Adieu! my dear Sir, my dear Sir Horace.

407. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, Feb. 8, 1755.

By the waggon on Thursday there set out for Southampton a lady whom you must call Phillis, but whom George Montagu and the Gods would name Speckle-belly. Peter begged her for me; that is, for you; that is, for Captain Dumaresque, after he had been asked three guineas for another. I hope she will not be poisoned with salt-water, like the poor Poyangers.² If she should, you will at least observe, that your commissions are not still-born with me, as mine are with you. I *draw*³ a spotted dog the moment you desire it.

George Montagu has intercepted the description I promised you of the Russian masquerade:⁴ he wrote to beg it, and I cannot transcribe from myself. In few words, there were all the beauties, and all the diamonds, and not a few of the uglies of London. The Duke [of Cumberland], like Osman the Third, seemed in the centre of his new seraglio, and I believe my Lady and I thought that my Lord Anson was the chief eunuch. My Lady Coventry was dressed in a great style, and looked better than ever. Lady Betty Spencer,⁵

¹ A quack oculist.—WALPOLE. Generally called the Chevalier Taylor. He published his travels in 1762; in which he styled himself "Ophthalmiator Pontifical, Imperial, Royal, &c."—WRIGHT.

² Mr. Walpole having called his gold-fish pond Poyang, calls the gold-fish Poyangers.—BERRY.

³ Alluding to Mr. Bentley's dilatoriness in exercising his pencil at the request of Mr. Walpole.—WALPOLE.

⁴ At Somerset House on Thursday, 6 Feb., 1755.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Lady Elizabeth Spencer, daughter of the second Duke of Marlborough, married 12 March, 1756, to Henry, Earl of Pembroke.

like Rubens's wife (not the common one with the hat), had all the bloom and bashfulness and wildness of youth, with all the countenance of all the former Marlboroughs. Lord Delawar was an excellent mask, from a picture at Kensington¹ of Queen Elizabeth's porter. Lady Caroline Petersham, powdered with diamonds and crescents for a Turkish slave, was still extremely handsome. The hazard was excessively deep to the astonishment of some Frenchmen of quality who are here, and who I believe, from what they saw that night, will not write to their court to dissuade their armaments, on its not being worth their while to attack so beggarly a nation. Our fleet is as little despicable; but though the preparations on both sides are so great, I believe the storm will blow over. They insist on our immediately sending an ambassador to Paris; and to my great satisfaction, my cousin and friend Lord Hertford is to be the man. This is still an entire secret here, but will be known before you receive this. The weather is very bitter, and keeps me from Strawberry. Adieu!

408. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1755.

YOUR *Argosie* is arrived safe; thank you for shells, trees, cones; but above all, thank you for the landscape.² As it is your first attempt in oils, and has succeeded so much beyond my expectation, (and being against my advice too, you may believe the sincerity of my praises,) I must indulge my Vasarihood, and write a dissertation upon it. You have united and mellowed your colours, in a manner to make it look like an old picture; yet there is something in the tone of it that is not quite right. Mr. Chute thinks that you should have exerted more of your force in tipping with light the edges on which the sun breaks: my own opinion is, that the result of the whole is not natural, by your having joined a Claude Lorrain summer sky to a wintry sea, which you have drawn from the life. The water breaks finely, but the distant hills are too strong, and the outlines much too hard. The greatest fault is the trees (not apt to be your stumbling-block): they are not of a natural green, have no particular resemblance, and are out of all proportion too large for the figures. Mend these errors, and work away in oil. I am impatient to see

¹ Now (1857) at Hampton Court.—CUNNINGHAM.² It is now at Strawberry Hill.—WALPOLE.

some gothic ruins of your painting. This leads me naturally to thank you for the sweet little *cul-de-lampe* to the Entail: it is equal to any thing you have done in perspective and for taste; but the boy is too large.

For the block of granite I shall certainly think a louis well bestowed—provided I do but get the block, and that you are sure it will be equal to the sample you sent me. My room remains in want of a table; and as it will take so much time to polish it, I do wish you would be a little expeditious in sending it.

I have but frippery news to tell you; no politics; for the rudiments of a war, that is not to be a war, are not worth detailing. In short, we have acted with spirit, have got ready thirty ships of the line, and conclude that the French will not care to examine whether they are well manned or not. The House of Commons *bears* nothing but elections; the Oxfordshire till seven at night three times a week: we have passed ten evenings on the Colchester election, and last Monday sat upon it till near two in the morning. Whoever stands a contested election, and pays for his seat, and attends the first session, surely buys the other six very dear!

The great event is the catastrophe of Sir John Bland, who has *flirted* away his whole fortune at hazard. He t'other night exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford,¹ having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it) lost two-and-thirty thousand pounds. The citizens put on their double-channeled pumps and trudge to St. James's Street, in expectation of seeing judgments executed on White's—angels with flaming swords, and devils flying away with dice-boxes, like the prints in Sadeler's Hermits. Sir John lost this immense sum to a Captain Scott,² who at present has nothing but a few debts and his commission.

Garrick has produced a detestable English opera, which is crowded by all true lovers of their country. To mark the opposition to Italian operas, it is sung by some cast singers, two Italians and a French girl, and the chapel boys; and to regale us with sense, it is Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which is forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of any Italian opera-books.—But such sense and such harmony are irresistible!

¹ To Jansen. See vol. i. p. 199 and p. 219.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Afterwards General Scott, who married Lady Mary Hay, the only child of the thirteenth Earl of Errol by his first wife. General Scott had by Lady Mary Hay three daughters: Henrietta, Duchess of Portland; Lady Downe; and Joanna, created Viscountess Canning.—ED. 1837.

I am at present confined with a cold, which I caught by going to a fire in the middle of the night, and in the middle of the snow, two days ago. About five in the morning Harry waked me with a candle in his hand, and cried, "Pray, your honour, don't be frightened!"—"No, Harry, I am not: but what is it that I am not to be frightened at?"—"There is a great fire here in St. James's Street."—I rose, and indeed thought all St. James's Street was on fire, but it proved in Bury Street. However, you know I can't resist going to a fire; for it is certainly the only horrid sight that is fine. I slipped on my slippers, and an embroidered suit that hung on the chair, and ran to Bury Street, and stepped into a pipe that was broken up for water.—It would have made a picture—the horror of the flames, the snow, the day breaking with difficulty through so foul a night, and my figure, partly per *pale*, mud and gold. It put me in mind of Lady Margaret Herbert's' providence, who asked somebody for a *pretty* pattern for a nightcap. "Lord!" said they, "what signifies the pattern of a nightcap?"—"Oh! child," said she, "but you know, in case of fire." There were two houses burnt, and a poor maid; an officer jumped out of window, and is much hurt, and two young beauties were conveyed out the same way in their shifts. There have been two more great fires. Alderman Belchier's house at Epsom, that belonged to the Prince [of Wales], is burnt, and Beckford's fine house [Fonthill] in the country, with pictures and furniture to a great value. He says, "Oh! I have an odd fifty thousand pounds in a drawer: I will build it up again: it won't be above a thousand pounds a-piece difference to my thirty children." Adieu!

409. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, March 6, 1755.

I have to thank you for two letters and a picture. I hope my thanks will have a more prosperous journey than my own letters have had of late. You say you have received none since January 9th. I have written three since that. I take care, in conjunction with the times, to make them harmless enough for the post. Whatever secrets I may have (and you know I have no propensity to mystery) will keep very well till I have the happiness of seeing

you, though that date should be farther off than I hope. As I mean my letters should relieve some of your anxious or dull minutes, I will tempt no postmasters or secretaries to retard them.

The state of affairs is much altered since my last epistle that persuaded you of the distance of a war. So haughty and so ravenous an answer came from France, that my Lord Hertford does not go. As a *little* islander, you may be very easy: Jersey is not prey for such fleets as are likely to encounter in the channel in April. You must tremble in your *Bigendian* capacity, if you mean to figure as a good citizen. I sympathise with you extremely in the interruption it will give to our correspondence. You, in an inactive little spot, cannot wish more impatiently for every post that has the probability of a letter, than I, in all the turbulence of London, do constantly, never-faillingly, for letters from you. Yet by my busy, hurried, amused, irregular way of life, you would not imagine that I had much time to care for my friends. You know how late I used to rise: it is worse and worse: I stay late at debates and committees; for, with all our tranquillity and my indifference, I think I am never out of the House of Commons: from thence, it is the fashion of the winter to go to vast assemblies, which are followed by vast suppers, and those by balls. Last week I was from two at noon till ten at night at the House: I came home, dined, new-dressed myself entirely, went to a ball at Lord Holderness's, and stayed till five in the morning. What an abominable young creature! But why may not I be so? Old Haslang¹ dances at sixty-five; my Lady Rochford without stays, and her husband the new groom of the stole, dance. In short, when Secretaries of State, Cabinet councillors, Foreign ministers, dance like the universal ballet in the Rehearsal, why should not I—see them? In short, the true definition of me is, that I am a dancing senator—Not that I do dance, or do any thing by being a senator: but I go to balls, and to the House of Commons—to look on: and you will believe me when I tell you, that I really think the former the more serious occupation of the two; at least the performers are most in earnest. What men say to women, is at least as sincere as what they say to their country. If perjury can give the devil a right to the souls of men, he has titles by as many ways as my Lord Huntingdon is descended from Edward III.

¹ Count de Haslang, many years minister from Bavaria to the British court.—
Ed. 1837.

410. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 10, 1755.

HAVING already wished you joy of your chivalry, I would not send you a formal congratulation on the actual dispatch of your patent: I had nothing new to tell you: forms between you and me would be new indeed.

You have heard of the nomination of my friend and relation, Lord Hertford, to the embassy of Paris: you will by this time have learned or perceived, that he is not likely to go thither. They have sent demands too haughty to be admitted, and we are preparing a fleet to tell them we think so. In short, the prospect is very warlike. The ministry are so desirous of avoiding it, that they make no preparations on land—will *that* prevent it? Their partisans d—n the plantations, and ask if we are to involve ourselves in a war for them? Will that question weigh with planters and West Indians? I do not love to put our trust in a fleet only: however, we do not touch upon the Pretender; the late rebellion suppressed is a comfortable ingredient, at least, in a new war. You know I call this *the age of abortions*: who knows but the egg of this war may be addled?

Elections, very warm in their progress, very insignificant in their consequence, very tedious in their attendance, employ the Parliament solely. The King wants to go abroad, and consequently to have the Houses prorogued: the Oxfordshire election says *no* to him: the war says *no* to him: the town says we shall sit till June. Balls, masquerades, and diversions don't trouble their heads about the Parliament or the war: the righteous, who hate pleasures, and love prophecies, (the most unpleasant things in the world, except their completion,) are finding out parallels between London and Nineveh, and other goodly cities of old, who went to operas and ridottos when the French were at their gates,—yet, if Arlington Street were ten times more like to the most fashionable street in Tyre or Sidon, it should not alarm me: I took all my fears out in the Rebellion: I was frightened enough then: I will never have another panic. I would not indeed be so pedantic as to sit in St. James's Market in an armed chair to receive the French, because the Roman consuls received the Gauls in the forum. They shall be in Southwark before I pack up a single miniature.

The Duke of Dorset goes no more to Ireland; Lord Hartington is

to be sent thither with the olive branch. Lord Rochford is groom of the stole; Lord Poulet has resigned the bedchamber on that preference, and my nephew and Lord Essex are to be Lords of the Bedchamber. It is supposed that the Duke of Rutland will be Master of the Horse, and the Dorset again Lord Steward. But all this will come to you as very antique news, if a whisper that your brother has heard to day be true, of your having taken a trip to Rome. If you are there when you receive this, pray make my Lady Pomfret's compliments to the statues in the Capitol, and inform them that she has purchased her late lord's collection of statues, and presented them to the University of Oxford. The present Earl, her son, is grown a speaker in the House of Lords, and makes comparisons between Julius Cæsar and the watchmen of Bristol, in the same style as he compared himself to *Cerberus, who, when he had one head cut off, three others sprang up in its room*. I shall go to-morrow to Dr. Mead's sale, and ruin myself in bronzes and vases—but I will not give them to the University of Oxford. Adieu! my dear Sir Knight.

411. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, March 27, 1755.

YOUR chimney² is come, but not to honour: the cariatides are fine and free, but the rest is heavy: Lord Strafford is not at all struck with it, and thinks it old-fashioned: it certainly tastes of Inigo Jones. Your myrtles I have seen in their pots, and they are magnificent, but I fear very sickly. In return, I send you a library. You will receive, some time or other, or the French for you, the following books: a fourth volume of Dodsley's Collection of Poems, the worst tome of the four; three volumes of "Worlds;" Fielding's Travels, or rather an account how his dropsy was treated and teased by an innkeeper's wife in the Isle of Wight; the new Letters of Madame de Sévigné, and Hume's History of Great Britain; a book which, though more decried than ever book was, and certainly with faults, I cannot help liking much. It is called Jacobite, but in my

¹ Henrietta Louisa, Countess-dowager of Pomfret, having quarrelled with her eldest son, who was ruined and forced to sell the furniture of his seat at Easton Neston, bought his statues, which had been part of the Arundelian collection, and had been purchased by his grandfather.—WALPOLE.

² A design for a chimney-piece, which, at Mr. Walpole's desire, Mr. Bentley had made for Lord Strafford.—WALPOLE.

opinion is only not *George-Abite* : where others abuse the Stuarts, he laughs at them : I am sure he does not spare their ministers. Harding,¹ who has the History of England at the ends of his parliament fingers, says, that the Journals will contradict most of his facts. If it is so, I am sorry ; for his style, which is the best we have in history, and his manner, imitated from Voltaire, are very pleasing. He has showed very clearly that we ought to quarrel originally with Queen Elizabeth's tyranny for most of the errors of Charles the First. As long as he is willing to sacrifice some royal head, I would not much dispute with him which it should be. I incline every day to lenity, as I see more and more that it is being very partial to think worse of some men than of others. If I was a king myself, I dare say I should cease to love a republic. My Lady Rochford desired me t'other day to give her a motto for a ruby ring, which had been given by a handsome woman of quality to a fine man ; he gave it to his mistress, she to Lord * * * * *, he to my lady ; who, I think, does not deny that it has not yet finished its travels. I excused myself for some time, on the difficulty of reducing such a history to a poesy—at last I proposed this :

This was given by woman to man, and by man to woman.

Are you most impatient to hear of a French war, or the event of the Mitchell election? If the former is uppermost in your thoughts, I can tell you, you are very unfashionable. The Whigs and Tories in Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem, never forgot national points with more zeal, to attend to private faction, than we have lately. After triumphs repeated in the committee, Lord Sandwich and Mr. Fox were beaten largely on the report. It was a most extraordinary day ! The Tories, who could not trust one another for two hours, had their last consult at the Horn Tavern just before the report, and all but nine or ten voted in a body (with the Duke of Newcastle) against agreeing to it : then Sir John Philipps, one of them, moved for a void election, but was deserted by most of his clan. We now begin to turn our hands to foreign war. In the Rebellion, the ministry was so unsettled that nobody seemed to care who was king. Power is now so established, that I must do the engrossers the justice to say, that they seem to be determined that *their own King* shall continue so. Our fleet is great and well manned ; we are raising men and money, and messages have been sent to both

¹ Nicholas Harding, Esq., clerk of the House of Commons. He married Mis Pratt, sister of the first Lord Camden.—Ed. 1837.

Houses from St. James's, which have been answered by very zealous *cards*. In the mean time, sturdy mandates are arrived from France; however, with a codicil of moderation, and power to Mirepoix still to treat. He was told briskly—"Your terms must come speedily; the fleets will sail very quickly; war cannot then be avoided."

I have passed five entire days lately at Dr. Mead's sale, where, however, I bought very little: as extravagantly as he paid for every thing, his name has even resold them with interest. Lord Rockingham gave two hundred and thirty guineas for the Antinous—the dearest bust that, I believe, was ever sold; yet the nose and chin were repaired, and very ill. Lord Exeter bought the Homer¹ for one hundred and thirty. I must tell you a piece of fortune: I supped the first night of the sale at Bedford-house, and found my Lord Gower² dealing at silver pharoah to the women. "Oh!" said I laughing, "I laid out six-and-twenty pounds this morning, I will try if I can win it back," and threw a shilling upon a card: in five minutes I won a five-hundred leva, which was twenty-five pounds eleven shillings. I have formerly won a thousand leva, and another five-hundred leva. With such luck, shall not I be able to win you back again?

Last Wednesday I gave a feast in form to the Hertfords. There was the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Hertford, Mr. Conway, and Lady Ailesbury; in short, all the Conways in the world, my Lord Orford, and the Churchills. We dined in the drawing-room below stairs, amidst the Eagle, Vespasian, &c. You never saw so Roman a banquet: but with all my virtù, the bridegroom seemed the most venerable piece of antiquity. Good night!

412. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, April 13, 1755.

IF I did not think that you would expect to hear often from me at so critical a season, I should certainly not write to you to-night: I am here alone, out of spirits, and not well. In short, I have depended too much upon my constitution being like

Grass, that escapes the scythe by being low;

¹ Dr. Mead's Homer, given nobly by Lord Exeter to the British Museum.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Granville Leveson Gower, second Earl Gower and first Marquis of Stafford, died 1803.—CUNNINGHAM.

and having nothing of the oak in the sturdiness of my stature, I imagined that my mortality would remain pliant as long as I pleased. But I have taken so little care of myself this winter, and kept such bad hours, that I have brought a slow fever upon my nights, and am worn to a skeleton: Bethel has plump cheeks to mine. However, as it would be unpleasant to die just at the beginning of a war, I am taking exercise and air, and much sleep, and intend to see Troy taken. The prospect thickens: there are certainly above twelve thousand men at the Isle of Rhé; some say twenty thousand. An express was yesterday dispatched to Ireland, where it is supposed the storm will burst; but unless our fleet can disappoint the embarkation, I don't see what service the notification can do: we have quite disgarnished that kingdom of troops; and if they once land, ten thousand men may walk from one end of the island to the other. It begins to be thought that the King will not go abroad: that he cannot, everybody has long thought. You will be entertained with a prophecy which my Lord Chesterfield has found in the 35th chapter of Ezekiel, which clearly promises us victory over the French, and expressly relates to this war, as it mentions the two countries (Nova Scotia and Acadia) which are the point in dispute. You will have no difficulty in allowing that *mounseer* is typical enough of France: except Cyrus, who is the only heathen prince mentioned by his right name, and that before he had any name, I know no power so expressly described.

“2. Son of man, set thy face against *Mount Seir*, and prophesy against it. 3. And say unto it, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, *O Mount Seir*, I am against thee; and I will stretch out mine hand against thee, and I will make thee most desolate. 4. I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate, &c. 10. Because thou hast said, These two nations and these two countries shall be mine, and we will possess it, &c.”

I am disposed to put great trust in this prediction; for I know few things more in our favour. You will ask me naturally, what is to become of you? Are you to be left to all the chance of war, the uncertainty of packets, the difficulty of remittance, the increase of prices?—My dear Sir, do you take me for a prime minister, who acquaints the *states* that they are in damned danger, when it is about a day too late? Or shall I order my *chancellor* to assure you, that this is numerically the very day on which it is fit to give such notification, and that a day sooner or a day later would be improper?

But not to trifle politically with you, your redemption is nearer

than you think for, though not complete : the terms a little depend upon yourself. You must send me an account, strictly and upon your honour, what your debts are : as there is no possibility for the present but of compounding them, I put my friendship upon it, that you answer me sincerely. Should you, upon the hopes of facilitating your return, not deal ingenuously with me, which I will not suspect, it would occasion what I hope will never happen. Some overtures are going to be made to Miss * * * *, to ward off impediments from her. In short, though I cannot explain any of the means, your fortune wears another face ; and if you send me immediately, upon your honour, a faithful account of what I ask, no time will be lost to labour your return, which I wish so much, and of which I have said so little lately, as I have had better hopes of it. Don't joke with me upon this head, as you sometimes do : be explicit, be open in the most unbounded manner, and deal like a man of sense with a heart that deserves you should have no disguises to it. You know me and my style : when I engage earnestly as I do in this business, I can't bear not to be treated in my own way.

Sir Charles Williams is made ambassador to Russia ; which concludes all I know. But at such a period two days may produce much, and I shall not send away my letter till I am in town on Tuesday. Good night !

Thursday, 17th.

ALL the officers on the Irish establishment are ordered over thither immediately : Lord Hartington has offered to go directly,¹ and sets out with Mr. Conway this day se'nnight. The journey to Hanover is positive : what if there should be a crossing-over and figuring-in of kings ? I know who don't think all this very serious ; so that, if you have a mind to be in great spirits, you may quote Lord Hertford. He went to visit the Duchess of Bedford t'other morning, just after Lord Anson had been there and told her his opinion. She asked Lord Hertford " what news ? " He knew none. " Don't you hear there will be certainly war ? " " No, Madam : I saw Mr. Nugent yesterday, and he did not tell me anything of it." She replied, " I have just seen a man who must know, and who thinks it unavoidable." " Nay, Madam, perhaps it may : *I don't think a little war would do us any harm.*" Just as if he had said, losing a little blood in spring is very wholesome ; or that a little hissing would not do the Mingotti any harm !

¹ As viceroy.—WALPOLE.

I went t'other morning to see the sale of Mr. Pelham's plate, with George Selwyn—"Lord!" says he, "how many toads have been eaten off those plates!" Adieu! I flatter myself that this will be a comfortable letter to you: but I must repeat, that I expect a very serious answer, and very sober resolutions. If I treat you like a child, consider you have been so. I know I am in the right—more delicacy would appear kinder, without being so kind. As I wish and intend to restore and establish your happiness, I shall go thoroughly to work. You don't want an apothecary, but a surgeon—but I shall give you over at once, if you are either froward or relapse. Yours till then.

413. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

MY DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, April 22, 1755.

YOUR brother and Mr. Chute have just left me in the design of writing to you; that is, I promised your brother I would, if I could make out a letter. I have waited these ten days, expecting to be able to send you a war at least, if not an invasion. For so long, we have been persuaded that an attempt would be made on Ireland; we have fetched almost all the troops from thence; and *herefore* we have just now ordered all the officers thither, and the new Lord Lieutenant is going, to see if he has any government left; *the old Lord Lieutenant of England* goes on Sunday, to see whether he has any Electorate left. Your brother says, he hears to day that the French fleet are sailed for America: I doubt it; and that the New-Englanders have been forming a secret expedition, and by this time have taken Cape Breton again, or something very considerable. I remember when the former account came of that conquest, I was stopped in my chariot, and told, "*Cape Breton* is taken." I thought the person said, "*Great Britain* is taken." "Oh!" said I, "I am not at all surprised at that; drive on, coachman." If you should hear that the Pretender and the *Pretendée* have crossed over and figured in, shall you be much more surprised?

Mr. Chute and I have been motto-hunting¹ for you, but we have had no sport. The sentence that puns the best upon your name, and suits the best with your nature, is too old, too common, and belongs already to the Talbots, *Humani nihil alienum*. The motto

¹ It was necessary for him to have a motto to his arms, as a baronet.—WALPOLE.

that punning upon your name suits best with your public character, is the most heterogenous to your private, *Homo Homini Lupus*—forgive my puns, I hate them; but it shows you how I have been puzzled, and how little I have succeeded.

If I could pity Stosch, it would be for the edict by which Richcourt incorporates his collection—but when he is too worthless to be pitied living, can one feel for a hardship that is not to happen to him till he is dead? How ready I should be to quarrel with the Count for such a law, if I was driving to Louis,¹ at the Palazzo Vecchio!

Adieu! my dear child; I am sensible that this is a very scrap of a letter; but unless the Kings of England and France will take more care to supply our correspondence, and not be so dilatory, is it my fault that I am so concise? Sure, if they knew how much postage they lost, by not supplying us with materials for letters, they would not mind flinging away eight or ten thousand men every fortnight.

414. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, April 24, 1755.

I DON'T doubt but you will conclude that this letter, written so soon after my last, comes to notify a great sea-victory or defeat; or that the French are landed in Ireland, and have taken and fortified Cork; that they have been joined by all the wild Irish, who have proclaimed the Pretender, and are charmed with the prospect of being governed by a true descendant of the Mac-na-O's; or that the King of Prussia, like an unnatural nephew, has seized his uncle and Schutz in a post-chaise, and obliged them to hear the rehearsal of a French opera of his own composing—No such thing! If you will be guessing, you will guess wrong—all I mean to tell you is, that thirteen gold fish, caparisoned in coats of mail, as rich as if Mademoiselle Scuderi had invented their armour, embarked last Friday on a secret expedition; which, as Mr. Weekes² and the wisest politicians of Twickenham concluded, was designed against the island of Jersey—but to their consummate mortification, Captain Chevalier is detained by a law-suit, and the poor Chinese

¹ Louis Siriez, a French goldsmith at Florence, who sold curiosities, and lodged in the old palace at Florence.—WALPOLE.

² A carpenter at Twickenham, employed by Mr. Walpole.—WALPOLE.

adventurers are now frying under deck below bridge.—In short, if your governor is to have any gold fish, you must come and manage their transport yourself. Did you receive my last letter? If you did, you will not think it impossible that you should preside at such an embarkation.

The war is quite gone out of fashion, and seems adjourned to America: though I am disappointed, I am not surprised. You know my despair about this eventless age! How pleasant to have lived in times when one could have been sure every week of being able to write such a paragraph as this! “We hear that the *Christians* who were on their voyage for the recovery of the Holy Land, have been massacred in Cyprus by the natives, who were provoked at a rape and murder committed in a church by some young noblemen belonging to the Nuncio”——; or—“Private letters from Rome attribute the death of his Holiness to poison, which they pretend was given to him in the sacrament by the Cardinal of St. Cecilia, whose mistress he had debauched. The same letters add, that this Cardinal stands the fairest for succeeding to the Papal tiara; though a natural son of the late Pope is supported by the whole interest of Arragon and Naples.” Well! since neither the Pope nor the most Christian King will play the devil, I must condescend to tell you flippancies of less dignity. There is a young Frenchman here, called Monsieur Herault. Lady Harrington¹ carried him and his governor to sup with her and Miss Ashe at a tavern t’other night. I have long said that the French were relapsed into barbarity, and quite ignorant of the world.—You shall judge: in the first place, the young man was bashful: in the next, the governor, so ignorant as not to have heard of women of fashion carrying men to a tavern, thought it incumbent upon him *to do the honours* for his pupil, who was as modest and as much in a state of nature as the ladies themselves, and hazarded some familiarities with Lady Harrington. The consequence was, that the next morning she sent a card to both, to desire they would not come to her ball that evening, to which she had invited them, and to beg the favour of them never to come into her house again. Adieu! I am prodigal of my letters, as I hope not to write you any more.

¹ Formerly Lady Caroline Petersham; of whom there are two characteristic portraits at Elvaston—Lord Harrington’s seat in Derbyshire—one by Hudson in middle-life, and one (with her daughter, the Duchess of Newcastle,) by Cotes in her old age.—CUNNINGHAM.

415. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 4, as they call it, but the weather and the almanack of my feelings affirm it is December.

I WILL answer your questions as well as I can, though I must do it shortly, for I write in a sort of hurry. Osborn could not find Lord Cutts,¹ but I have discovered another, in an auction, for which I shall bid for you. Mr. Müntz has been at Strawberry these three weeks, tight at work, so your picture is little advanced, but as soon as he returns it shall be finished. I have chosen the marbles for your tomb; but you told me you had agreed on the price, which your steward now says I was to settle. Mr. Bentley still waits the conclusion of the session, before he can come amongst us again. Every thing has passed with great secrecy: one would think the devil was afraid of being tried for his life, for he has not even directed Madame Bentley to the Old Bailey. Mr. Mann does not mend, but how should he in such weather?

We wait with impatience for news from Minorca. Here is a Prince of Nassau Welbourg, who wants to marry Princess Caroline of Orange: he is well-looking enough, but a little too tame to cope with such blood. He is established at the Duke of Richmond's, with a large train, for two months. He was last night at a great ball at my Lady Townshend's, whose Audrey will certainly get Lord George Lenox.² George Selwyn t'other night, seeing Lady Euston with Lady Petersham, said, "There's my Lady Euston, and my Lady us'd to't." Adieu!

416. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, May 6, 1755.

Do you get my letters? or do I write only for the entertainment of the clerks of the post-office? I have not heard from you this month! It will be very unlucky if my last to you has miscarried,

¹ Sir John, created Lord Cutts of Gowran in 1690, distinguished himself at the siege of Buda: he accompanied King William to England, was made a lieutenant-general, and died without issue in 1707. Sir Richard Steele dedicated to him his "Christian Hero." Lord Cutts married Mr. Montagu's grandmother; he was her third husband.—Ed. 1837.

² Lord George Lenox married Lady Louisa Ker, daughter of the Marquis of Lothian. Audrey married Captain Orme.—Ed. 1837 and Wright.

as it required an answer, of importance to you, and very necessary to my satisfaction.

I told you of Lord Poulet's intended motion. He then repented, and wrote to my Lady Yarmouth and Mr. Fox to mediate his pardon. Not contented with his reception, he determined to renew his intention. Sir Cordell Firebrace¹ took it up, and intended to move the same address in the Commons, but was prevented by a sudden adjournment. However, the last day but one of the session, Lord Poulet read his motion, which was a speech. My Lord Chesterfield (who of all men living seemed to have no business to defend the Duke of Newcastle after much the same sort of ill usage) said the motion was improper, and moved to adjourn.² T'other Earl said, "Then pray, my Lords, what is to become of my motion?" The House burst out a-laughing; he divided it, but was single. He then advertised his papers as lost. Legge, in his punning style, said, "My Lord Poulet has had a stroke of an apoplexy; he has lost both his speech and motion." It is now printed; but not having succeeded in prose, he is turned poet—you may guess how good!

The Duke [of Cumberland] is at the head of the Regency—you may guess if we are afraid! Both fleets are sailed. The night the King went there was a magnificent ball and supper at Bedford House. The Duke was there: he was playing at hazard with a great heap of gold before him: somebody said he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf both. In the dessert was a model of Walton bridge in glass. Yesterday I gave a great breakfast at Strawberry Hill to the Bedford Court. There were the Duke and Duchess, Lord Tavistock and Lady Caroline, my Lord and Lady Gower, Lady Caroline Egerton, Lady Betty Waldegrave, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Pitt,³ Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary, Mr. Bap. Leveson,⁴ and Colonel Sebright. The first thing I asked Harry was, "Does

¹ Member for the county of Suffolk. He died in 1759.—WRIGHT.

² "It was," writes Lord Chesterfield to Mr. Dayrolles, on the 2nd of May, "an indecent, ungenerous, and malignant question, which I had no mind should either be put or debated, well knowing the absurd and improper things that would be said both for and against it, and therefore I moved for the House to adjourn. As you will imagine that this was agreeable to the King, it is supposed that I did it to make my court, and people are impatient to see what great employment I am to have; for that I am to have one, they do not in the least doubt, not having any notion that any man can take any step, without some view of dirty interest. I do not undeceive them. I have nothing to fear; I have nothing to ask; and there is nothing that I can or will have."—WRIGHT.

³ Daughter of Sir Henry Atkins, and wife of George Pitt, Baron Rivers.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ The Honourable Baptist Leveson, youngest son of the first Lord Gower.—WRIGHT.

the sun shine?" It did; and Strawberry was all gold, and all green. I am not apt to think people really like it, that is, understand it; but I think the flattery of yesterday was sincere; I judge by the notice the Duchess took of your drawings. Oh! how you will think the shades of Strawberry extended! Do you observe the tone of satisfaction with which I say this, as thinking it near? Mrs. Pitt brought her French horns: we placed them in the corner of the wood, and it was delightful. Poyang has great custom: I have lately given Count Perron some gold fish, which he has carried in his post-chaise to Turin: he has already carried some before. The Russian minister has asked me for some too, but I doubt their succeeding there: unless, according to the universality of my system, everything is to be found out at last, and practised everywhere.

I have got a new book that will divert you, called *Anecdotes Littéraires*: it is a collection of stories and *bon-mots* of all the French writers; but so many of their *bon-mots* are impertinences, follies, and vanities, that I have blotted out the title, and written *Misères des Scavants*. It is a triumph for the ignorant. Gray says (very justly), that learning never should be encouraged, it only draws out fools from their obscurity: and you know I have always thought a running footman¹ as meritorious a being as a learned man. Why is there more merit in having travelled one's eyes over so many reams of papers, than in having carried one's legs over so many acres of ground? Adieu, my dear Sir! Pray don't be taken prisoner to France, just when you are expected at Strawberry!

417. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, May 13, 1755.

It is very satisfactory to me to hear that Miss Montagu was pleased with the day she passed at Strawberry Hill; but does not it silently reproach you, who will never see it but in winter? Does she not assure you that there are leaves, and flowers, and verdure? And why will you not believe, that with those additions it might look pretty, and might make you some small amends for a day or two

¹ Like running footmen before coaches,
To tell the Inn what Lord approaches.—*Swift*.

I am surprised that Mr. Croker (usually so well informed in the manners and customs of the English) failed in finding out the meaning of a leading coach (see *Lord Hervey's Memoirs*).—CUNNINGHAM.

purloined from Greatworth? I wish you would visit it when in its beauty, and while it is mine! You will not, I flatter myself, like it so well when it belongs to the *Intendant* of Twickenham, when a cockle-shell walk is made across the lawn, and everything without doors is made regular, and everything *riant* and modern; for this must be its fate!¹ Whether its next master is already on board the Brest fleet, I do not pretend to say; but I scarce think it worth my while to dispose of it by my will, as I have some apprehensions of living to see it granted away *de par le Roy*. My Lady Hervey dined there yesterday with the Rochfords. I told her, that as she is just going to France, I was unwilling to let her see it, for if she should like it, she would desire Mademoiselle, with whom she lives, to beg it for her. Adieu!

418. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

May 19.

It is on the stroke of eleven, and I have but time to tell you, that the King of Prussia has gained the greatest victory² that ever was, except the Archangel Michael's—King Frederick has only demolished the dragoness. He attacked her army in a strong camp on the 6th; suffered in the beginning of the action much, but took it, with all the tents, baggage, &c. &c. two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, six thousand prisoners, and, they say, Prague since. The Austrians have not stopped yet; if you see any man scamper by your house, you may venture to lay hold on him, though he should be a Pandour. Marshal Schwerin was killed. Good night!

419. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, June 10, 1755.

MR. MÜNTZ³ is arrived. I am sorry I can by no means give any commendation to the hasty step you took about him. Ten guineas were a great deal too much to advance to him, and must raise expec-

¹ Frances, Countess Waldegrave, is now (1857) *refurnishing* Strawberry Hill. It is impossible to *restore* completely this romance in lath and plaster, but much will be done, and in excellent taste.—CUNNINGHAM.

² On the banks of the Moldaw near Prague.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Upon Mr. Bentley's recommendation, Mr. Walpole had invited Mr. Müntz from Jersey, and he lived for some time at Strawberry Hill.—BERRY.

tations in him that will not at all answer.¹ You have entered into no written engagement with him, nor even sent me his receipt for the money. My good Sir, is this the sample you give me of the prudence and providence you have learned? I don't love to enter into the particulars of my own affairs; I will only tell you in one word, that they require great management.² My endeavours are all employed to serve you; don't, I beg, give me reasons to apprehend that they will be thrown away. It is much in obscurity, whether I shall be able to accomplish your re-establishment; but I shall go on with great discouragement, if I cannot promise myself that you will be a very different person after your return. I shall never have it in my power to do twice what I am now doing for you; and I choose to say the worst beforehand, rather than to reprove you for indolence and thoughtlessness hereafter, when it may be too late. Excuse my being so serious, but I find it is necessary.

You are not displeas'd with me, I know, even when I pout: you see I am not quite in good-humour with you, and I don't disguise it; but I have done scolding you for this time. Indeed, I might as well continue it; for I have nothing else to talk of but Strawberry, and of that subject you must be well wearied. I believe she alluded to my disposition to *pout*, rather than meant to compliment me, when my Lady Townshend said to somebody t'other day, who told her how well Mrs. Leneve was, and in spirits, "Oh! she must be in spirits: why, she lives with Mr. Walpole, who is spirit of hartshorn!"

Princess Emily has been here:—"Liked it?"—"Oh no!—I don't wonder; I never liked St. James's." She was so inquisitive and so curious in prying into the very offices and servants' rooms, that her [equerry] Captain Bateman was sensible of it, and begged Catherine not to mention it. He addressed himself well, if he hoped to meet with taciturnity! Catherine immediately ran down to the pond, and whispered to all the reeds, "Lord! that a princess should be such a gossip!" In short, Strawberry Hill is the puppet-show of the times.

I have lately bought two more portraits of personages in "Grammont," Harry Jermyn³ and Chiffinch:⁴ my Arlington Street is

¹ Mark the then (1755) encouragement for art, and this from Horace Walpole.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Bentley was at this time (1755) in Jersey, in exile for debt.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Youngest son of Thomas, elder brother of the Earl of St. Albans. He was created Baron Dover in 1685, and died without issue in 1708.—WRIGHT.

⁴ There were two Chiffinches, who are often confounded—Will Chiffinch and Tom

so full of portraits, that I shall scarce find room for Mr. Müntz's works.

Wednesday, 11th.

I was prevented from finishing my letter yesterday, by what do you think? By no less magnificent a circumstance than a deluge. We have had an extraordinary drought, no grass, no leaves, no flowers; not a white rose for the festival of yesterday!¹ About four arrived such a flood, that we could not see out of the windows: the whole lawn was a lake, though situated on so high an Ararat: presently it broke through the leads, drowned the pretty blue bedchamber, passed through ceilings and floors into the little parlour, terrified Harry, and opened all Catherine's water-gates and speech-gates. I had but just time to collect two dogs, a couple of sheep, a pair of bantams, and a brace of gold fish; for, in the haste of my zeal to imitate my ancestor Noah, I forgot that fish would not easily be drowned. In short, if you chance to spy a little ark with pinnacles sailing towards Jersey, open the skylight, and you will find some of your acquaintance. You never saw such desolation! A pigeon brings word that Mabland² has fared still worse: it never came into my head before, that a rainbow-office for insuring against water might be very necessary. This is a true account of the late deluge.

Witness our hands,

HORACE NOAH.
 CATHERINE NOAH, her \times mark.
 HENRY SHEM.
 LOUIS JAPHET.
 PETER HAM, &c.

I was going to seal my letter, and thought I should scarce have anything more important to tell you than the history of the flood, when a most extraordinary piece of news indeed arrived—nothing less than a new gunpowder plot—last Monday was to be the fatal day. There was a ball at Kew—Vanneschi and his son, directors of the Opera, two English lords, and two Scotch lords, are in confinement at Justice Fielding's.³ This is exactly all I know of the matter;

Chiffinch, both in the confidential back-stair service of Charles II. The Chiffinch of Grammont was William.—CUNNINGHAM.

¹ The Pretender's birthday.—WALPOLE.

² Lord Radnor's seat at Twickenham.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Sir John Fielding, half-brother of the great novelist.—CUNNINGHAM.

and this weighty intelligence is brought by the waterman from my housemaid in Arlington Street, who sent Harry word that the town is in an uproar; and to confirm it, the waterman says he heard the same thing at Hungerford-stairs. I took the liberty to represent to Harry, that the ball at Kew was this day se'nnight for the Prince's birthday; that, as the Duke was at it, I imagined the Scotch lords would rather have chosen that day for the execution of their tragedy; that I believed Vanneschi's son was a child; and that peers are generally confined at the Tower, not at Justice Fielding's; besides that, we are much nearer to Kew than Hungerford-stairs are: but Harry, who has not at all recovered the deluge, is extremely disposed to think Vanneschi very like Guy Fawkes: and is so persuaded that so dreadful a story could *not* be invented, that I have been forced to believe it too: and in the course of our reasoning and guessing, I told him, that though I could not fix upon all four, I was persuaded that the late Lord Lovat who was beheaded must be one of the Scotch peers, and Lord Anson's son, who is not begot, one of the English. I was afraid he would think I treated so serious a business too ludicrously, if I had hinted at the scene of distressed friendship that would be occasioned by Lord Hardwicke's examining his intimate Vanneschi. Adieu! my dear Sir. Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline, and Lord and Lady Kildare, are to dine here to-day; and if they tell Harry or me any more of the plot, you shall know it.

Wednesday night.

Well, now for the plot: thus much is true. A laundrymaid of the Duchess of Marlborough, passing by the Cocoa-tree,¹ saw two gentlemen go in there, one of whom dropped a letter; it was directed *to you*. She opened it. It was very obscure, talked of designs at Kew miscarried, of new methods to be taken; and as this way of correspondence had been repeated too often, another must be followed; and it told *you* that the next letter to him should be in a handbox at such a house in the Haymarket. The Duchess concluded it related to a gang of street-robbers, and sent it to Fielding. He sent it to the house named, and did find a box and a letter, which, though obscure, had treason enough in it. It talked of a design at Kew miscarried; that the Opera was now the only place, and consequently the scheme must be deferred till next season,

¹ A club-house in St. James's-street. The then Duchess of Marlborough, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Lord Trevor, was living in Marlborough House, Pall Mall.—
CUNNINGHAM.

especially as *a certain person* [the King] is abroad. For the other great person [the Duke of Cumberland], they are sure of him at any time. There was some indirect mention, too, of gunpowder. Vanneschi and others have been apprehended; but a conclusion was made, that it was a malicious design against the Lord High Treasurer of the Opera and his administration, and so they have been dismissed. Macnamara,¹ I suppose you Jerseyans know, is returned with his fleet to Brest, leaving the transports sailing to America. Lord Thanet and Mr. Stanley are just gone to Paris, I believe to inquire after the war.

The weather has been very bad for showing Strawberry to the Kildares; we have not been able to stir out of doors; but to make me amends, I have discovered that Lady Kildare is a true Sévignist. You know what pleasure I have in any increase of our sect; I thought she grew handsomer than ever as she talked with devotion of *Notre Dame des Rochers*. Adieu! my dear Sir.

P. S. Tell me if you receive this; for in these gunpowder times, to be sure, the clerks of the post-office are peculiarly alert.

420. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

MY DEAR SIR,

Strawberry Hill, June 15, 1755.

I HAVE received your two letters relating to the Countess [of Orford], and wish you joy, since she will establish herself at Florence, that you are so well with her; but I could not help smiling at the goodness of your heart and your zeal for us: the moment she spared us, you gave *tête baissée* into all her histories against Mr. Shirley: his friends say, that there was a little sleight-of-hand in her securing the absolute possession of her own fortune; it was very prudent, at least, if not quite sentimental. You should be at least as little the dupe of her affection for her son;² the only proof of fondness she has ever given for him, has been expressing great concern at his wanting taste for Greek and Latin. Indeed, he has not much encouraged maternal yearnings in her: I should have thought him shocked at the chronicle of her life if he ever felt any impressions. But to

¹ The French admiral.—WALPOLE.

² The third Lord Orford.—CUNNINGHAM.

speak freely to you, my dear Sir, he is the most particular young man I ever saw. No man ever felt such a disposition to love another as I did to love him: I flattered myself that he would restore some lustre to our house; at least, not let it totally sink; but I am forced to give him up, and all my Walpole-views. I will describe him to you, if I can, but don't let it pass your lips. His figure is charming; he has more of the easy, genuine air of a man of quality than ever you saw: though he has a little hesitation in his speech, his address and manner are the most engaging imaginable: he has a good-breeding and attention when he is with you that is even flattering; you think he not only means to please, but designs to do everything that shall please you; he promises, offers everything one can wish—but this is all; the instant he leaves you, you, all the world, are nothing to him—he would not give himself the least trouble in the world to give anybody the greatest satisfaction; yet this is mere indolence of mind, not of body—his whole pleasure is outrageous exercise. Everything he promises to please you, is to cheat the present moment and hush any complaint—I mean of words; letters he never answers, not of business, not of his own business: engagements of no sort he ever keeps. He is the most selfish man in the world, without being the least interested: he loves nobody but himself, yet neglects every view of fortune and ambition. He has not only always slighted his mother, but was scarce decent to his rich old grandmother, when she had not a year to live, and courted him to receive her favours. You will ask me what passions he has—none but of parade: he drinks without inclination—makes love without inclination—games without attention; is immeasurably obstinate, yet, like obstinate people, governed as a child. In short, it is impossible not to love him when one sees him: impossible to esteem him when one thinks on him!

Mr. Chute has found you a very pretty motto; it alludes to the goats in your arms, and not a little to you: *per ardua stabilis*. All your friends approve it, and it is actually engraving.

You are not at all more in the dark about the war than we are even here: Macnamara has been returned some time to Brest with his fleet, having left the transports to be swallowed up by Boscawen, as we do not doubt but they will be. Great armaments continue to be making in all the ports of England and France, and, as we expect next month accounts of great attempts made by our colonies, we think war unavoidable, notwithstanding both nations are averse to it. The French have certainly overshot themselves; we took it upon a

higher style than they expected, or than has been our custom. The spirit and expedition with which we have equipped so magnificent a navy has surprised them, and does exceeding honour to my Lord Anson, who has breathed new life into our affairs. The Minister himself [Newcastle] has retained little or none of his brother's and of his own pusillanimity; and as the Duke [of Cumberland] is got into the Regency, you may imagine our land-spirit will not be unquicken'd neither.

This is our situation; actual news there is none. All we hear from France is, that a new madness reigns there, as strong as that of Pantins was. This is *la fureur des cabriolets*; *Anglicè*, one-horse chairs, a mode introduced by Mr. Child:¹ they not only universally go in them, but wear them; that is, everything is to be *en cabriolet*; the men paint them on their waistcoats, and have them embroidered for clocks to their stockings; and the women, who have gone all the winter without anything on their heads, are now muffled up in great caps, with round sides, in the form of, and scarce less than the wheels of chaises. Adieu! my dear Sir.

421. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1755.

You vex me exceedingly. I beg, if it is not too late, that you would not send me these two new quarries of granite; I had rather pay the original price and leave them where they are, than be encumbered with them. My house is already a stone-cutter's shop, nor do I know what to do with what I have got. But this is not what vexes me, but your desiring me to traffic with Carter, and showing me that you are still open to any visionary project! Do you think I can turn broker and factor, and I don't know what? And at your time of life, do you expect to make a fortune by becoming a granite-merchant? There must be great demand for a commodity that costs a guinea a foot, and a month an inch to polish! you send me no drawings, for which you know I should thank you infinitely, and are hunting for everything that I would thank you for letting alone. In short, my dear Sir, I am determin'd never to be a projector, nor to deal with projects. If you will still pursue them, I must beg you

¹ Josiah Child, brother of the Earl of Tilney.—WALPOLE.

will not only not employ me in them, but not even let me know that you employ anybody else. If you will not be content with my plain, rational way of serving you, I can do no better, nor can I joke upon it. I can combat any difficulties for your service but those of your own raising. Not to talk any more crossly, and to prevent, if I can, for the future, any more of these expostulations, I must tell you plainly, that with regard to my own circumstances, I generally drive to a penny, and have no money to spare for visions. I do and am doing all I can for you; and let me desire you once for all, not to send me any more persons or things without asking my consent, and staying till you receive it. I cannot help adding to the chapter of complaint * * * * *

These, my dear Sir, are the imprudent difficulties you draw me into, and which almost discourage me from proceeding in your business. If you anticipate your revenue, even while in Jersey, and build castles in the air before you have re-passed the sea, can I expect that you will be a better œconomist either of your fortune or your prudence here? I beg you will preserve this letter, ungracious as it is, because I hope it will serve to prevent my writing any more such.

Now to Mr. Müntz:—Hitherto he answers all you promised and vowed for him: he is very modest, humble, and reasonable; and has seen so much, and knows so much, of countries and languages that I am not likely to be soon tired of him. His drawings are very pretty: he has done two views of Strawberry that please me extremely; his landscape and trees are much better than I expected. His next work is to be a large picture from your Mabland for Mr. Chute, who is much content with him: he goes to the Vine in a fortnight or three weeks. We came from thence the day before yesterday. I have drawn up an *inventionary* of all I propose he should do there; the computation goes a little beyond five thousand pounds; but he does not go half so fast as my impatience demands: he is so reasonable, and will think of dying, and of the gout, and of twenty disagreeable things that one must do and have, that he takes no joy in planting and future views, but distresses all my rapidity of schemes. Last week we were at my sister's [Lady Mary Churchill's], at Chafont in Buckinghamshire, to see what we could make of it; but it wants so much of everything, and would require so much more than an *inventionary* of five thousand pounds, that we decided nothing, except that Mr. Chute has designed the prettiest house in the world for them. We went to see the objects of the neighbour-

hood, Bulstrode and Latimers. The former¹ is a melancholy monument of Dutch magnificence: however, there is a brave gallery of old pictures, and a chapel with two fine windows of modern painted glass. The ceiling was formerly decorated with the Assumption, or rather presumption, of Chancellor Jefferies, to whom it belonged; but a very judicious fire hurried him somewhere else. Latimers belongs to Mrs. Cavendish. I have lived there formerly with Mr. Conway, but it is much improved since: yet the river stops short at an hundred yards just under your eye, and the house has undergone Batty Langley discipline: half the ornaments are of his bastard Gothic, and half of Hallet's² mongrel Chinese. I want to write over the doors of most modern edifices, "Repaired and beautified; Langley and Hallet churchwardens." The great dining-room is hung with the paper of my staircase, but not shaded properly like mine. I was much more charmed lately at a visit I made to the Cardigans at Blackheath. Would you believe that I had never been in Greenwich Park? I never had, and am transported! Even the glories of Richmond and Twickenham hide their diminished rays. Yet nothing is equal to the fashion of this village; Mr. Müntz says we have more coaches than there are in half France. Mrs. Pritchard has bought Ragman's Castle,³ for which my Lord Litchfield could not agree. We shall be as celebrated as Baïæ or Tivoli; and, if we have not such sonorous names as they boast, we have very famous people: Clive and Pritchard actresses; Scott and Hudson, painters;⁴ my Lady Suffolk, famous in her time; Mr. H * * *, the impudent lawyer, that Tom Hervey wrote against; Whitehead, the poet⁵—and Cambridge,⁶ the every thing. Adieu! my dear Sir—I know not one syllable of news.

¹ The Bulstrode pictures (portraits only) are now (1857) at Welbeck, the Duke of Portland's seat, in Nottinghamshire.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Hallet a cabinet-maker who bought the remains of Cannons (Timon's villa) and built a villakin for himself on nearly the same site.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ A cottage on the banks of the Thames between Marble Hill and governor Johnstone's (now, 1857, Orleans House). Ragman's Castle was pulled down in 1852.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ The house of Hudson (the master of Sir Joshua) was between Pope's and Lord Radnor's.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁵ Paul Whitehead, who lived on Twickenham Common.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁶ Richard Owen Cambridge, in whose house on the Twickenham side of Richmond bridge very distinguished persons assembled between the years 1751 and 1802.—CUNNINGHAM.

422. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, July 16, 1755.

OUR correspondence will revive: the war is begun. I cannot refer you to the Gazette, for it is so prudent and so afraid that Europe should say we began first, (and unless the Gazette tell, how should Europe know?) that it tells nothing at all. The case was: Captain Howe and Captain Andrews lay in a great fog that lasted near fifty hours within speech of three French ships and within sight of nine more. The commandant asked if it was war or peace? Howe replied he must wait for his admiral's signal, but advised the Frenchman to prepare for war. Immediately Boscawen gave the signal, and Howe attacked. The French, who lost one hundred and thirty men to our thirteen, soon struck; we took one large ship, one inconsiderable, and seven thousand pounds: the third ship escaped in the fog. Boscawen detained the express ten days in hopes of more success; but the rest of our *new* enemies are all got safe into the river of Louisbourg. This is a great disappointment! We expect a declaration of war with the first fair wind. Make the most of your friendship with Count Lorenzi,¹ while you may.

I have received the cargo of letters and give you many thanks; but have not yet seen Mr. Brand; having been in the country while he was in town.

Your brother has received and sent you a dozen double prints of my Eagle, which I have had engraved. I could not expect that any drawing could give a full idea of the noble spirit of the head, or of the masterly tumble of the feathers: but I think upon the whole the plates are not ill done. Let me beg Dr. Cocchi to accept one of each plate; the rest, my dear Sir, you will give away as you please.

Mr. Chute is such an idle wretch, that you will not wonder I am his secretary for a commission. At the Vine is the most heavenly chapel² in the world; it only wants a few pictures to give it a true Catholic air—we are so conscious of the goodness of our Protestantism, that we do not care how things look. If you can pick us up a tolerable Last Supper, or can have one copied tolerably and very

¹ A Florentine, but minister of France to the Great Duke.—WALPOLE.

² At Mr. Chute's seat of the Vine, in Hampshire, is a chapel built by Lord Sandys, of the Vine, lord chamberlain to Henry VIII. In the painted glass windows, which were taken at Boulogne in that reign, are portraits of Francis I, his Queen, and sister.—WALPOLE.

cheap, we will say many a mass for the repose of our head-aches. The dimensions are, three feet eleven inches and three quarters wide, by two feet eight inches and a half high. Take notice of two essential ingredients; it must be cheap, and the colouring must be very light, for it will hang directly under the window.

I beg you will nurse yourself up to great strength; consider what German generals and English commodores you are again going to have to govern! On my side, not a Pretender shall land, nor a rebellion be committed, but you shall have timely notice. Adieu!

423. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1755.

To be sure, war is a dreadful calamity, &c. ! But then it is a very comfortable commodity for writing letters and writing history; and as one did not contribute to make it, why there is no harm in being a little amused with looking on; and if one can but keep the Pretender on t'other side Derby, and keep Arlington Street and Strawberry Hill from being carried to Paris, I know nobody that would do more to promote peace, or that will bear the want of it, with a better grace than myself. If I don't send you an actual declaration of war in this letter, at least you perceive I am the har-binger of it. An account arrived yesterday morning that Boscawen had missed the French fleet, who are got into Cape Breton; but two of his captains¹ attacked three of their squadron and have taken two, with scarce any loss. This is the third time one of the French captains has been taken by Boscawen.

Mr. Conway is arrived from Ireland, where the triumphant party are what parties in that situation generally are, unreasonable and presumptuous. They will come into no terms without a stipulation that the Primate [Stone] shall not be in the Regency. This is a bitter pill to digest, but must not it be swallowed? Have we heads to manage a French war and an Irish civil war too?

There are little domestic news. If you insist upon some, why, I believe I could persuade somebody or other to hang themselves; but

¹ The two captains were the Honourable Captain Richard Howe of the Dunkirk, and Captain Andrews of the Defiance, who, on the 10th of June, off Cape Race, (the southernmost point of Newfoundland,) fell in with three men-of-war, part of the French fleet, commanded by M. Boirs de la Motte; and, after a severe engagement of five hours, succeeded in capturing the Alcide of sixty-four guns, and the *Lys* of sixty-four — Ed. 1837.

that is scarce an article uncommon enough to send cross the sea. For example, the rich * * *, whose brother died of the smallpox a year ago, and left him four hundred thousand pounds, had a fit of the gout last week, and shot himself. I only begin to be afraid that it should grow as necessary to shoot one's self here, as it is to go into the army in France. Sir Robert Browne has lost his last daughter, to whom he could have given eight thousand pounds a-year. When I tell these riches and madnesses to Mr. Müntz, he stares so, that I sometimes fear he thinks I mean to impose on him. It is cruel to a person who collects the follies of the age for the information of posterity to have one's veracity doubted; it is the truth of them that makes them worth notice. Charles Townshend marries the great dowager Dalkeith: his parts and presumption are prodigious. He wanted nothing but independence to let him loose: I propose great entertainment from him; and now, perhaps, the times will admit it. There may be such things again as parties—odd evolutions happen. The ballad I am going to transcribe for you is a very good comment on so common-place a text. My Lord Bath, who was brought hither by my Lady Hervey's and Billy Bristow's² reports of the charms of the place, has made the following stanzas, to the old tune which you remember of Rowe's ballad on Dodington's Mrs. Strawbridge³:—

I.

Some talk of Gunnersbury,
For Sion some declare;
And some say that with Chiswick-house
No villa can compare;
But all the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
Say, that Strawberry Hill, that Strawberry
Doth bear away the bell.

II.

Though Surrey boasts its Outlands,
And Clarcmont kept so jim;
And though they talk of Southcote's,
Tis but a dainty whim;

¹ Caroline Campbell, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the great John Duke of Argyll and Greenwich (died 1742), married (1742) Francis Scott, earl of Dalkeith (died 1750), eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch, and grandson of the Duke of Monmouth. She was created (1767), a few days before Mr. Townshend's death, Baroness Greenwich, and, dying without surviving male issue in 1794, the peerage became extinct. Lady Hervey, alluding at the time to Lord Dalkeith's death, says that "they were extremely happy in each other."—*Letters*, p. 176.—CUNNINGHAM.

² William Bristow, one of the six Clerks in Chancery, died 1770.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ See vol. i. p. 216.—*R. Grenville to George Grenville*, 22 Nov. 1742, and *Walpole's Memoires*, ii. 507, Ed. 4to.—CUNNINGHAM.

For ask the gallant Bristow,
 Who does in taste excel,
 If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry
 Don't bear away the bell.

Can there be an odder revolution of things, than that the printer of the *Craftsman*¹ should live in a house of mine, and that the author of the *Craftsman* should write a panegyric on a house of mine?

I dined yesterday at Wanstead:² many years have passed since I saw it. The disposition of the house and the prospect are better than I expected, and very fine: the garden, which they tell you cost as much as the house, that is, 100,000*l.* (don't tell Mr. Müntz) is wretched; the furniture fine, but totally without taste: such continences and incontinences of Scipio and Alexander, by I don't know whom! such flame-coloured gods and goddesses, by Kent! such family-pieces, by—I believe the late Earl himself, for they are as ugly as the children that he really begot! The whole great apartment is of oak, finely carved, unpainted, and has a charming effect. The present Earl is the most generous creature in the world: in the first chamber I entered he offered me four marble tables that lay in cases about the room: I compounded, after forty refusals of every thing I commended, to bring away only a haunch of venison: I believe he has not had so cheap a visit a good while. I commend myself, as I ought; for, to be sure, there were twenty ebony chairs, and a couch, and a table, and a glass, that would have tried the virtue of a philosopher of double my size! After dinner we dragged a gold-fish pond³ for my Lady Fitzroy and Lord S. I could not help telling my Lord Tilney, that they would certainly burn the poor fish for the gold, like old lace. There arrived a Marquis St. Simon, from Paris, who understands English, and who has seen your book of *Designs for Gray's Odes*: he was much pleased at

¹ One Franklyn, who occupied the cottage in the enclosure which Mr. Walpole afterwards called the Flower-garden at Strawberry Hill. When he bought the ground on which this tenement stood, he allowed Franklyn to continue to occupy it during his life.—BERRY.

² Wanstead House, near Walthamstow, in Essex, built, *circ.* 1715, by Colin Campbell for Sir Richard Child, first Earl Tylney. "March 16, 1682-3. I went to see Sir Josiah Child's prodigious cost in planting walnut-trees about his seat, and making fish-ponds many miles in circuit, in Epping Forest, in a barren spot, as oftentimes these suddenly monied men for the most part seat themselves. He, from a merchant's apprentice, and management of the East India Company's stock, being arrived to an estate ('tis said) of 200,000*l.*; and lately married his daughter to the eldest son of the Duke of Beaufort, late Marquis of Worcester, with 50,000*l.* portional presents, and various expectations."—*Evelyn*.—CUNNINGHAM.

meeting me, to whom the individual cat belonged, and you may judge whether I was pleased with him.

424. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 17, 1755.

HAVING done with building and planting, I have taken to farming; the first fruits of my proficience in that science I offer to you, and have taken the liberty to send you a couple of cheeses. If you will give yourself the trouble to inquire at Brackley for the coach, which set out this morning, you will receive a box and a roll of paper. The latter does not contain a cheese, only a receipt for making them. We have taken so little of the French fleet, that I fear none of it will come to my share, or I would have sent you part of the spoils. I have nothing more to send you, but a new ballad, [p. 450], which my Lord Bath has made on this place; you remember the old burden of it, and the last lines allude to Billy Bristow's having fallen in love with it.

I am a little pleased to send you this, to show you, that in summer we are a little pretty, though you will never look at us but in our ugliness. My best compliments to Miss Montagu, and my service to whatever baronet breakfasts with you on *negus*. Have you heard that poor Lady Browne is so unfortunate as to have lost her last daughter; and that Mrs. Barrett is so lucky as to have lost her mother-in-law, and is Baroness Dacre of the South? I met the great Cû t'other day, and he asked me if I ever heard from you; that he never did: I told him that I did not neither; did not I say true?

425. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, July 26, 1755.

WHO would not turn farmer, when their very first essay turns to so good account? Seriously, I am quite pleased with the success of my mystery, and infinitely obliged to you for the kind things you say about my picture. You must thank Mrs. Whetenhall, too, for her prepossession about my cheeses; I fear a real manufacturer of milk at Strawberry Hill would not have answered quite so well as our old commodities of paint and copper-plates.

I am happy for the recovery of Miss Montagu, and the tranquillity you must feel after so terrible a season of apprehension. Make my compliments to her, and if you can be honest on so tender a topic, tell her, that she will always be in danger, while you shut her up in Northamptonshire, and that with her delicate constitution she ought to live nearer friends and help; and I know of no spot so healthy or convenient for both, as the county of Twicks.

Charles Townshend is to be married next month: as the lady [Lady Dalkeith] had a very bad husband before, she has chosen prudently, and has settled herself in a family of the best sort of people in the world, who will think of nothing but making her happy. I don't know whether the bridegroom won't be afraid of getting her any more children, lest it would prejudice those she has already! they are a wonderful set of people for good-natured considerations!

You know, to be sure, that Mr. Humberston¹ is dead, and your neighbouring Brackley likely to return under the dominion of its old masters. Lady Dysart² is dead too.

Mr. Chute is at the Vine. Your poor Cliquetis³ is still a banished man. I have a scheme for bringing him back, but can get Mrs. Tisiphone into no kind of terms, and without tying her up from running him into new debts, it is in vain to recover him.

I believe the declaration of war has been stopped at the Custom-house, for one hears nothing of it. You see I am very paragrammatical, and in reality have nothing to say; so good night! Yours ever.

426. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, August 4, 1755, between 11 and 12 at night.

I CAME from London to-day, and am just come from supping at Mrs. Clive's, to write to you by the fire-side. We have been exceedingly troubled for some time with St. Swithin's diabetes, and have not a dry thread in any walk about us. I am not apt to complain of this malady, nor do I: it keeps us green at present, and will make our shades very thick, against we are fourscore, and fit to

¹ Member for Brackley.—WRIGHT.

² Daughter of Earl Granville.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ Mr. Bentley.—CUNNINGHAM.

enjoy them. I brought with me your two letters of July 30 and August 1; a sight I have not seen a long time!—But, my dear Sir, you have been hurt at my late letters. Do let me say thus much in excuse for myself. You know how much I value, and what real and great satisfaction I have in your drawings. Instead of pleasing me with so little trouble to yourself, do you think it was no mortification to receive everything but your drawings? to find you full of projects, and, I will not say, with some imprudences?—But I have done on this subject—my friendship will always be the same for you; it will only act with more or less cheerfulness, as you use your common sense, or your disposition to chimerical schemes and carelessness. To give you all the present satisfaction in my power, I will tell you * * * * *

I think your good-nature means to reproach me with having dropped any hint of finding amusement in contemplating a war. When one would not do anything to promote it, when one would do anything to put a period to it, when one is too insignificant to contribute to either, I must own I see no blame in thinking an active age more agreeable to live in, than a soporific one.—But, my dear Sir, I must adopt *your* patriotism—Is not it laudable to be revived with the revival of British glory? Can I be an indifferent spectator of the triumphs of my country? Can I help feeling a tattoo at my heart, when the Duke of Newcastle makes as great a figure in history as Burleigh or Godolphin—nay, as Queen Bess herself?—She gained no battles in person; she was only the actuating genius. You seem to have heard of a proclamation of war, of which we have not heard; and not to have come to the knowledge of taking of Beau Séjour¹ by Colonel Monckton.² In short, the French and we seem to have crossed over and figured in, in politics.³ Mirepoix complained grievously that the Duke of Newcastle had overreached him—but he is to be forgiven in so good a cause! It is the first person he ever deceived!—I am preparing a new folio for heads of the heroes that are to bloom in mezzotinto from this war. At present my chief study is West Indian history. You would not think me very ill-

¹ In June, 1755, the French fort of Beau Séjour, in the Bay of Fundy, surrendered to Colonel Monckton, and two small forts, Gaspereau and Venango, also capitulated. These were the first conquests of the British arms in America during that war.—WRIGHT.

² Honourable Robert Monckton, second son of John, first Viscount Galway. There is a fine full-length portrait of him by West at Lord Galway's seat, Serlby Park, Notts.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ This alludes to England and France not being at open war, though constantly committing aggressions against each other.—WRIGHT.

natured if you knew all I feel at the cruelty and villainy of European settlers: but this very morning I found that part of the purchase of Maryland from the savage proprietors (for *we* do not massacre, *we* are such good Christians as only to cheat) was a quantity of vermilion and a parcel of Jews-harps!

Indeed, if I pleased, I might have another study; it is my fault if I am not a commentator and a corrector of the press. The Marquis de St. Simon, whom I mentioned to you, at a very first visit proposed to me to look over a translation he had made of *The Tale of a Tub*: the proposal was soon followed by a folio, and a letter of three sides, to press me seriously to revise it. You shall judge of my scholar's competence. He translates *L'Estrange, Dryden*, and others, *l'etrange Dryden, &c.*¹ Then in the description of the tailor as an idol, and his goose as the symbol; he says in a note, that the *goose* means the dove, and is a concealed satire on the Holy Ghost. It put me in mind of the Dane, who talking of orders to a Frenchman, said, "Notre St. Esprit est un éléphant."

Don't think, because I prefer your drawings to everything in the world, that I am such a churl as to refuse Mrs. Bentley's partridges: I shall thank her very much for them. You must excuse me, if I am vain enough to be so convinced of my own taste, that all the neglect that has been thrown upon your designs cannot make me think I have over-valued them. I must think that the states of Jersey who execute your town-house, have much more judgment than all our connoisseurs. When I every day see Greek, and Roman, and Italian, and Chinese, and Gothic architecture embroidered and inlaid upon one another, or called by each other's names, I can't help thinking that the grace and simplicity and truth of your taste, in whichever you undertake, is real taste. I go farther: I wish you would know in what you excel, and not be hunting after twenty things unworthy your genius. If flattery is my turn, believe this to be so.

Mr. Müntz is at the Vine, and has been some time. I want to know more of this history of the German: I do assure you, that I like both his painting and behaviour; but if any history of any kind is to accompany him, I shall be most willing to part with him. However I may divert myself as a spectator of broils, believe me I am thoroughly sick of having anything to do in any. Those in a

¹ The Marquis de St. Simon did publish, in 1771, a translation of Pope's 'Essay on Man.'—WRIGHT.

neighbouring island are likely to subside—and, contrary to custom, the *priest*¹ himself to be the *sacrifice*.

I have contracted a sort of intimacy with Garrick, who is my neighbour.² He affects to study my taste: I lay it all upon you—he admires you. He is building a grateful temple to Shakespeare: I offered him this motto: “Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo tuum est!” Don’t be surprised if you should hear of me as a gentleman coming upon the stage next winter for my diversion.—The truth is, I make the most of this acquaintance to protect my poor neighbour at *Cliveden*—you understand the conundrum, *Clive’s den*.

Adieu, my dear Sir! Need I repeat assurances? If I need, believe that nothing that can tend to your recovery has been or shall be neglected by me. You may trust me to the utmost of my power—beyond that, what can I do? Once more, adieu!

427. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, August 15, 1755.

THOUGH I wrote to you so lately, and have certainly nothing new to tell you, I can’t help scribbling a line to you to-night, as I am going to Mr. Rigby’s [at Mistley in Essex]³ for a week or ten days, and must thank you first for the three pictures. One of them charms me, the Mount Orgueil, which is absolutely fine; the sea, and shadow upon it, are masterly. The other two I don’t, at least won’t, take for finished. If you please, Elizabeth Castle shall be Mr. Müntz’s performance: indeed I see nothing of you in it. I do reconnoitre you in the Hercules and Nessus; but in both, your colours are dirty, carelessly dirty: in your distant hills you are improved, and not hard. The figures are too large—I don’t mean in the Elizabeth Castle, for there they are neat; but the centaur, though he dies as well as Garrick can, is outrageous. Hercules and Deianira are by no means so: he is sentimental, and she most improperly sorrowful. However, I am pleased enough to beg you would continue. As soon as Mr. Müntz returns from the Vine, you

¹ The Primate of Ireland.—WALPOLE.

² Garrick leased a large house at Hampton, which he held till his death in 1779. Here he erected a temple, in which he placed the statue of Shakespeare, by Roubiliac; but, knowing the fate of villas and villakins, bequeathed the statue to the British Museum. The temple is still standing.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ “The night before last Mr. Walpole came down here for a few days, and as he generally has a good deal of political influence, I think my sending it,” &c.—*Rigby to the Duke of Bedford, Mistley, Aug. 21, 1755.*—CUNNINGHAM.

shall have a supply of colours. In the mean time why give up the good old trade of drawing? Have you no Indian ink, no soot-water, no snuff, no coat of onion, no juice of anything? If you love me, draw: you would if you knew the real pleasure you can give me. I have been studying all your drawings; and next to architecture and trees, I determine that you succeed in nothing better than animals. Now (as the newspapers say) the late ingenious Mr. Seymour¹ is dead, I would recommend horses and greyhounds to you. I should think you capable of a landscape or two with delicious bits of architecture. I have known you execute the light of a torch or lanthorn so well, that if it was called Schalken, a housekeeper at Hampton-court or Windsor, or a Catherine at Strawberry Hill, would show it, and say it cost ten thousand pounds. Nay, if I could believe that you would ever execute any more designs I proposed to you, I would give you a hint for a picture that struck me t'other day in Péréfixe's Life of Henry IV. He says, the king was often seen lying upon a common straw-bed among the soldiers, with a piece of brown bread in one hand, and a bit of charcoal in t'other, to draw an encampment, or town that he was besieging. If this is not character and a picture, I don't know what is.

I dined to-day at Garrick's: there were the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Rochford, Lady Holderness, the crooked Mostyn, and Dabreu the Spanish minister; two regents, of which one is lord chamberlain, the other groom of the stole; and the wife of a secretary of state. This being *sur un assez bon ton* for a player! Don't you want to ask me how I like him? Do want, and I will tell you.—I like her exceedingly; her behaviour is all sense, and all sweetness too. I don't know how, he does not improve so fast upon me: there is a great deal of parts, and vivacity, and variety, but there is a great deal too of mimiery and burlesque. I am very ungrateful, for he flatters me abundantly; but unluckily I know it. I was accustomed to it enough when my father was first minister: on his fall I lost it all at once: and since that I have lived with Mr. Chute, who is all vehemence; with Mr. Fox, who is all disputation; with Sir Charles Williams, who has no time from flattering himself; with Gray, who does not hate to find fault with me; with Mr. Conway, who is all sincerity; and with you and Mr. Rigby, who have always laughed at me in a good-natured way. I don't know how, but I

¹ James Seymour [died 1752] was thought even superior to Wootton in drawing a horse, but was too idle to apply himself to his profession.—*Walpole's Anecdotes*.—CUNNINGHAM.

think I like all this as well—I beg his pardon, Mr. Raftor¹ does flatter me; but I should be a cormorant for praise, if I could swallow it whole as he gives it me.

Sir William Yonge, who has been extinct so long, is at last dead; and the war, which began with such a flirt of vivacity, is I think gone to sleep. General Braddock has not yet sent over to claim the surname of Americanus. But why should I take pains to show you in how many ways I know nothing?—Why; I can tell it you in one word—why, Mr. Cambridge knows nothing!—I wish you good night! Yours ever.

428. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Mistley, August 25, 1755.

I SHALL laugh at you for taking so seriously what I said to you about my Lady Orford. Do you think, my dear Sir, that at this time I can want to learn your zeal for us? or can you imagine that I did not approve for your own sake your keeping fair terms with the Countess? If I do not much forget, I even recommended it to you—but let us talk no more of her; she has engrossed more paragraphs in our letters than she deserves.

I promised you a brisk war: we have done our part, but can I help it, if the French will not declare it?—if they are backward, and cautious, and timorous; if they are afraid of provoking too far so great a power as England, who threatens the liberties of Europe?—I laugh, but how not to laugh at such a world as this? Do you remember the language of last war? What were our apprehensions? Nay, at the conclusion of the peace, nothing was laid down for a maxim but the impossibility of our engaging in another war: that our national debt was at its *ne plus ultra*, and that on the very next discussion France must swallow us up! Now we are all insolent, alert, and triumphant: nay, the French talk of nothing but guarding against our piracies, and travel Europe to give the alarm against such an overbearing power as we are. On their coasts they are

¹ Kitty Clive's brother. "Raftor has left the stage; Mrs. Clive has very kindly taken him to live entirely with her, and I hear he is excessively happy at it."—*W. Whitehead to Lord Nuneham, 30 Oct., 1770 (MS.)* On which Lord Nuneham notes, "Mr. Raftor, a wretched actor, brother to Mrs. Clive—hideous in person and face, and vulgarly awkward in his general appearance, but a man of some information, of much observation, and possessing an extraordinary fund of original humour. In the talent of relating a story he was unrivalled."—CUNNINGHAM.

alarmed—I mean the common people; I scarce believe that they who know anything, are in real dread of invasion from us! Whatever be the reason, they don't declare war: some think they wait for the arrival of their Martinico fleet.—You will ask why we should not attack that too? They tell one, that if we began hostilities in Europe, Spain would join the French. Some believe that the latter are not ready: certain it is, Mirepoix gave them no notice nor suspicion of our flippancy; and he is rather under a cloud—indeed this has much undeceived me in one point: I took him for the *ostensible* minister; but little thought that they had not some secret agent of better head, some priest, some Scotch or Irish Papist—or perhaps some English Protestant, to give them better intelligence.

But don't you begin to be impatient for the events of all our West Indian expeditions? The Duke [of Cumberland], who is now the soul of the Regency, and who on all hands is allowed to make a great figure there, is much dissatisfied at the slowness of General Braddock, who does not march as if he was at all impatient to be scalped. It is said for him, that he has had bad guides, that the roads are exceedingly difficult, and that it was necessary to drag as much artillery as he does. This is not the first time, as witness in Hawley, that the Duke has found that brutality did not necessarily consummate a general. I love to give you an idea of our characters as they rise upon the stage of history. Braddock is a very Iroquois in disposition. He had a sister,¹ who having gamed away all her little fortune at Bath, hanged herself with a truly English deliberation, leaving only a note upon the table with those lines “To die is landing on some silent shore,” &c. When Braddock was told of it, he only said, “Poor Fanny! I always thought she would play till she would be forced to *tuck herself up!*” But a more ridiculous story of him, and which is recorded in heroics by Fielding in his “Covent-Garden Tragedy,” was an amorous discussion he had formerly with a Mrs. Upton, who kept him. He had gone the greatest lengths with her pin-money, and was still craving. One day that he was very pressing, she pulled out her purse and showed him that she had but twelve or fourteen shillings left; he twitched it from her, “Let me see that.” Tied up at the other end he found five guineas; he took them, tossed the empty purse in her face, saying, “Did you mean to cheat me?” and never went near her more:—now you are acquainted with General Braddock.

¹ See Goldsmith's ‘Life of Beau Nash,’ ‘Works,’ by Cunningham, (4 vols. 8vo.)—CUNNINGHAM.

We have some royal negociations proceeding in Germany, which are not likely to give quite so much satisfaction to the Parliament of next winter, as our French triumphs give to the City, where nothing is so popular as the Duke of Newcastle. There is a certain Hessian treaty, said to be eighteen years long, which is arrived—at the Treasury, Legge refused peremptorily to sign it—you did not expect patriotism from thence? It will not make *him* popular; there is not a mob in England now capable of being the dupe of patriotism; the late body of that denomination have really so discredited it, that a minister must go great lengths indeed before the people would dread him half so much as a patriot! On the contrary, I believe nothing would make any man so popular, or conciliate so much affection to his ministry, as to assure the people that he never had nor ever would pretend to love his country. Legge has been frowned upon by the Duke of Newcastle ever since he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer by him, and would have been turned out long ago if Sir George Lee would have accepted the post.

I am sorry that just when Tuscany is at war with Algiers, your countrymen should lie under the odour of piracy too; it will give Richcourt opportunities of saying very severe things to you!—Barbarossa [George II.] our Dey is not returned yet—we fear he is going to set his grandson¹ up in a seraglio; as we have not, among other Mahometan customs, copied the use of the bowstring for repressing the luxuriancy of the royal branches, we shall be quite overrun with young Sultans! Adieu!

429. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, August 28, 1755.

My last letter to you could not be got out of England, before I might have added a melancholy supplement. Accounts of a total defeat of Braddock and his forces are arrived from America; the purport is, that the General having arrived within a few miles of Fort du Quesne, (I hope you are perfect in your American geography?) sent an advanced party, under Lord Gage's brother: they were fired upon, invisibly, as they entered a wood; Braddock heard guns, and sent another party to support the former; but the first fell back in confusion on the second, and the second on the main body.

¹ The King had a mind to marry the Prince of Wales to a Princess of Brunswick.—WALPOLE.

The whole was in disorder, and it is said, the General himself, though exceedingly brave, did not retain all the *sang froid* that was necessary. The common soldiers in general fled; the officers stood heroically and were massacred: our Indians were not surprised, and behaved gallantly. The General had five horses shot under him, no bad symptoms of his spirit, and at last was brought off by two Americans, no English daring, though Captain Orme,¹ his aide-de-camp, who is wounded too, and has made some noise here by an affair of gallantry, offered sixty guineas to have him conveyed away. We have lost twenty-six officers, besides many wounded, and ten pieces of artillery. Braddock lived four days, in great torment.² What makes the rout more shameful is, that instead of a great pursuit, and a barbarous massacre by the Indians, which is always to be feared in these rencontres, not a black or white soul followed our troops, but we had leisure two days afterwards to fetch off our dead. In short, our American laurels are strangely blighted! We intended to be in great alarms for Carolina and Virginia, but the small number of our enemies had reduced this affair to a panic. We pretend to be comforted on the French deserting Fort St. John, and on the hopes we have from two other expeditions which are on foot in that part of the world—but it is a great drawback on English heroism! I pity you who represent the very flower of British courage ingrafted on a Brunswick stock!

I have already given you some account of Braddock; I may complete the poor man's history in a few words: he once had a duel with Colonel Gumley, Lady Bath's³ brother, who had been his great friend: as they were going to engage, Gumley, who had good-humour and wit, (Braddock had the latter,) said, "Braddock, you are a poor dog! here take my purse; if you kill me you will be forced to run away, and then you will not have a shilling to support you." Braddock refused the purse, insisted on the duel, was disarmed, and would not even ask his life. However, with all his brutality, he has lately been governor of Gibraltar, where he made himself adored, and where scarce any Governor was endured before. Adieu! Pray don't let any detachment from Pannoni's⁴ be sent against us—we should run away!

¹ He married the sister of George Lord Townshend, without the consent of her family.—WALPOLE.

² Walpole, in his 'Memoires,' says, that "he dictated an encomium on his officers, and expired."—DOVER.

³ Elizabeth Gumley, wife of William Pulteney, Earl of Bath.—WALPOLE.

⁴ Pannoni's coffee-house of the Florentine nobility, not famous for their courage of late.—WALPOLE.

430. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, August 28, 1755.

OUR piratic laurels, with which the French have so much reproached us, have been exceedingly pruned! Braddock is defeated and killed, by a handful of Indians and by the baseness of his own troops, who sacrificed him and his gallant officers. Indeed, there is some suspicion that cowardice was not the motive, but resentment at having been draughted from Irish regiments. Were such a desertion universal, could one but commend it? Could one blame men who should refuse to be knocked on the head for sixpence a day, and for the advantage and dignity of a few ambitious? But in this case one pities the brave young officers, who cannot so easily disfranchise themselves from the prejudices of glory! Our disappointment is greater than our loss: six-and-twenty officers are killed, who, I suppose, have not left a vast many fatherless and *widowless*, as an old woman told me to-day with great tribulation. The Ministry have a much more serious affair on their hands—Lord Lincoln and Lord Anson have had a dreadful quarrel! *Coquus teterrima belli causa!* When Lord Mountford shot himself, Lord Lincoln said, “Well, I am very sorry for poor Mountford! but it is the part of a wise man to make the best of every misfortune—I shall now have the best cook in England.” This was uttered before Lord Anson. Joras,¹ who is a man of extreme punctilio, as cooks and officers ought to be, would not be hired till he knew whether this Lord Mountford would retain him. When it was decided that he would not, Lord Lincoln proposed to hire Joras. Lord Anson had already engaged him. Such a breach of friendship was soon followed by an expostulation (there was jealousy of the Duke of Newcastle’s favour already under the coals): in short, the nephew earl [Lincoln] called the favourite earl such gross names, that it was well they were ministers! otherwise, as Mincing says, “I vow, I believe they must have fit.” The public, that is half-a-dozen toad-eaters, have great hopes that the present unfavourable posture of affairs in America will tend to cement this breach, and that *we* shall all unite hand and heart against the common enemy.

I returned the night before last from my peregrination. It is

¹ The name of the cook in question.—WALPOLE.

very unlucky for me that no crown of martyrdom is entailed on zeal for antiquities; I should be a rubric martyr of the first class. After visiting the new salt-water baths at Harwich, (which, next to horse-racing, grows the most fashionable resource for people *who want to get out of town, and who love the country and retirement!*) I went to see Orford castle,¹ and Lord Hertford's at Sudborn. The one is a ruin, and the other ought to be so. Returning in a one-horse-chair over a wild vast heath, I went out of the road to see the remains of Buttley abbey; which however I could not see: for, as the keys of Orford castle were at Sudborn, so the keys of Buttley were at Orford! By this time it was night; we lost our way, were in excessive rain for above two hours, and only found our way to be overturned into the mire the next morning going into Ipswich. Since that I went to see an old house [at Wingfield] built by Secretary Naunton.² His descendant, who is a strange retired creature, was unwilling to let us see it; but we did, and little in it worth seeing. The house never was fine, and is now out of repair; has a bed with ivory pillars and loose rings, presented to the secretary by some German prince or German artist; and a small gallery of indifferent portraits, among which there are scarce any worth notice but of the Earl of Northumberland (Anna Bullen's lover), and of Sir Antony Wingfield, who having his hand tucked into his girdle, the housekeeper told us, had had his fingers cut off by Harry VIII. But Harry VIII. was not a man *pour s'arrêter à ces minuties là!* While we waited for leave to see the house, I strolled into the church-yard, and was struck with a little door open into the chancel, through the arch of which I discovered cross-legged knights and painted tombs! In short, there are no less than eight considerable monuments, very perfect, of Wingfields, Nauntons, and a Sir John Boynet and his wife, as old as Richard the Second's time. But what charmed me still more, were two figures of Secretary Naunton's father and mother in the window in painted glass, near two feet high, and by far the finest painting on glass I ever saw. His figure, in a puffed doublet, breeches and bonnet, and cloak of

¹ In Suffolk, and a castle still (1857), that will well repay an antiquarian visit.—Buttley (all that remains is a gateway) is worth seeing.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Sir Robert Naunton, master of the Court of Wards. He wrote *Anecdotes of Queen Elizabeth and her favourites.*—WALPOLE. The house has long been level with the ground—the church destroyed by churchwarden renewals and alterations, and the Wingfield and Naunton monuments shamefully scattered. When I visited Wingfield in 1852, I discovered part of Secretary Naunton's monument in a farm-wall building.—CUNNINGHAM.

scarlet and yellow, is absolutely perfect: her shoulder is damaged. This church, which is scarce bigger than a large chapel, is very ruinous, though containing such treasures! Besides these, there are brasses on the pavement, with a succession of all the wonderful head-dresses which our *plain virtuous* grandmothers invented to tempt our rude and simple ancestors.—I don't know what our nobles might be, but I am sure the milliners three or four hundred years ago must have been more accomplished in the arts, as Prynne calls them, of crimping, curling, frizzling, and frouncing, than all the tirewomen of Babylon, modern Paris, or modern Pall-Mall. Dame Winifred Boynet, whom I mentioned above, is accoutred with the coiffure called piked horns, which, if there were any signs in Lothbury and Eastcheap, must have brushed them about strangely, as their ladyships rode behind their gentlemen ushers! Adieu!

431. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, September 18, 1755.

AFTER an expectation of six weeks, I have received a letter from you, dated August 23d. Indeed I did not impute any neglect to you; I knew it arose from the war; but Mr. S*** tells me the packets will now be more regular.—Mr. S*** tells me;—What, has he been in town, or at Strawberry?—No; but I have been at Southampton: I was at the Vine; and on the arrival of a few fine days, the first we have had this summer, after a deluge, Mr. Chute persuaded me to take a jaunt to Winchester and Netley abbey, with the latter of which he is very justly enchanted.

I was diappointed in Winchester: it is a paltry town, and small: King Charles the Second's house is the worst thing I ever saw of Sir Christopher Wren, a mixture of a town-hall and an hospital; not to mention the bad choice of the situation in such a country; it is all *ups* that should be *downs*. I talk to you as supposing that you never have been at Winchester, though I suspect you have, for the entrance of the cathedral is the very idea of that of Mabland. I like the smugness of the cathedral, and the profusion of the most beautiful Gothic tombs. That of Cardinal Beaufort is in a style more free and of more taste than anything I have seen of the kind. His figure confirms me in my opinion that I have struck out the true history of the picture that I bought of Robinson: and which I take

for the marriage of Henry VI.¹ Besides the monuments of the Saxon Kings, of Lucius, William Rufus, his brother, &c. there are those of six such great or considerable men as Beaufort, William of Wickham, him of Wainfleet, the Bishops Fox and Gardiner, and my Lord Treasurer Portland.—How much power and ambition under half-a-dozen stones! I own, I grow to look on tombs as lasting mansions, instead of observing them for curious pieces of architecture!—Going into Southampton, I passed Bevismount, where my Lord Peterborough

“Hung his trophies o'er his garden gate;”²

but General Mordaunt was there, and we could not see it. We walked long by moon-light on the terrace along the beach—Guess, if we talked of and wished for you! The town is crowded; sea-baths are established there too. But how shall I describe Netley to you? I can only by telling you, that it is the spot in the world for which Mr. Chute and I wish. The ruins are vast, and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roofs pendent in the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns of windows wrapped round and round with ivy—many trees are sprouted up amongst the walls, and only want to be increased with cypresses! A hill rises above the abbey, encircled with wood: the fort, in which we would build a tower for habitation, remains with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the Abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of the hill: on each side breaks in the view of the Southampton sea, deep blue, glistening with silver and vessels; on one side terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calshot castle; and the Isle of Wight rising above the opposite hills. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise.—Oh! the purple abbots, what a spot had they chosen to slumber in!³ The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lively, that they seem only to have *retired into* the world.⁴

I know nothing of the war, but that we catch little French ships like crawfish. They have taken one of ours with Governor

¹ Now (1857) the property of the Duke of Sutherland.—CUNNINGHAM.

² “Our Gen’rals now, retired to their estate,
Hang their old trophies o’er the garden gate.”

Pope, in this couplet, is said to have alluded to the entrance of Lord Peterborough’s lawn at Bevismount.—WRIGHT.

³ “Where slumber abbots purple as their wine.”—POPE.—CUNNINGHAM.

⁴ Gray, who visited Netley abbey in the preceding month, calls it “a most beautiful ruin in as beautiful a situation.”—WRIGHT.

Lyttelton¹ going to South Carolina. He is a very worthy young man, but so stiffened with Sir George's old fastian, that I am persuaded he is at this minute in the citadel of Nantes comparing himself to Regulus.

Gray has lately been here. He has begun an Ode, which, if he finishes equally, will, I think, inspirit all your drawing again. It is founded on an old tradition of Edward I. putting to death the Welsh bards. Nothing but you, or Salvator Rosa, and Nicolo Poussin, can paint up to the expressive horror and dignity of it. Don't think I mean to flatter you; all I would say is, that now the two latter are dead, you must of necessity be Gray's painter. In order to keep your talent alive, I shall next week send you flake white, brushes, oil, and the enclosed directions from Mr. Müntz, who is still at the Vine, and whom, for want of you, we labour hard to form. I shall put up in the parcel two or three prints of my Eagle, which, as you never would draw it, is very moderately performed; and yet the drawing was much better than the engraving. I shall send you a trifling snuff-box, only as a sample of the new manufacture at Battersea, which is done with copper-plates. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, where I cannot say any works go on in proportion to my impatience. I have left him an *inentionary* of all I want to have done there; but I believe it may be bound up with the Century of projects of that foolish Marquis of Worcester, who printed a catalogue of titles of things, which he gave no directions to execute, nor I believe could. Adieu!

482. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, Sept. 20, 1755.

I HAVE been roving about Hampshire with Mr. Chute, and did not receive your kind note till yesterday, or I should certainly not have deferred a moment to thank you for it, and to express my great concern for Miss Montagu's bad health. You do me justice when you reek on on my feeling most sincerely for you: but let me ask why you will not bring her to town? She might not only have more variety of assistance, but it would be some relief to you: it

¹ William Henry, brother of Sir George, afterwards Lord Lyttelton. The man-of-war in which he was proceeding to South Carolina was captured by the French squadron under Count Guay, and sent into Nantz, but was shortly after restored.—WRIGHT.

must be dreadful, with your tenderness of feeling, to have nobody to share and divert your uneasiness.

I did not, till on the road the day before yesterday, hear the catastrophe of poor Sir John Bland, with the execrable villany, or what our ancestors would have called the *humours* of Taaffe. I am extremely sorry for Bland! he was very good-natured and generous, and well-bred; but never was such infatuation: I can call it by no term but *flirting* away his fortune and his life; he seemed to have no passion for play while he did it, nor sensibility when it ruined him; but I fear he had both. What judgments the good people in the city (I mean the good in their own style—*monied*), will construe upon White's, when two of the most remarkable members have dispatched themselves in nine months.

I shall be most sincerely glad to receive another letter to tell me that Miss Montagu mends: you have both my most hearty wishes. Yours ever.

433. TO THE HON. H. CONWAY.

DEAR HARRY:

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 23, 1755.

NEVER make me excuses for a letter that tells me so many agreeable things as your last; that you are got well to Dublin;¹ that you are all well, and that you have accommodated all your politics to your satisfaction—and I may be allowed to say, greatly to your credit. What could you tell me that would please me so much?

When I have indulged a little my joy for your success and honour, it is natural to consider the circumstances you have told me; and you will easily excuse me if I am not quite as much satisfied with the conduct of your late antagonists, as I am with yours. You have tranquillised a nation, have repaired your master's honour, and secured the peace of your administration;—but what shall one say to the Speaker, Mr. Malone and the others? Don't they confess that they have gone the greatest lengths, and risked the safety of their country on a mere personal pique? If they did not contend for profit, like our patriots (and you don't tell me that they have made any lucrative stipulations), yet it is plain that their ambition

¹ Mr. Conway was now secretary of state to the Marquis of Hartington, lord lieutenant of Ireland.—WALPOLE.

had been wounded, and that they resented their power being crossed. But I, who am a Whig to the backbone, indeed in the strictest sense of the word, feel hurt in a tenderer point, and which you, who are a minister, must not allow me: I am offended at their agreeing to an address that avows such deference for prerogative, and that is to protest so deeply against having intended to attack it. However rebel this may sound at court, my Gothic spirit is hurt; I do not love such loyal expressions from a Parliament. I do not so much consider myself writing to Dublin Castle, as from Strawberry castle, where you know how I love to enjoy my liberty. I give myself the airs, in my nutshell, of an old baron, and am tempted almost to say with an old Earl of Norfolk,¹ who was a very free speaker at least, if he was not an excellent poet,

"When I am in my castle of Bungey,
Situat upon the river Waveney,
I ne care for the King of Cockney."

I have been roving about Hampshire, have been at Winchester and Southampton and twenty places, and have been but one day in London—consequently know as little news as if I had been shut up in Bungay castle. Rumours there are of great bickerings and uneasiness; but I don't believe there will be any bloodshed of places, except Legge's, which nobody seems willing to take—I mean as a sinecure. His Majesty of Cockney is returned exceedingly well, but grown a little out of humour at finding that we are not so much pleased with all the Russians and Hessians that he has hired to recover the Ohio. We are an ungrateful people!

Make a great many compliments for me to my Lady Ailesbury. I own I am in pain about Missy. As my lady is a little coquette herself, and loves crowds and admiration and a court life, it will be very difficult for her to keep a strict eye upon Missy. The Irish are very forward and bold:—I say no more; but it would hurt you both extremely to have her marry herself idly; and I think my Lord Chancellor has not extended his matrimonial foresight to Ireland. However, I have much confidence in Mrs. Elizabeth Jones:² I am sure, when they were here, she would never let Missy whisper with a boy that was old enough to speak.

Adieu! As the winter advances, and plots thicken, I will write

¹ Bigod, Earl of Norfolk. Bungay is in Suffolk, on the borders of Norfolk, and the triplet quoted incorrectly by Walpole is preserved in Holinshed.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Miss Conway's nurse.—WALPOLE.

you letters that shall have a little more in them than this. In the mean time I am going to the Bath, not for my health, you know I never am ill, but for my amusement. I never was there, and at present there are several of my acquaintance. The French Academy has chosen my Lord Chesterfield, and he has written them a letter of thanks, that is the finest composition in the world; indeed, I was told so by those who have not seen it; but they would have told me if they had seen it, whether it was the finest or the worst; suffices it to be his! Yours ever.

434. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Sept. 29, 1755.

It is not I that am perjured for not writing to you oftener, as I promised; the war is forsworn. We do all we can; we take, from men-of-war and Domingo-men, down to colliers and cock-boats, and from California into the very Bay of Calais. The French have taken but one ship from us, the Blandford, and that they have restored—but I don't like this drowsy civil lion; it will put out a talon and give us a cursed scratch before we are aware. Monsieur de Seychelles, who grows into power, is labouring at their finances and marine: they have struck off their *sous-fermiers*, and by a reform in what they call the King's pleasures, have already saved 1,200,000*l.* sterling a year. Don't go and imagine that 1,200,000*l.* was all sunk in the gulph of Madame Pompadour, or even in suppers and hunting; under the word the King's pleasures, they really comprehended his civil list; and in that light I don't know why our civil list might not be called *another King's pleasures*¹ too, though it is not all entirely squandered. In short, the single article of coffee for the Mesdames² amounted to 3000*l.* sterling a year—to what must their rouge have amounted?—but it is high time to tell you of other wars, than the old story of France and England. You must know, not in your ministerial capacity, for I suppose that is directed by such old geographers as Sanson and De Lisle, who imagined that Herenhausen was a town in Germany, but according to the latest discoveries, there is such a county in England as Hanover, which lying very much exposed to the incursions of the French and Prussians (the latter are certain hussars in the French

¹ Alluding to the King's love of money.—WALPOLE.

² The daughters of Louis the Fifteenth.—DOVER.

army), it has been thought necessary to hire Russians, and Hessians, and all the troops that lie nearest to the aforesaid weak part of Great Britain called Hanover, in order to cover this frontier from any invasion. The expedience of this measure was obvious; yet many people who could not get over the prejudice of education, or who having got over those prejudices have for certain reasons returned to them, these Ptolemaic geographers will not be persuaded that there is any such county in England as Hanover, and not finding it in their old maps, or having burnt their new ones in a passion—(Mr. Legge, indeed, tore his at the very Treasury board the day that the warrant for the Hessian subsidy came hither)—they determined that England had no occasion for these mercenaries. Besides Legge, the Duke of Devonshire, the Speaker, Sir George Lee, and one Mr. William Pitt, a man formerly remarkable for disputing the new geography, declared strongly against the system of treaties.¹ Copernicus no sooner returned from Germany, than the Duke of Newcastle, who had taken the alarm, frightened him out of his wits. In short, they found that they should have no Professor to defend the new system in Parliament. Everybody was tried—when everybody had refused, and the Duke of Newcastle was ready to throw up the cards, he determined to try Fox,² who, by the mediation of Lord Granville, has accepted the seals, is to be Secretary of State, is to have the conduct of the House of Commons, and is, I think—very soon to be first minister—or, what one has known happen to some who of very late years have joined to support a tottering administration, is to be ruined. Indeed, he seems sensible of the alternative, professes no cordiality to Duke

¹ The following is from *Dodington's Diary* :—"Sept. 3. Mr. Pitt told me, that he had painted to the Duke of Newcastle all the ill consequences of this system of subsidies in the strongest light that his imagination could furnish him with: he had deprecated his Grace not to complete the ruin which the King had nearly brought upon himself by his journey to Hanover, which all people should have prevented, *even with their bodies*. A King abroad, at this time, without one man about him that has one English sentiment, and to bring home a whole set of subsidies! That he was willing to promote the King's service; but if this was what he was sent for to promote, few words were best—nothing in the world should induce him to consent to these subsidies."—WRIGHT.

² "Fox must again be treated with; for the session of Parliament approached, and it was become a general maxim, that the House of Commons had been so much accustomed to have a minister of its own, they would not any longer be governed by deputy. Fox insisted on being made secretary of state, much against the King's inclination, as well as the Duke of Newcastle's: for though his Majesty preferred Fox to Pitt, he liked Sir Thomas Robinson better than either of them; for Sir Thomas did as he was directed, understood foreign affairs, and pretended to nothing further. However, Fox carried his point."—*Waldegrave's Memoirs*, p. 15.—WRIGHT.

Trinculo, who is viceroy over him, but is listing Bedfords, and whoever will list with him, as fast as he can. One who has been his predecessor in suffering by such an alliance, my Lord Chesterfield, told him, "Well, the Duke of Newcastle has turned out everybody else, and now he has turned out himself." Sir Thomas Robinson is to return to the Great Wardrobe, with an additional pension on Ireland of 2000*l.* a year. This is turning a cypher into figures indeed! Lord Barrington is to be Secretary at War. This change, however, is not to take place till after the Parliament is met, which is not till the 13th of next month, because Mr. Fox is to preside at the Cock-pit the night before the House opens. How Mr. Legge will take this deposition is not known. He has determined not to resign, but to be turned out; I should think this would satisfy his scruples, even if he had made a vow against resigning.

As England grows turbulent again, Ireland grows calm again. Mr. Conway, who has gone thither secretary to Lord Hartington, has with great prudence and skill pacified that kingdom: you may imagine that I am not a little happy at his acquiring renown. The Primate is to be the peace-offering.

If there were any private news, as there are none, I could not possibly to-day step out of my high historical pantouffles to tell it you. Adieu! You know I don't dislike to see the Kings and Queens and *Knaves* of this world shuffled backwards and forwards; consequently I look on, very well amused, and very indifferent whatever is trumps!

435. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Sept. 29, 1755.

I SHOULD not answer your letter *so soon, as you write so often*, if I had not something particular to tell you. Mr. Fox is to be Secretary of State. The history of this event, in short, is this: George Elector of Hanover, and Thomas King of England, have been exceedingly alarmed. By some misapprehension, the Russian and Hessian treaties, the greatest blessings that were ever calculated for this country, have been totally, and almost universally disapproved. Mr. Legge grew *conscientious* about them; the Speaker, constitutional; Mr. Pitt, patriot; Sir George Lee, scrupulous; Lord Egmont, uncertain; the Duke of Devonshire, something that he meant for some of these; and my uncle, I suppose, *frugal*—how you know.

Let a Parliament be ever so ready to vote for anything, yet if everybody in both Houses is against a thing, why the Parliament itself can't carry a point against both Houses. This made such a dilemma, that, after trying everybody else, and being ready to fling up themselves, King Thomas and his Chancellor offered Mr. Fox the honour of defending and saving them. He, who is all Christian charity, and forgiving everybody but himself and those who dissuaded him, for not taking the seals before, consented to undertake the cause of the treaties, and is to have the management of the House of Commons as long as he can keep it. In the mean time, to give his new friends all the assistance he can, he is endeavouring to bring the Bedfords to court; and if any other person in the world hates King Thomas, why Mr. Fox is very willing to bring them to court too. In the mean time, Mr. Pitt is scouring his old Hanoverian trumpet and Mr. Legge is to accompany him with his hurdy-gurdy.

Mr. Mann did not tell me a word of his intending you a visit. The reason the Dacres have not been with you is, they have been at court; and as at present there are as many royal hands to kiss as a Japanese idol has, it takes some time to slobber through the whole ceremony.

I have some thoughts of going to Bath for a week; though I don't know whether my love for my country, while my country is in a quandary, may not detain me hereabouts. When Mr. Müntz has done, you will be so good as to paquet him up, and send him to Strawberry. I rather wish you would bring him yourself; I am impatient for the drawing you announced to me. A commission has passed the seals, I mean of secrecy, (for I don't know whether they must not be stole,) to get you some swans; and as in this age one ought not to despair of anything where robbery is concerned, I have some hopes of succeeding. If you should want any French ships for your water, there are great numbers to be had cheap, and small enough! Adieu!

436. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Sept. 30, 1755.

SOLOMON says somewhere or other, I think it is in Castelvetro's, or Castelnovo's edition—is there not such a one?—that the infatuation of a nation for a foolish minister is like that of a lover for an ugly woman: when once he opens his eyes, he wonders what

the devil bewitched him. This is the text to the present sermon in politics, which I shall not divide under three heads, but tell you at once, that no minister was ever nearer the precipice than ours has been. I did tell you, I believe, that Legge had refused to sign the warrant for the Hessian subsidy: in short, he heartily resented the quick coldness that followed his exaltation, waited for an opportunity of revenge, found this; and, to be sure, no vengeance ever took speedier strides. All the world revolted against subsidiary treaties; nobody was left to defend them but Murray, and he did not care to venture. Offers of graciousness, of cabinet councillor, of chancellor of the exchequer, were made to right and left. Dr. Lee was conscientious: Mr. Pitt might be brought, in compliment to his Majesty, to digest one—but a system of subsidies—impossible! In short, the very first ministership was offered to be made over to my Lord Granville. He begged to be excused—he was not fit for it. Well, you laugh—all this is fact. At last we were forced to strike sail to Mr. Fox: he is named for Secretary of State, with not only the lead, but the power of the House of Commons. You ask, in the room of which secretary? What signifies of which? Why, I think, of Sir Thomas Robinson, who returns to his Wardrobe; and Lord Barrington comes into the War-office. This is the present state of things in this grave reasonable island: the union hug like two cats over a string; the rest are arming for opposition. But I will not promise any more warlike winters; I remember how soon the campaign of the last was addled.

In Ireland, Mr. Conway has pacified all things: the Irish are to get as drunk as ever to the glorious and immortal memory of King George, and the prerogative is to be exalted as high as ever, by being obliged to give up the Primate. There! I think I have told you volumes: yet I know you will not be content, you will want to know something of the war, and of America; but, I assure you, it is not the *bon-ton* to talk of either this week. We think not of the former, and of the latter we should think to very little purpose, for we have not heard a syllable more; Braddock's defeat still remains in the situation of the longest battle that ever was fought with nobody. Content your English spirit with knowing that there are very near three thousand French prisoners in England, taken out of several ships.

437. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Arlington Street, Oct. 7, 1755.

NOBODY living feels more for you than I do: nobody knows better either the goodness or tenderness of your heart, or the real value of the person you have lost.¹ I cannot flatter myself that anything I could say would comfort you under an affliction so well founded; but I should have set out, and endeavoured to share your concern, if Mrs. Trevor had not told me that you were going into Cheshire. I will only say, that if you think change of place can contribute at all to divert your melancholy, you know where you would be most welcome; and whenever you will come to Strawberry Hill, you will, at least, if you do not find a comforter, find a most sincere friend that pities your distress, and would do anything upon earth to alleviate your misfortune. If you can listen yet to any advice, let me recommend to you to give up all thoughts of Greatworth; you will never be able to support life there any more: let me look out for some little box for you in my neighbourhood. You can live nowhere where you will be more beloved; and you will there always have it in your power to enjoy company or solitude, as you like. I have long wished to get you so far back into the world, and now it is become absolutely necessary for your health and peace. I will say no more, lest too long a letter should be either troublesome or make you think it necessary to answer; but do not, till you find it more agreeable to vent your grief this way than in any other. I am, my good Sir, with hearty concern and affection, yours most sincerely.

438. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Oct. 19, 1755.

Do you love royal quarrels? You may be served—I know you don't love an invasion—nay, that even passes my taste; *it will make too much party*. In short, the lady dowager Prudence begins to step a little over the threshold of that discretion which she has always hitherto so sanctimoniously observed. She is suspected of

¹ Mr. Montagu's unmarried sister, Harriet Montagu. See next letter.—
CUNNINGHAM.

strange whims ; so strange, as neither to like more German subsidies or more German matches. A strong faction, professedly against the treaties,¹ openly against Mr. Fox, and covertly under the banners of the aforesaid *Lady Prudence*, arm from all quarters against the opening of the session. Her ladyship's eldest boy declares violently against being *beiwolfenbuttléd*²—a word which I do not pretend to understand, as it is not in Mr. Johnson's new Dictionary. There ! now I have been as enigmatic as ever I have accused you of being ; and hoping you will not be able to expound my German hieroglyphics, I proceed to tell you in plain English that we are going to be invaded. I have within this day or two seen grandees of ten, twenty, and thirty thousand pounds a-year, who are in a mortal fright ; consequently, it would be impertinent in much less folk to tremble, and accordingly they don't. At court there is no doubt but

¹ Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, of the 4th of this month, says, "the next session, which now draws very near, will, I believe, be a very troublesome one ; and I really think it very doubtful whether the subsidiary treaties with Russia and Cassel will be carried or not. To be sure, much may be said against both ; but yet I dread the consequences of rejecting them by Parliament, since they are made." —WRIGHT.

² This is an allusion to a contemplated marriage between the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., and a daughter of the Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle. The following is Lord Waldegrave's account of this project :—"An event happened about the middle of the summer, which engaged Leicester House still deeper in faction than they at first intended. The Prince of Wales was just entering into his eighteenth year ; and being of a modest, sober disposition, with a healthy, vigorous constitution, it might reasonably be supposed that a matrimonial companion might be no unacceptable amusement. The Duchess of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, with her two unmarried daughters, waited on his Majesty at Hanover. The elder, both as to person and understanding, was a most accomplished Princess : the King was charmed with her cheerful, modest, and sensible behaviour, and wished to make her his grand-daughter, being too old to make her his wife. I remember his telling me, with great eagerness, that had he been only twenty years younger, she would never have been refused by a Prince of Wales, but should at once have been Queen of England. Now, whether his Majesty spoke seriously is very little to the purpose ; his grandson's happiness was undoubtedly his principal object ; and he was desirous the match might be concluded before his own death, that the Princess of Wales should have no temptation to do a job for her relations, by marrying her son to one of the Saxe Gotha family, who might not have the amiable accomplishments of the Princess of Wolfenbuttle. The King's intentions, it may easily be imagined, were not agreeable to the Princess of Wales. She knew the temper of the Prince her son ; that he was by nature indolent, hated business, but loved a domestic life, and would make an excellent husband. She knew also that the young Princess, having merit and understanding equal to her beauty, must in a short time have the greatest influence over him. In which circumstances, it may naturally be concluded that her Royal Highness did everything in her power to prevent the match. The Prince of Wales was taught to believe that he was to be made a sacrifice merely to gratify the King's private interest in the electorate of Hanover. The young Princess was most cruelly represented ; many even of her perfections were aggravated into faults ; his Royal Highness implicitly believing every idle tale and improbable aspersion, till his prejudice against her amounted to aversion itself."—*Waldegrave's Memoirs*, p. 39.—WRIGHT.

an attempt will be made before Christmas. I find valour is like virtue: impregnable as they boast themselves, it is discovered that on the first attack both lie strangely open! They are raising more men, camps are to be formed in Kent and Sussex, the Duke of Newcastle is frightened out of his wits, which, though he has lost so often, you know he always recovers, and as fresh as ever. Lord Egmont despairs of the commonwealth; and I am going to fortify my castle of Strawberry, according to an old charter I should have had for embattling and making a deep ditch. But here am I laughing when I really ought to cry, both with my public eye and my private one. I have told you what I think ought to sluice my public eye; and your private eye too will moisten, when I tell you that poor Miss Harriet Montagu is dead. She died about a fortnight ago; but having nothing else to tell you, I would not send a letter so far with only such melancholy news—and so, you will say, I staid till I could tell still more bad news. The truth is, I have for some time had two letters of yours to answer: it is three weeks since I wrote to you, and one begins to doubt whether one shall ever be able to write again. I will hope all my best hopes; for I have no sort of intention at this time of day of finishing either as a martyr or a hero. I rather intend to live and record both those professions, if need be; and I have no inclination to scuttle barefoot after a Duke of Wolfenbuttle's army, as Philip de Comines says he saw their graces of Exeter and Somerset trudge after the Duke of Burgundy's. The invasion, though not much in fashion yet, begins, like Moses's rod, to swallow other news, both political and suicidal. Our politics I have sketched out to you, and can only add, that Mr. Fox's ministry does not as yet promise to be of long duration. When it was first thought that he had got the better of the Duke of Newcastle, Charles Townshend said admirably, that he was sure the Duchess, like the old Cavaliers, would make a vow not to shave her beard till the Restoration.

I can't recollect the least morsel of a fess or chevron of the Boy-nets: they did not happen to enter into any extinct genealogy for whose welfare I interest myself. I sent your letter to Mr. Chute, who is still under his own vine: Mr. Müntz is still with him, recovering of a violent fever. Adieu! If memoirs don't grow too memorable, I think this season will produce a large crop.

P.S. I believe I scarce ever mentioned to you last winter the follies of the Opera: the impertinences of a great singer were too

old and too common a topic. I must mention them now, when they rise to any improvement in the character of national folly. The Mingotti, a noble figure, a great mistress of music, and a most incomparable actress, surpassed any thing I ever saw for the extravagance of her humours.¹ She never sung above one night in three, from a fever upon her temper : and never would act at all when Ricciarelli, the first man, was to be in dialogue with her.² Her fevers grew so high, that the audience caught them, and hissed her more than once : she herself once turned and hissed again—*Tit pro tat geminat τον δ' απαμειβομενη*—Well, among the treaties which a secretary of state has negotiated this summer, he has contracted for a *succedaneum* to the Mingotti. In short, there is a woman hired to sing when the other shall be out of humour !

Here is a 'World' by Lord Chesterfield :³ the first part is very pretty, till it runs into witticism. I have marked the passages I particularly like.

You will not draw Henry IV. at a siege for me : pray don't draw Louis XV.⁴

439. TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Oct. 20, 1755.

You know, my dear Sir, that I do not love to have you taken unprepared : the last visit I announced to you was of the Lord Dacre of the South and of the Lady Baroness, his spouse : the next company you may expect will be composed of the Prince of Soubise and twelve thousand French ; though, as winter is coming on, they will scarce stay in the country, but hasten to London. I need not protest to you I believe, that I am serious, and that an invasion before Christmas will certainly be attempted ; you will believe

¹ The following is Dr. Burney's account :—"Upon the success of Jomelli's 'Andromaca' a damp was thrown by the indisposition of Mingotti, during which Frasi was called upon to play her part in that opera ; when suspicion arising, that Mingotti's was a mere dramatic and political cold, the public was much out of humour, till she resumed her function in Metastasio's admirable drama of 'Demofonte,' in which she acquired more applause, and augmented her theatrical consequence beyond any period of her performance in England."—WRIGHT.

² "Ricciarelli was a neat and pleasing performer, with a clear, flexible, and silver-toned voice ; but so much inferior to Mingotti, both in singing and acting, that he was never in very high favour."—DR. BURNEY.—WRIGHT.

³ No. 146, Advice to the Ladies on their return to the country.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Alluding to the subject Mr. Walpole had proposed to him for a picture, in the letter of the 15th of August, and to the then expected invasion of England by Louis XV.—WALPOLE

me at the first word. It is a little hard, however! they need not envy us General Braddock's laurels; they were not in such quantity!

Parliamentary and subsidiary politics are in great ferment. I could tell you much if I saw you; but I will not while you stay there—yet, as I am a true friend and not to be changed by prosperity, I can't neglect offering you my services when I am *censé* to be well with a minister. It is so long since I was, and I believe so little a while that I shall be so, (to be sure, I mean that he will be minister,) that I must *faire valoir* my interest, while I have any—in short, shall I get you one of these new independent companies?—Hush! don't tell Mr. Müntz how powerful I am: his warlike spirit will want to coincide with my ministerial one; and it would be very inconvenient to the Lords Castlecomers to have him knocked on the head before he had finished all the strawberries and vines that we lust after.

I had a note from Gray, who is still at Stoke; and he desires I would tell you, that he has continued pretty well. Do come. Adieu!

Lottery tickets rise: subsidiary treaties under par—I don't say, no price. Lord Robert Bertie, with a company of the Guards, has thrown himself into Dover Castle; don't they sound very war-full.

440. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 27, 1755.

WHEN the newspapers swarm with our military preparations at home, with encampments, fire-ships, floating castles at the mouths of the great rivers, &c., in short, when we expect an invasion, you would chide, or be disposed to chide me, if I were quite silent—and yet, what can I tell you more than that an invasion is threatened? that sixteen thousand men are about Dunkirk, and that they are assembling great quantities of flat-bottomed boats! Perhaps they will attempt some landing; they are certainly full of resentment; they broke the peace, took our forts and built others on our boundaries; we did not bear it patiently; we retook two forts, attacked or have been going to attack others, and have taken vast numbers of their ships: this is the state of the provocation—what is more provoking, for once we have not sent twenty or thirty thousand men to Flanders on whom they might vent their revenge. Well! then

they must come here, and perhaps invite the Pretender to be of the party; not in a very popular light for him, to be brought by the French in revenge of a national war. You will ask me, if we are alarmed? the people not at all so: a minister or two, who are subject to alarms, are—and that is no bad circumstance. We are as much an island as ever, and I think a much less exposed one than we have been for many years. Our fleet is vast; our army at home, and ready, and two-thirds stronger than when we were threatened in 1744; the season has been the wettest that ever has been known, consequently the roads not very invadeable: and there is the additional little circumstance of the late rebellion defeated; I believe I may reckon too, Marshal Saxe dead. You see our situation is not desperate: in short, we escaped in '44, and when the rebels were at Derby in '45; we must have bad luck indeed, if we fall now!

Our Parliament meets in a fortnight; if no French come, our campaign there will be warm; nay, and uncommon, the opposition will be chiefly composed of men in place. You know we always refine; it used to be an imputation on our senators, that they opposed to get places. They now oppose to get better places! We are a comical nation (I speak with all due regard to our gravity!)—it were a pity we should be destroyed, if it were only for the sake of posterity; we shall not be half so droll, if we were either a province to France, or under an absolute prince of our own.

I am sorry you are losing my Lord Cork; you must balance the loss with that of Miss Pitt,¹ who is a dangerous inmate. You ask me if I have seen Lord Northumberland's Triumph of Bacchus;² I have not: you know I never approved the thought of those copies, and I have adjourned my curiosity till the gallery is thrown open with the first Masquerade. Adieu! my dear Sir.

¹ Elizabeth Pitt, sister of Lord Chatham. She had been maid of honour to Augusta Princess of Wales; then lived openly with Lord Talbot as his mistress; went to Italy, turned Catholic, and married; came back, wrote against her brother, and a trifling pamphlet recommending magazines of corn, and called herself Clara Villiers Pitt.—WALPOLE.—Compare Letter to Mann, January 28, 1754.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Hugh, Earl and afterwards Duke of Northumberland, bespoke at a great price five copies of capital pictures in Italy, by Mentz, Pompeo Battoni, &c., for his gallery at Northumberland House.—WALPOLE.

441. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, March 21, 1755.

As the invasion is not ready, we are forced to take up with a victory. An account came yesterday, that General Johnson¹ had defeated the French near the lake St. Sacrement, had killed one thousand, and taken the lieutenant-general who commanded them prisoner; his name is Dieskau, a Saxon, an esteemed *élève* of Marshal Saxe. By the printed account, which I enclose, Johnson showed great generalship and bravery. As the whole business was done by irregulars, it does not lessen the faults of Braddock, and the panic of his troops. If I were so disposed, I could conceive that there are heroes in the world who are not quite pleased with this extramartinette success²—but we won't blame those Alexanders, till they have beaten the French in Kent! You know it will be time enough to abuse them, when they have done all the service they can! The other enclosed paper is another 'World,' by my Lord Chesterfield; not so pretty, I think, as the last; yet it has merit. While England and France are at war, and Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt going to war, his lordship is coolly amusing himself at picquet at Bath with a Moravian baron, who would be in prison, if his creditors did not occasionally release him to play with and cheat my Lord Chesterfield, as the only chance they have for recovering their money!

We expect the Parliament to be thronged, and great animosities. I will not send you one of the eggs that are laid; for so many political ones have been addled of late years, that I believe all the state game-cocks in the world are impotent.

I did not doubt but that you would be struck with the death of poor Bland.⁴ I, t'other night, at White's, found a very remarkable

¹ In the following month created Sir William Johnson, Bart. Parliament was so satisfied with his conduct on this occasion, that it voted him the sum of 5000*l.* He afterwards distinguished himself as a negotiator with the Indian tribes, and was ultimately chosen colonel of the Six Nations, and superintendent of Indian affairs for the northern parts of America. He became well acquainted with the manners and language of the Indians, and, in 1772, sent to the Royal Society some valuable communications relative to them. He died in 1774.—WRIGHT.

² Alluding to the Duke of Cumberland.—WALPOLE.

³ No. 148, On Civility and Good-breeding.—WRIGHT.

⁴ Sir John Bland. See vol. ii. p. 418.—CUNNINGHAM.

entry in our very—very remarkable wager-book:¹ “Lord Mountford² bets Sir John Bland twenty guineas that Nash outlives Cibber!” How odd that these two old creatures, selected for their antiquities, should live to see both their wagerers put an end to their own lives! Cibber is within a few days of eighty-four, still hearty, and clear, and well. I told him I was glad to see him look so well: “’Faith,” said he, “it is very well that I look at all!”—I shall thank you for the Ormer shells and roots; and shall desire your permission to finish my letter already. As the Parliament is to meet so soon, you are likely to be overpowered with my dispatches.—I have been thinning my wood of trees, and planting them out more into the field: I am fitting up the old kitchen for a china-room: I am building a bedchamber for myself over the old blue-room, in which I intend to die, though not yet; and some trifles of this kind, which I do not specify to you, because I intend to reserve a little to be quite new to you. Adieu!

442. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR:

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 8, 1755.

You oblige me extremely by giving me this commission; and though I am exceedingly unlike Solomon in every thing else, I will at least resemble him in remembering you to the Hiram from whom I obtained my cedars of Libanus. He is by men called Christopher Gray, nurseryman at Fulham. I mention cedars first, because they are the most beautiful of the evergreen race, and because they are the dearest; half a guinea a-piece in baskets. The arbutus are scarce a crown a-piece, but they are very beautiful: the *lignum-vitæ* I would not recommend to you; they stink abominably if you touch them, and never make a handsome tree: the Chinese *arbor-vitæ* is very beautiful. I have a small nursery myself, scarce bigger than *one of those pleasant gardens* which Solomon describes, and which if his *fair one* meant *the church*, I suppose must have meant *the church-yard*. Well, out of this little *parsley-bed* of mine, I can furnish you with a few plants, particularly three Chinese *arbor-vitæ*s, a dozen of the New England or Lord Weymouth’s pine, which is that beautiful tree that we have so much admired at the Duke of

¹ This remarkable Book (I have seen it) is still preserved at White’s.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Lord Mountford would have been the winner. Cibber died in 1757; Nash in 1761.—WRIGHT.

Argyll's for its clean straight stem, the lightness of its hairy green, and for being feathered quite to the ground: they should stand in a moist soil, and care must be taken every year to clear away all plants and trees around them, that they may have free air and room to expand themselves. Besides these I shall send you twelve stone or Italian pines, twelve pinasters, twelve black spruce firs, two Caroline cherries, thirty evergreen cytisus, a pretty shrub that grows very fast, and may be cut down as you please, fifty Spanish brooms, and six acacias, the genteelest tree of all, but you must take care to plant them in a first row, and where they will be well sheltered, for the least wind tears and breaks them to pieces. All these are ready, whenever you will give me directions, how, and where to send them. They are exceedingly small, as I have but lately taken to propagate myself; but then they will travel more safely, will be more sure of living, and will grow faster than larger. Other sorts of evergreens, that you must have, are silver and Scotch firs; Virginia cedars, which should stand forwards and have nothing touch them; and above all cypresses, which, I think, are my chief passion; there is nothing so picturesque, where they stand two or three in a clump, upon a little hillock, or rising above low shrubs, and particularly near buildings. There is another bit of picture, of which I am fond, and that is a larch or a spruce fir planted behind a weeping willow, and shooting upwards as the willow depends. I think for courts about a house, or winter gardens, almond trees mixed with evergreens, particularly with Scotch firs, have a pretty effect, before any thing else comes out; whereas almond trees, being generally planted among other trees, and being in bloom before other trees have leaves, have no ground to show the beauty of their blossoms. Gray at Fulham sells cypresses in pots at half a crown a-piece; you turn them out of the pot with all their mould, and they never fail. I think this is all you mean; if you have any more garden-questions or commissions, you know you command my little knowledge.

I am grieved that you have still any complaints left. Dissipation, in my opinion, will be the best receipt; and I do not speak merely for my own sake, when I tell you, how much I wish to have you keep your resolution of coming to town before Christmas. I am still more pleased with the promise you make to Strawberry, which you have never seen in its green coat since it cut its teeth. I am here all alone, and shall stay till Tuesday, the day after the birth-day. On Thursday begins our warfare, and, if we may believe signs and

tokens, our winter will be warlike: I mean at home; I have not much faith in the invasion. Her Royal Highness and His Royal Highness¹ are likely to come to an open rupture. His grace of Newcastle, who, I think, has gone under every nickname, waits I believe to see to which he will cling. There have been two 'Worlds' by my Lord Chesterfield lately, very pretty, the rest very indifferent.

443. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1755.

I PROMISED you histories, and there are many people that take care I should have it in my power to keep my word. To begin in order, I should tell you, that there were 289 members at the Cockpit meeting, the greatest number ever known there: but Mr. Pitt, who is too great a general to regard numbers, especially when there was a probability of no great harmony between the commanders, did not, however, postpone giving battle. The engagement was not more decisive than long: we sat till within a quarter of five in the morning; an uninterrupted serious debate from before two. Lord Hillsborough moved the address, and very injudiciously supposed an opposition. Martin,² Legge's secretary, moved to omit in the address the indirect approbation of the treaties, and the direct assurances of protection to Hanover. These questions were at length divided; and against Pitt's inclination, the last, which was the least unpopular, was first decided by a majority of 311 against 105. Many then went away; and on the next division the numbers were 290 to 89. These are the general outlines. The detail of the speeches, which were very long, and some extremely fine, it would be impossible to give you in any compass. On the side of the opposition (which I must tell you by the way, though it set out decently, seems extremely resolved) the speakers (I name them in their order) were: the 3rd Colebrook, Martin, Northey, Sir Richard Lyttelton, Dodington, George Grenville, Sir F. Dashwood, Beckford, Sir G. Lee, Legge, Potter, Dr. Hay, George Townshend, Lord Egmont, Pitt, and Admiral Vernon: on the other side were, Lord Hillsborough, Obrien, young

¹ The Princess Dowager and the Duke of Cumberland.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Samuel Martin, celebrated for his duel with Wilkes. He procured the reversion of one of Walpole's offices, and as an expectant for his death is the subject of many of Walpole's sarcasms.—CUNNINGHAM.

Stanhope,¹ Hamilton, Alstone, Ellis, Lord Barrington, Sir G. Lyttelton, Nugent, Murray, Sir T. Robinson, my uncle [*old Horace*], and Mr. Fox. As short as I can, I will give you an account of them. Sir Richard, Beckford, Potter, G. Townshend, the Admiral of course, Martin, Stanhope, and Ellis, were very bad: Dodington was well, but very *acceding*: Dr. Hay by no means answers his reputation; it was easy, but not striking. Lord Egmont was doubling, absurd, and obscure. Sir G. Lee and Lord Barrington were much disliked; I don't think so deservedly. Poor Alstone was mad, and spoke ten times to order. Sir George,² our friend, was dull and timid. Legge was the latter. Nugent roared, and Sir Thomas rumbled. My uncle did justice to himself, and was as wretched and dirty as his whole behaviour for his coronet has been. Mr. Fox was extremely fatigued, and did little. Geo. Grenville's was very fine and much beyond himself, and very pathetic. The Attorney-general [Murray] in the same style, and very artful, was still finer. Then there was a young Mr. Hamilton³ who spoke for the first time, and was at once perfection: his speech was set, and full of antithesis, but those antitheses were full of argument: indeed his speech was the most argumentative of the whole day; and he broke through the regularity of his own composition, answered other people, and fell into his own track again with the greatest ease. His figure is advantageous, his voice strong and clear, his manner spirited, and the whole with the ease of an established speaker. You will ask, what could be beyond this? Nothing, but what was beyond what ever was, and that was Pitt! He spoke at past one, for an hour and thirty-five minutes: there was more humour, wit, vivacity, finer language, more boldness, in short, more astonishing perfections, than even you, who are used to him, can conceive. He was not abusive, yet very attacking on all sides: he ridiculed my Lord Hillsborough, crushed poor Sir George, terrified the Attorney, lashed my Lord

¹ Son of the Earl of Chesterfield; who upon this occasion addressed the House for the first time. "His father," says Dr. Maty, "took infinite pains to prepare him for his first appearance as a speaker. The young man seems to have succeeded tolerably well upon the whole, but on account of his shyness was obliged to stop, and, if I am not mistaken, to have recourse to his notes. Lord Chesterfield used every argument in his power to comfort him, and to inspire him with confidence and courage to make some other attempt; but I have not heard that Mr. Stanhope ever spoke again in the House."—WRIGHT.

² Sir George Lyttelton.—WALPOLE.

³ William Gerard Hamilton [died 1796]. It was this speech which, not being followed, as was naturally expected, by repeated exhibitions of similar eloquence, acquired for him the name of *single-speech* Hamilton.—WALPOLE.

Granville, painted my Lord of Newcastle, attacked Mr. Fox, and even hinted up to the Duke [of Cumberland]. A few of the Scotch were in the minority, and most of the Princess's people, not all: all the Duke of Bedford's in the majority. He himself spoke in the other House for the address (though professing uncertainty about the treaties themselves), against my Lord Temple and Lord Halifax, without a division. My Lord Talbot was neuter; he and I were of a party: my opinion was strongly with the opposition; I could not vote for the treaties; I would not vote against Mr. Fox. It is ridiculous perhaps, at the end of such a debate, to give an account of my own silence; and as it is of very little consequence what I did, so it is very unlike me to justify myself. You know how much I hate *professions* of integrity; and my pride is generally too great to care what the generality of people say of me: but your heart is good enough to make me wish you should think well of mine.

You will want to know what is to be the fate of the ministry in opposition: but that I can't tell you. I don't believe they have determined what to do, more than oppose, nor that it is determined what to do with them. Though it is clear that it is very humiliating to leave them in place, you may conceive several reasons why it is not eligible to dismiss them. *You* know where you are, how easy it is to buy an opposition who have not places; but tell us what to do with an opposition that has places? If you say, Turn them out; I answer, That is not the way to quiet any opposition, or a ministry so constituted as ours at present. Adieu!

444. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1755.

NEVER was poor invulnerable immortality so soon brought to shame! Alack! I have had the gout! I would fain have persuaded myself that it was a sprain; and, then, that it was only the gout come to look for Mr. Chute at Strawberry Hill: but none of my evasions will do! I was, certainly, lame for two days; and though I repelled it—first, by getting wet-shod, and then by spirits of camphire; and though I have since tamed it more rationally by leaving off the little wine I drank, I still know where to look for it whenever I have an occasion for a political illness.—Come, my constitution is not very much broken, when, in four days after such a mortifying attack, I could sit in the House of Commons, full as

possible, from two at noon till past five in the morning, as we did but last Thursday. The new opposition attacked the address.—Who are the new opposition?—Why, the old opposition: Pitt and the Grenvilles; indeed, with Legge instead of Sir George Lyttelton. Judge how entertaining it was to me to hear Lyttelton answer Grenville, and Pitt Lyttelton! The debate, long and uninterrupted as it was, was a great deal of it extremely fine: the numbers did not answer to the merit: the new friends, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox, had 311 to 105. The *bon-mot* in fashion is, that the staff was very good, but they wanted private men. Pitt surpassed himself, and then I need not tell you that he surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes. What a figure would they, with their formal, laboured cabinet orations, make *vis-à-vis* his manly vivacity and dashing eloquence at one o'clock in the morning, after sitting in that heat for eleven hours! He spoke above an hour and a half, with scarce a bad sentence: the most admired part was a comparison he drew of the two parts of the new administration, to the conflux of the Rhone and the Saone; “the latter a gentle, feeble, languid stream, languid but not deep; the other a boisterous and overbearing torrent; but they join at last; and long may they continue united, to the comfort of each other, and to the glory, honour, and happiness of this nation!” I hope you are not mean spirited enough to dread an invasion, when the senatorial contests are reviving in the temple of Concord.—*But will it make a party?* Yes, truly; I never saw so promising a prospect. Would not it be cruel, at such a period to be laid up?

I have only had a note from you to promise me a letter; but it is not arrived:—but the partridges are, and well; and I thank you.

*England seems returning:*¹ for those who are not in Parliament, there are nightly riots at Drury-lane, where there is an anti-Gallican party against some French dancers. The young men of quality have protected them till last night, when, being Opera night, the galleries were victorious.²

Montagu writes me many kind things for you: he is in Cheshire,

¹ Walpole means the disposition towards mobs and rioting at public places, which was then common among young men, and had been a sort of fashion in his early youth.—WRIGHT.

² A spectacle brought out by Garrick, in the beginning of this month, at Drury-lane, gave great offence to the public, in consequence of the number of foreigners employed in it; and, on the sixth representation, a violent riot took place, by which a damage to the theatre was incurred of several thousand pounds.—WRIGHT.

but comes to town this winter. Adieu! I have so much to say, that I have time to say but very little.

P.S. George Selwyn hearing much talk of a sea-war or a continent, said, "I am for a sea-war and a *continent* admiral.

445. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Nov. 16, 1755.

I HAVE received a letter from you of Oct. 25th, full of expectation of the invasion I announced to you—but we have got two new parties erected, and if you imagine that the invasion is attended to, any more than as it is played off by both those parties, you know little of England. The Parliament met three days ago: we have been so un-English lately as to have no parties at all, have now got what never was seen before, an opposition in administration. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Legge, and their adherents, no great number, have declared open and unrelenting war with the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox; and on the address, which hinted approbation of the late treaties, and promised direct support of Hanover, we sat till five the next morning. If eloquence could convince, Mr. Pitt would have had more than 105 against 311; but it is long since the arts of persuasion were artful enough to persuade—rhetoric was invented before places and commissions! The expectation of the world is suspended, to see whether these gentlemen will resign or be dismissed: perhaps neither; perhaps they may continue in place and opposition; perhaps they may continue in place and not oppose. Bossuet wrote 'L'Histoire des Variations de l'Eglise'—I think I could make as entertaining a history, though not so well written, 'des Variations de l'Etat:' I mean of changes and counter-changes of party. The Duke of Newcastle thought himself undone, beat up all quarters for support, and finds himself stronger than ever. Mr. Fox was thought so unpopular, that his support was thought as dangerous as want of defence; every thing bows to him. The Tories hate both him and Pitt so much, that they sit still to see them worry one another; they don't seem to have yet found out that while there are parts and ambition, they will be obliged to follow and to hate by turns every man who has both.

I don't at all understand my Lady Orford's politics; but that is

no wonder, when I am sure she does not understand ours. Nobody knows what to make of the French inactivity: if they intend some great stroke, the very delay and forbearance tells us to prepare for it, and a surprise prepared for loses much of its value. For my own part, I have not prophetic sagacity enough to foresee what will be even the probable event either of our warlike or domestic politics. I desired your brother to write you an account of General Johnson's victory; the only great circumstance in our favour that has happened yet. The greatest mystery of all is the conduct of Admiral Boscawen; since he left England, though they write private letters to their friends, he and all his officers have not sent a single line to the Admiralty; after great pain and uncertainty about him, a notion prevailed yesterday, how well-founded I know not, that without any orders he is gone to attack Louisbourg—considering all I have mentioned, he ought to be very sure of success. Adieu! my dear Sir, I have told you the heads of all I know, and have not time to be more particular.

P.S. I am glad to be able to contradict an untruth, before I send it away: Admiral Boscawen and his fleet are arrived, and have brought along with them a French man-of-war of seventy-four guns.

446. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Nov. 25, 1755.

I HAVE been so hurried since I came to town, and so enclosed in the House of Commons, that I have not been able to write a line sooner. I now write, to notify that your plants will set out according to your direction next Monday, and are ordered to be left at Namptwich.

I differ with the doctors about planting evergreens in spring; if it happens to be wet weather, it may be better than exposing them to a first winter; but the cold dry winds, that generally prevail in spring, are ten times more pernicious. In my own opinion, the end of September is the best season, for then they shoot before the hard weather comes. But the plants I send you are so very small, that they are equally secure in any season, and would bear removing in the middle of summer; a handful of dung will clothe them all for the whole winter.

There is a most dreadful account of an earthquake in Lisbon,¹ but several people will not believe it. There have been lately such earthquakes and waterquakes, and rocks rent, and other strange phenomena, that one would think the world exceedingly out of repair. I am not prophet enough to believe that such convulsions relate solely to the struggles between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, or even portend any between the Georges and Jameses. You have already heard, I suppose, that Pitt, Legge, and George Grenville, are dismissed, and that Sir George Lyttelton is Chancellor of the Exchequer. My Lord Temple says that Sir George Lyttelton said he would quit his place when they did, and that he has kept his word! The world expects your cousin to resign; but I believe all efforts are used to retain him. *Joan, the fair maid of Saxe-Gotha*, did not speak to Mr. Fox or Sir George when they kissed her hand last Sunday. No more places are vacated or filled up yet.

It is an age since I have heard from Mr. Bentley; the war or the weather have interrupted all communication. Adieu! let me know, at your leisure, when one is likely to see you.

447. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 4, 1755.

LONG before you receive this, my dear Sir, you will have learned general, if not particular accounts of the dreadful desolation at Lisbon: the particulars indeed are not yet come hither; all we have heard hitherto is from France, and from Sir Benjamin Keene at Madrid. The catastrophe is greater than ever happened even in your neighbourhood, Naples. Our share is very considerable, and by some reckoned at four millions. We are dispatching a ship with a present of an hundred thousand pounds in provisions and necessaries, for they want everything. There have been Kings of Spain who would have profited of such a calamity; but the present monarch has only acted as if he had a title to Portugal, by showing himself a father to that people.²

We are settled, politically, into a regular opposition. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Legge, and George Grenville have received their dismissions,

¹ The dreadful earthquake, on the 1st of November, which laid nearly the whole city in ruins. The number of inhabitants who lost their lives was variously reported, but generally estimated at about ten thousand.—WRIGHT.

² The Spanish monarch did not long preserve that spirit of justice.—WALPOLE.

and oppose regularly. Sir George Lyttelton, who last year broke with that connection, is made Chancellor of the Exchequer. As the subsidies are not yet voted, and as the opposition, though weak in numbers, are very strong in speakers, no other places will be given away till Christmas, that the re-elections may be made in the holidays.

There are flying reports that General Johnson, our only hero at present, has taken Crown-point, but the report is entirely unconfirmed by any good authority. The invasion that I announced to you, is very equivocal; there is some suspicion that it was only called in as an ally to the subsidiary treaties: many that come from France say, that on their coasts they are dreading an invasion from us. Nothing is certain but their forbearance and good-breeding—the meaning of that is very uncertain.

Shall I send away a letter with only these three paragraphs! I must, if I write at all. There are no private news at all; the earthquake, the opposition, and the war, are the only topics; each of those topics will be very fruitful, and you shall hear of their offspring—at present, good night!

448. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 17, 1755.

AFTER an immense interval, I have at last received a long letter from you, of a very old date (November 5th), which amply indemnifies my patience; nay, almost makes me amends for your blindness; for I think, unless you had totally lost your eyes, you would not refuse me a pleasure so easy to yourself as now and then sending me a drawing. I can't call it laziness; one may be too idle to amuse one's self, but sure one is never so fond of idleness as to prefer it to the power of obliging a person one loves! And yet I own your letter has made me amends, the wit of your pen recompenses the stupidity of your pencil; the *caestus* you have taken up supplies a little the *artem* you have relinquished. I could quote twenty passages that have charmed me; the picture of Lady Prudence and her family; your idol that gave you hail when you prayed for sunshine; misfortune the teacher of superstition; unmarried people being the fashion in heaven; the *Spectator*-hacked phrases; Mr. Spence's blindness to Pope's mortality; and, above all, the criticism on the Queen in Hamlet, is most delightful. There

never was so good a ridicule of all the formal commentators on Shakspeare, nor so artful a banter on him himself for so improperly making her Majesty deal in *double-entendres* at a funeral. In short, I never heard as much wit, except in a speech with which Mr. Pitt concluded the debate t'other day on the treaties. His antagonists endeavoured to disarm him, but as fast as they deprive him of one weapon, he finds a better; I never suspected him of such an universal armoury—I knew he had a Gorgon's head, composed of bayonets and pistols, but little thought that he could tickle to death with a feather. On the first debate on these famous treaties, last Wednesday, Hume Campbell, whom the Duke of Newcastle had retained as the most abusive counsel he could find against Pitt (and hereafter perhaps against Fox), attacked the former for *eternal invectives*. Oh! since the last philippic of Billingsgate memory you never heard such an invective as Pitt returned—Hume Campbell was annihilated! Pitt, like an angry wasp, seems to have left his sting in the wound, and has since assumed a style of delicate ridicule and repartee. But think how charming a ridicule must that be that lasts and rises, flash after flash, for an hour and a half! Some day or other, perhaps you will see some of the glittering splinters that I gathered up. I have written under his print these lines, which are not only full as just as the original, but have not the tautology of *loftiness* and *majesty* :

“ Three orators in distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn ;
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in language, but in both the last :
The power of Nature could no farther go ;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.”

Indeed, we have wanted such an entertainment to enliven and make the fatigue supportable. We sat on Wednesday till ten at night; on Friday till past three in the morning; on Monday till between nine and ten.¹ We have profusion of orators, and many very great,

¹ Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to Mr. Dayrolles of the 19th, says, “ The House of Commons sits three or four times a week till nine or ten at night, and sometimes till four or five in the morning; so attentive are they to the good of their dear country. That zeal has of late transported them into much personal abuse. Even our insignificant House sat one day last week till past ten at night upon the Russian and Hessian treaties; but I was not able to sit it out, and left it at seven, more than half dead; for I took it into my head to speak upon them for near an hour, which fatigue, together with the heat of the house, very nearly annihilated me. I was for the Russian treaty, as a prudent eventual measure at the beginning of a war, and probably preventive even of a war in that part of the world; but I could not help exposing,

which is surprising so soon after the leaden age of the late Right Honourable Henry Saturnus!'¹ The majorities are as great as in Saturnus's *golden* age.

Our changes are begun; but not being made at once, our very changes change. Lord Duplin and Lord Darlington are made joint Paymasters: George Selwyn says, that no act ever showed so much the Duke of Newcastle's absolute power as his being able to make Lord Darlington a *paymaster*. That so often *repatriated* and *reprostituted* Dodington is again to be Treasurer of the Navy; and he again drags out Harry Furnese into the Treasury. The Duke of Leeds is to be Cofferer, and Lord Sandwich emerges so far as to be Chief Justice in Eyre. The other parts by the comedians; I don't repeat their names, because perhaps the fellow that to-day is designed to act Guildenstern, may to-morrow be destined to play *half* the part of the second grave-digger.² However, they are all to kiss hands on Saturday. Mr. Pitt told me to-day that he should not go to Bath till next week. I fancy, said I, you scarce stay to kiss hands.

With regard to the invasion, which you are so glad to be allowed to fear, I must tell you that it is quite gone out of fashion again, and I really believe was dressed up for a vehicle (as the apothecaries call it) to make us swallow the treaties. All along the coast of France they are much more afraid of an invasion than we are.

As obliging as you are in sending me plants, I am determined to thank you for nothing but drawings. I am not to be bribed to silence, when you really disoblige me. Mr. Müntz has ordered more cloths for you. I even shall send you books unwillingly; and, indeed, why should I? As you are stone-blind, what can you do with them? The few I shall send you, for there are scarce any new, will be a pretty dialogue by Crébillon; a strange imperfect poem, written by Voltaire when he was very young, which with some charming strokes has a great deal of humour *manqué* and of impiety *estropiée*; and an historical romance, by him too, of the last war, in which is so outrageous a lying anecdote of old Marlborough, as would

though without opposing, the Hessian treaty, which is, indeed, the most extraordinary one I ever saw."—WRIGHT.

¹ Mr. Pelham.—WALPOLE.

² "Places," writes Lord Chesterfield to Mr. Dayrolles on the 19th. "are emptying and filling every day. The patriot of Monday is the courtier of Tuesday, and the courtier of Wednesday is the patriot of Thursday. This, indeed, has more or less been long the case, but I really think never so impudently and so profligately as now. The power is all falling from his Grace's into Fox's hands; which, you may remember, I told you long ago would happen."—WRIGHT.

have convinced her, that when poets write history they stick as little to truth in prose as in verse.' Adieu!

449. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1755.

I AM very much pleased that you are content with what are to be trees a thousand years hence, though they were the best my Libanus afforded. I was afraid you would think I had sent you a bundle of picktooths, instead of pines and firs: may you live to chat under their shade! I am still more pleased to hear that you are to be happy in some good fortune to the Colonel: he deserves it: but, alas! what a claim is that! Whatever makes him happy, makes you so, and consequently me.

A regular opposition, composed of immense abilities, has entertained us for this month. George Grenville, Legge, a Dr. Hay, a Mr. Elliot, have shone; Charles Townshend lightened; Pitt has rode in the whirlwind, and directed the storm² with abilities beyond the common reach of the geni of a tempest. As soon as that storm has a little spent its fury, the dew of preferments begins to fall and fatten the land. Moses and Aaron differ indeed a little in which shall dispense the manna, and both struggle for their separate tribes. Earl Gower is Privy Seal, the Lords Darlington and Duplin joint Paymasters, Lord Gage Paymaster of the Pensions, Mr. O'Brien in the Treasury. That old rag of a dishclout ministry, Harry Furnese, is to be the other lord. Lord Bateman and Dick Edgcombe are the new admirals; Rigby, Soame Jenyns, and Talbot the Welsh judge, Lords of Trade; the Duke of Leeds Cofferer, Lord Sandwich Chief Justice in Eyre, Ellis and Lord Sandys (*autre* dishclout) divide the half of the treasury of Ireland, George Selwyn Paymaster of the Board of Works, Arundel is to have a pension in Ireland, and Lord Hillsborough succeeds him as Treasurer of the Chambers, though I thought he was as fond of his white staff as my Lord Hobart will be, who is to have it. There, if you love new politics! You understand, to make these vacancies, that Charles Townshend and John Pitt³ are added to the dismissed and dead.

¹ Walpole alludes to the terms under which *old Sarah* left a thousand pounds to two poets, Glover and Mallet, to write the life of the great Duke.—CUNNINGHAM.

² "Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."—*Addison's Campaign*.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ John Pitt, M.P. for Dorchester.—CUNNINGHAM.

My Lord Townshend is dying; the young Lord Pembroke marries the charming Lady Betty Spencer.¹ The French are thought to have *passed eldest* as to England, and to intend *to take in Hanover*. I know an old potentate who had rather have the gout in his stomach than in that little toe. Adieu! I have sent your letter; make my compliments, and come to town.

450. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Dec. 21, 1755.

I AM glad, my dear Sir, that you have not wasted many alarms on the invasion; it does not seem to have been ever intended by the French. Our ministers, who are not apt to have any intelligence, have now only had bad: they spread the idea; it took for some days, but is vanished. I believe we tremble more really for Hanover; I can't say I do; for while we have that to tremble for, we shall always be to tremble. Great expectations of a peace prevail; as it is not likely to be good, it is not a season for venturing a bad one. The opposition, though not numerous, is now composed of very determined and very great men; more united than the ministry, and at least as able. The resistance to the treaties has been made with immense capacity: Mr. Pitt has shone beyond the greatest horizon of his former lusture. The holidays are arrived, and now the changes are making; but many of the recruits, old deserters, old cashiered, old fagots, add very little credit to the new coalition. The Duke of Newcastle and his coadjutor Mr. Fox squabble twice for agreeing once: as I wish so well to the latter, I lament what he must wade through to real power, if ever he should arrive there. Underneath I shall catalogue the alterations, with an additional letter to each name, to particularize the corps to which each belongs.

Sir George Lyttelton, N.	Chancellor of the Exchequer.	<i>In the room of</i> Mr. Legge, dismissed.
Duke of Leeds, N.	Cofferer.	Sir George Lyttelton.
Mr. T. Brudenell, N.	Deputy.	Mr. Clare.
Mr. Dodington, F.	Treasurer of the Navy.	{ Mr. G. Grenville dis- missed.
Lords Darlington, N. and Duplin, N.	} Joint Paymasters.	Mr. Pitt, dismissed.
Duke of Marlborough, F.	Master of the Ordnance.	Long vacant.
Earl Gower, F.	Lord Privy Seal.	Duke of Marlborough.
Lord Gage, N.	Paymaster of Pensions.	Mr. Compton, dead.

¹ Second daughter of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough.—WRIGHT.

Mr. O'Brien, N.	} Lords of the Treasury.	} <i>In the room of</i> Lord Darlington.	
Mr. Henry Furnese,			} Lord Duplin.
Lord Bateman, F.	} Lords of the Admiralty.	} Mr. C. Townshend, dismissed.	
Mr. Edgcumbe, F.			} Mr. Ellis.
Judge Talbot,	} Lords of Trade.	} Mr. J. Grenville, resigd.	
Mr. S. Jenyns, N.			} Mr. T. Pitt, dismissed.
Mr. Rigby, F.			} Mr. Edgcumbe.
Mr. Arundel, N.	Penaion on Ireland.	Mr. Arundel.	
Lord Hillsborough, F.	Treasurer of Chambers.	Lord Hillsborough.	
Lord Hobart, N.	Comptroller of the Household.	Mr. Denzil Onslow.	
Mr. George Selwyn, F.	Paymaster of the Board of Works.	} Sir W. Yonge, deceased.	
Lord Cholmondeley,	who had half before.		
Lord Sandwich, F.	To divide Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.		
Mr. Ellis, F.	Treasurer of the Household.	Lord Fitzwalter, dying.	
Lord Berkeley of Stratton, F.	Chief Justice in Eyre.	Duke of Leeds.	
Lord Sandys, N.			

As numerous as these changes are, they are not so extraordinary as the number of times that each designation has been changed. The four last have not yet kissed hands, so I do not give you them for certain. You will smile at seeing Dodington again revolved to the court, and Lord Sandys and Harry Furnese, two of the most ridiculous objects in the succession to my father's ministry, again dragged out upon the stage: perhaps it may not give you too high an idea of the stability or dignity of the new arrangement; but as the Duke of Newcastle has so often turned in and out all men in England, he *must* employ some of the same dupes over again. In short, I don't know whether all this will make your ministerial gravity smile, but it makes me laugh out. Adieu!

P.S. I must mention the case of my Lord Fitzwalter,¹ which all the faculty say exceeds anything known in their practice: he is past eighty-four, was an old beau, and had scarce ever more sense than he has at present; he has lived many months upon fourteen barrels of oysters, four-and-twenty bottles of port, and some, I think seven, bottles of brandy per week. What will Dr. Cocchi, with his *Vitto Pittagorico*, say to this?

¹ Charles Mildmay, Earl Fitzwalter, so created May 14, 1730. He died without issue, Feb. 29, 1756, when his earldom became extinct; and the old barony of Fitzwalter fell into abeyance among females.—DOWER.

451. TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

Arlington Street, Dec. 30, 1755.

As I know how much you are my friend and take part in my joy, I cannot help communicating to you an incident that has given much pleasure. You know how much I love Mr. Mann—well, I won't enter into that, nor into a detail of many hardships that he has suffered lately, which made me still more eager to serve him. As some regiments have been just given away, I cast my eyes about to see if I could not help him to clothing. Among the rest there was one new colonel,¹ whom I could not assume enough to call my friend, but who is much connected with one that is so. As the time passed, I did not stay to go round about, but addressed myself directly to the person himself—but I was disappointed; the disaster was, that he had left his quarters and was come to town. Though I immediately gave it up in my own mind, knew how incessantly he would be pressed from much more powerful quarters, concluded he would be engaged, I wrote again; that letter was as useless as the first, and from what reason do you think? Why this person, in spite of all solicitations, nay previous to any, had already thought of Mr. Mann, had recollected it would oblige me and my friend in the country, and had actually given his clothing to Mr. Mann, before he received either of my letters. Judge how agreeably I have been surprised, and how much the manner has added to my obligation! You will be still more pleased when you hear the character of this officer, which I tell you willingly, because I know you country gentlemen are apt to contract prejudices, and to fancy that no virtues grow out of your own shire; yet by this one sample, you will find them connected with several circumstances that are apt to nip their growth. He is of as good a family as any in England, yet in this whole transaction he has treated me with as much humility as if I was of as good a family, and as if I had obliged him, not he me. In the next place, I have no power to oblige him; then, though he is young, and in the army, he is as good, as temperate, as meek, as if he was a curate on preferment; and yet with all these meek virtues, nobody has distinguished themselves by more personal bravery—and what is still more to his praise, though he has so greatly established his

¹ Colonel Charles Montagu, this day appointed to the command of the 59th regiment of foot.—WRIGHT.

courage, he is as regular in his duty, and submits as patiently to all the tedious exiles and fatigues of it, as if he had no merit at all; but I will say no more, lest you imagine that the present warmth of my gratitude makes me exaggerate. No, you will not, when you know that all I have said relates to your own brother, Colonel Charles Montagu. I did not think he could have added still to my satisfaction; but he has, by giving me hopes of seeing you in town next week—till then, adieu! Yours as entirely as is consistent with my devotedness to your brother.

452. TO RICHARD BENTLEY, ESQ.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 6, 1756.

I AM quite angry with you; you write me letters so entertaining that they make me almost forgive your not drawing: now, you know, next to being disagreeable, there is nothing so shocking as being too agreeable. However, as I am a true philosopher, and can resist anything I like, when it is to obtain anything I like better, I declare, that if you don't coin the vast ingot of colours and cloth that I have sent you, I will burn your letters unopened.

Thank you for all your concern about my gout, but I shall not mind you; it shall appear in my stomach before I attempt to keep it out of it by a fortification of wine: I only drank a little two days after being very much fatigued in the House, and the worthy pioneer began to cry *sweat* from my foot the next day. However, though I am determined to feel young still, I grow to take the hints age gives me: I come hither oftener, I leave the town to the young; and though the busy turn that the world has taken draws me back into it, I excuse it to myself, and call it retiring into politics. From hence I must retire, or I shall be drowned; my cellars are four feet under water, the Thames gives itself Rhone airs, and the meadows are more flooded than when you first saw this place and thought it so dreary. We seem to have taken out our earthquake in rain: since the third week in June, there have not been five days together of dry weather. They tell us that at Colnbrook and Staines they are forced to live in the first floor. Mr. Chute is at the Vine, but I don't expect to hear from him: no post but a dove can get from thence. Every post brings new earthquakes; they have felt them in France, Sweden and Germany: what a convulsion there has been in nature! Sir Isaac Newton, somewhere in his works, has this beautiful expression, "The globe will want *manum emendatricem*."

I have been here this week with only Mr. Müntz ; from whence you may conclude I have been employed—Memoirs thrive apace. He seems to wonder (for he has not a little of your indolence, I am not surprised you took to him) that I am continually occupied every minute of the day, reading, writing, forming plans : in short, you know me. He is an inoffensive, good creature, but had rather ponder over a foreign gazette than a pallet.

I expect to find George Montagu in town to-morrow : his brother has at last got a regiment. Not content with having deserved it, before he got it, by distinguished bravery and indefatigable duty, he persists in meriting it still. He immediately, unasked, gave the chaplainship (which others always sell advantageously) to his brother's parson at Greatworth. I am almost afraid it will make my commendation of this really handsome action look interested, when I add, that he has obliged me in the same way by making Mr. Mann his clothier, before I had time to apply for it. Adieu ! I find no news in town.

453. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Jan. 22, 1756.

As my Lady Ailesbury is so taken up with turnpike-bills, Popish recusants, and Irish politics, and you are the only idle person in the family (for Missy I find is engaged too), I must return to correspond with you. But my letters will not be quite so lively as they have been : the Opposition, like schoolboys, don't know how to settle to their books again after the holidays. We have not had a division ; nay, not a debate. Those that like it, are amusing themselves with the Appleby election. Now and then we draggle on a little militia. The recess has not produced even a pamphlet. In short, there are none but great outlines of politics : a memorial in French Billingsgate has been transmitted hither, which has been answered very laconically. More agreeable is the guarantee signed with Prussia : M. Michel¹ is as fashionable as ever General Wall was. The Duke of Cumberland has kept his bed with a sore leg, but is better. Oh ! I forgot, Sir Harry Erskine is dismissed from the army, and if you will suffer so low a pun as upon his face, is a rubric martyr for his country : bad as it is, this is the best *bon-mot* I have to send you : Ireland, which one did not suspect, is become the staple of wit, and, I find, coins *bon-mots* for our greatest men. I might well not send

¹ The Prussian chargé d'affaires.—WALPOLE.

you Mr. Fox's repartee, for I never heard it, nor has anybody here : as you have, pray send it me. Charles Townshend t'other night hearing somebody say, that my Lady Falmouth,¹ who had a great many diamonds on, had a very fine stomach, replied, "By God! my lord has a better." You will be entertained with the riot Charles makes in the sober house of Argyll: t'other night, on the Duchess's² bawling to my Lady Suffolk,³ he in the very same tone cried out, "Large stewing oysters!" When he takes such liberties with his new parent, you may judge how little decency he observes with his wife: last week at dinner at Lord Strafford's, on my Lady Dalkeith's mentioning some dish that she loved, he replied before all the servants, "Yes, my Lady Dalkeith, you love it better than anything but one!"

We were to have had a masquerade to-night, but the Bishops, who you know have always persisted in God's hating dominos, have made an earthquake point of it, and postponed it till after the fast.

Your brother [Lord Hertford] has got a sixth infant; at the christening t'other night, Mr. Trail had got through two prayers before any body found out that the child was not brought down stairs. You see by my *pauvreté* how little I have to say. Do accept the enclosed 'World' in part of payment for the remainder of a letter. I must conclude this with telling you, that though I know her but little, I admire my Lady Kildare as much as you do. She has writ volumes to Lady Caroline Fox [her sister] in praise of you and your Countess: you are a good soul—I can't say so much for Lady Ailesbury. As to Missy, I am afraid I must resign my claim: I never was very proper to contest with an Hibernian hero; and I don't know how, but I think my merit does not improve. Adieu!

454. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Jan. 24, 1756.

OH! Sir, I shall take care how I ever ask favours of you again! It was with great reluctance that I brought myself to ask this: you took no notice of my request; and I flattered myself that I was punished

¹ Hannah-Catherine-Maria, widow of Richard Russell, Esq., and daughter of Thomas Smith, Esq., of Worplesdon, co. Surrey. 'My Lord' was Hugh, Second Viscount Falmouth, died 1782.—CUNNINGHAM.

² Jane Warburton, widow of the great Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, and mother of Lady Dalkeith and Lady Mary Coke.—CUNNINGHAM.

³ The Countess of Suffolk was very deaf.—WRIGHT.

⁴ No. 160. On attacks upon Licentiousness.—Story of Sir Eustace Drawbridge-court; written by Walpole.—WRIGHT.

for having applied to you so much against my inclination. Just as I grew confirmed in the pride of being mortified, I hear that you have outgone my application, and in the kindest manner in the world have given the young man a pair of colours. It would have been unpleasant enough to be refused; but to obtain more than one asked is the most provoking thing in the world! I was prepared to be very grateful if you had done just what I desired: but I declare I have no thanks ready for a work of supererogation. If there ever was a saint that went to heaven for mere gratitude, which I am persuaded is a much more uncommon qualification than martyrdom, I must draw upon his hoard of merit to acquit myself. You will at least get thus much by this charming manner of obliging me: I look upon myself as doubly obliged; and when it cost me so much to ask one favour, and I find myself in debt for two, I shall scarce run in tick for a third.

What adds to my vexation is, that I wrote to you but the night before last. Unless I could return your kindness with equal grace, it would not be very decent to imitate you by beginning to take no notice of it; and therefore you must away with this letter upon the back of the former.

We had yesterday some history in the House: Beckford produced an accusation in form against Admiral Knowles on his way to an impeachment. Governor Verres was a puny culprit in comparison! Jamaica indeed has not quite so many costly temples and ivory statues, &c., as Sicily had: but what Knowles could not or had not a propensity to commit in rapine and petty larceny, he has made up in tyranny. The papers are granted, and we are all going to turn jurymen. The rest of the day was spent in a kind of avoirdupoise war. Our friend Sir George Lyttelton opened the Budget; well enough in general, but was strangely bewildered in the figures; he stumbled over millions, and dwelt pompously upon farthings. Pitt attacked him pretty warmly on mortgaging the sinking fund: Sir George kept up his spirit, and returned the attack on his eloquence. It was entertaining enough, but ended in high compliments; and the division was 231 to 56.

Your friend Lady [Caroline] Petersham, not to let the town quite lapse into politics, has entertained it with a new scene. She was t'other night at the play with her court; viz., Miss Ashe, Lord Barnard, M. St. Simon, and her favourite footman Richard, whom, under pretence of keeping places, she always keeps in her box the whole time to see the play at his ease. Mr. Stanley, Colonel

Vernon, and Mr. Vaughan arrived at the very end of the farce, and could find no room, but a row and a half in Lady Caroline's box. Richard denied them entrance very impertinently. Mr. Stanley took him by the hair of his head, dragged him into the passage, and thrashed him. The heroine was outrageous—the heroes not at all so:¹ She sent Richard to Fielding for a warrant. He would not grant it—and so it ended—And so must I, for here is company. Adieu!

My letter would have been *much cleverer*, but George Montagu has been chattering by me the whole time, and insists on my making you his compliments.

455. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Jan. 25, 1756.

I AM troubled to think what anxiety you have undergone! yet your brother Gal. assures me that he has never missed writing one week since he began to be ill. Indeed, had I in the least foreseen that his disorder would have lasted a quarter of the time it has, I should have given you an account of it; but the distance between us is so great, that I could not endure to make you begin to be uneasy, when, in all probability, the cause would be removed before my letter reached you. This tenderness for you has deceived me: your brother, as his complaint is of the asthmatic kind, has continued all the time at Richmond. Our attendance in Parliament has been so unrelaxed, the weather has been so bad, and the roads so impracticable by astonishing and continued deluges of rain, that, as I heard from him constantly three or four times a week, and saw your brother James, who went to him every week, I went to see him but twice; and the last time, about a fortnight ago, I thought him extremely mended: he wrote me two very comfortable notes this week of his mending, and this morning Mr. Chute and I went to see him, and to scold him for not having writ oftener to you, which he protests he has done constantly. I cannot flatter you, my dear child, so much as to say I think him mended; his shortness of breath continues to be very uneasy to him, and his long confinement has wasted him a good deal. I fear his case is more consumptive than asthmatic; he

¹ Lady Hervey, in a letter of the 23rd of March, thus alludes to this story:—"This is the time of year you used to come to town. Come and hear a little what is going forward: you will be alarmed with invasions which are never intended; you will hear of ladies of quality who uphold footmen in insulting gentlemen; nay, you will hear of ladies who steal not only hearts, but gold boxes."—WRIGHT.

begins a course of quicksilver to-morrow for the obstruction in his breast. I shall go to him again the day after to-morrow, and pray as fervently as you yourself do, my dear Sir, for his recovery. You have not more obligations to him, nor adore him more than I do. As my tenderness and friendship is so strong for you both, you may depend on hearing from me constantly; but a declining constitution, you know, will not admit of very rapid recovery. Though he is fallen away, he looks well in the face, and his eyes are very lively: the weather is very warm, he wants no advice, and I assure you no solicitude for his health; no man ever was so beloved, and so deservedly! Besides Dr. Baker, the physician of Richmond, who is much esteemed, he has consulted Dr. Pringle, who is in the first repute, and who is strongly for the quicksilver. I enter into these particulars, because, when one is anxious, one loves to know the most minute. Nothing is capable of making me so happy, as being able soon to send you a better account.

Our politics wear a serener face than they have done of late: you will have heard that our nephew of Prussia—I was going to say, has asked blessing—begging our dignity's pardon, I fear he has given blessing! In short, he guarantees the empire with us from all foreign troops. It is pleasant to think, that at least we shall be to fight for ourselves. Fight we must, France says; but when she said so last, she knew nothing of our cordiality with the court of Berlin. Monsieur Rouillé very lately wrote to Mr. Fox, by the way of Monsieur Bonac in Holland, to say his master ordered the accompanying Mémoire to be transmitted to his Britannic Majesty in person; it is addressed to nobody, but after professing great disposition to peace, and complaining in harsh terms of our *brigandages* and *pirateries*, it says, that if we will restore their ships, goods, &c., they shall *then* be ready to treat. We have returned a squab answer retorting the infraction of treaties, professing a desire of peace too, but declare we cannot determine upon restitution *comme préliminaire*. If we do not, the Mémoire says, they shall look upon it *comme déclaration de guerre la plus authentique*. Yet, in my own opinion, they will not declare it; especially since the King of Prussia has been Russianed out of their alliance. They will probably attempt some stroke; I think not succeed in it, and then lie by for an opportunity when they shall be stronger. They can only go to Holland, attempt these islands, or some great *coup* in America.¹ Holland they may swallow when they will; yet, why should they,

¹ "A formal declaration of war from France," writes Lord Chesterfield to Mr.

when we don't attempt to hinder them? and it would be madness if we did. For coming hither, our fleet is superior; say, but equal: our army and preparations greater than ever—if an invasion were still easy, should we be yet to conquer, when we have been so long much more exposed? In America we are much stronger than they, and have still more chances of preventing their performing any action of consequence.

The opposition is nibbling, but is not popular, nor have yet got hold of any clue of consequence. There is not the vivacity that broke forth before the holidays.

I condole with you for Madame Antinori,¹ and Madame Grifoni; but I know, my dear child, how much too seriously your mind will be occupied about your dear brother, to think that romantic grief will any longer disquiet you. Pray Heaven! I may send you better and better news. Adieu!

P.S. I forgot to thank you for your history of the war with Lucca in your last but one.

456. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 5, 1756.

I THINK I can give you a little better account of your brother, who is so dear to both of us; I put myself on a foot with you, for nothing can love him better than I do. I have been a week at Strawberry Hill, in order to watch and see him every day. The Duke's physician, Dr. Pringle, who now attends him, has certainly relieved him much: his cough is in a manner gone, his fever much abated, his breath better. His strength is not yet increased; and his stitches, which they impute to wind, are not removed. But both his physicians swear that his lungs are not touched. His worst symptom is what they cannot, but *I* must and will remove: in short,

Dayrolles on the 23rd, "seems to be the natural consequence of M. Rouillé's memorial. I am not so fond of war as I find many people are. *Mark the end on't.* Our treaty lately concluded with Russia is a fortunate event, and secures the peace of the empire; and is it possible that France can invade the Low Countries, which are the dominions of the Empress Queen, only because Admiral Boscawen has taken two of their ships in America? I see but two places where France can annoy us; in America, by slipping over in single ships a considerable number of troops, and next by keeping us in a state of fear and expense at home, with the threats and appearances of an intended invasion."—WRIGHT.

² A Florentine lady, whom Sir Horace admired, and who was just dead; she was sister of Madame Grifoni.—WALPOLE.

his wife is killing him, I can scarce say slowly. Her temper is beyond imagination, her avarice monstrous, her madness about what she calls cleanliness, to a degree of distraction; if I had not first, and then made your brother Ned interpose in form, she would once or twice a week have the very closet *washed* in which your brother sleeps after dinner. It is certainly very impertinent to interfere in so delicate a case, but your brother's life makes me blind to every consideration: in short, we have made Dr. Pringle declare that the moment the weather is a little warmer, and he can be moved, change of air is absolutely necessary, and I am to take him to Strawberry Hill, where you may imagine he will neither be teased nor neglected: the physicians are strong for his going abroad, but I find that will be a very difficult point to carry even with himself. His affairs are so extensive, that as yet he will not hear of leaving them. Then the exclusion of correspondence by the war with France would be another great objection with him to going thither; and to send him to Naples by sea, if we could persuade him, would hardly be advisable in the heat of such hostilities. I think by this account you will judge perfectly of your brother's situation: you may depend upon it, it is not desperate, and yet it is what makes me very unhappy. Dr. Pringle says, that in his life he never knew a person for whom so many people were concerned. I go to him again to-morrow.

The war is reckoned inevitable, nay begun, though France does not proceed to a formal declaration, but contents herself with Monsieur Rouillé's conditional declaration. All intercourse is stopped. We, who two months ago were in terrors about a war on the continent, are now more frightened about having it at home. Hessians and Dutch are said to be, and, I believe, are sent for. I have known the time when we were much less prepared and much less alarmed. Lord Ravensworth moved yesterday to send *par préférence* for Hanoverians, but nobody seconded him. The opposition cavil, but are not strong enough to be said to oppose. This is exactly our situation.

I must beg, my dear Sir, that you will do a little for my sake, what I know and hear you have already done from natural goodness. Mr. Dick, the consul at Leghorn, is particularly attached to my old and great friend Lady Harry Beauclere, whom you have often heard me mention; she was Miss Lovelace:¹ it will please me vastly if you will throw in a few civilities more at my request.

¹ Martha, sister and heir of Neville Lord Lovelace, and wife of Lord Henry Beauclerk, fourth son of the first Duke of St. Albans and brother of the handsome Lord Sydney Beauclerk, Topham Beauclerk's father.—CUNNINGHAM.

Adieu! Pray for your brother: I need not say talk him over and over with Dr. Cocchi, and hope the best of the war.

457. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

Arlington Street, Feb. 12, 1756.

I WILL not write to my Lady Ailesbury to-night, nor pretend to answer the prettiest letter in the world, when I am out of spirits. I am very unhappy about poor Mr. Mann, who I fear is in a deep consumption: the doctors do not give him over, and the symptoms are certainly a little mended this week; but you know how fallacious that distemper is, and how unwise it would be to trust to it! As he is at Richmond, I pass a great deal of my time out of town to be near him, and so may have missed some news; but I will tell you all I know.

The House of Commons is dwindled into a very dialogue between Pitt and Fox—one even begins to want Admiral Vernon again for variety. Sometimes it is a little *piquant*; in which though Pitt has attacked, Fox has generally had the better. These three or four last days we have been solely upon the Pennsylvanian regiment, bickering, and but once dividing, 165 to 57. We are got but past the first reading yet. We want the French to put a little vivacity into us. The Duke of Newcastle has expected them every hour: he was terribly alarmed t'other night; on his table he found a mysterious card with only these words, "Charles is very well, and is expected in England every day." It was plainly some secret friend that advertised him of the Pretender's approaching arrival. He called up all the servants, ransacked the whole house to know who had been in his dressing-room:—at last it came out to be an answer from the Duchess of Queensberry to the Duchess of Newcastle about Lord Charles Douglas. Don't it put you in mind of my Lord Treasurer Portland in Clarendon, *Remember Cæsar!*

The French have promised letters of *noblesse* to whoever fits out even a little privateer. I could not help a melancholy smile when my Lady Ailesbury talked of coming over soon. I fear major-general *you* will scarce be permitted to return to your plough at Park-place, where we grudge every man that is left at the plough. Between the French and the earthquakes, you have no notion whether good we are getting or not; nobody makes a suit of clothes now but a cloth turned to dust and ashes. The fast was kept so devoutly, that

Dick Edgcombe, finding a very lean hazard at White's, said with a sigh, "Lord, how the times are degenerated! Formerly a fast would have brought everybody hither; now it keeps everybody away!" A few nights before, two men walking up the Strand, one said to t'other, "Look how red the sky is! Well, thank God! there is to be no masquerade!"

My Lord Ashburnham¹ does not keep a fast; he is going to marry one of the plump Crawleys:—they call him the noble lord upon the woolsack.

The Duchess of Norfolk has opened her new house: all the earth was there last Tuesday. You would have thought there had been a comet, everybody was gaping in the air and treading on one another's toes. In short, you never saw such a scene of magnificence and taste. The tapestry, the embroidered bed, the illumination, the glasses, the lightness and novelty of the ornaments, and the ceilings, are delightful. She gives three Tuesdays, would you could be at one! Somebody asked my Lord Rockingham afterwards at White's what was there? He said, "Oh! there was all the company afraid of the Duchess, and the Duke afraid of all the company."—It was not a bad picture.

My Lady Ailesbury flatters me extremely about my 'World,' but it has brought me into a peck of troubles. In short, the good-natured town have been pleased to lend me a meaning, and call my Lord Bute *Sir Eustace*. I need not say how ill the story tallies to what they apply it; but I do vow to you, that so far from once entering into my imagination, my only apprehension was, that I should be suspected of flattery for the compliment to the Princess in a former part. It is the more cruel, because you know it is just the thing in the world on which one must not defend one's self. If I might, I can prove that the paper was writ last Easter, long before this history was ever mentioned, and flung by, because I did not like it: I mentioned it one night to my Lady Hervey, which was the occasion of its being printed.

I beg you will tell my Lady Ailesbury, that I am sorry she could not discover any *wit* in Mrs. Hussey's making a septleva. I know I never was so vain of any wit in my life as in winning a thousand leva and two five hundred levas.

You would laugh if you saw in the midst of what trumpery I am

¹Beau. second Earl of Ashburnham [died 1812]. On the 28th of June he married Lord Sylvaughter and co-heiress of [Alderman] Ambrose Crawley, Esq.—WRIGHT

writing. Two porters have just brought home my purchases from Mrs. Kennon's the midwife's sale: Brobdignag combs, old broken pots, pans, and pipkins, a lantern of scraped oyster-shells, scimitars, Turkish pipes, Chinese baskets, &c. &c. My servants think my head is turned: I hope not: it is all to be called the personal estate and moveables of my great-great-grandmother, and to be repositied at Strawberry. I believe you think my letter as strange a miscellany as my purchases.

P. S. I forgot, that I was outbid for Oliver Cromwell's nightcap.

458. TO SIR HORACE MANN.

Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1756.

I CAN tell you with as much truth as pleasure that your brother assuredly mends, and that his physician, Dr. Pringle, who is the Duke's, has told his Royal Highness, who expresses great concern, that he now will live. He goes out to take the air every day; that is not very bad: Mr. Chute and I went to see him yesterday, and saw a real and satisfactory alteration. I don't say this to flatter you; on the contrary, I must bid you, my dear child, not be too sanguine, for Dr. Cocchi will tell you that there is nothing more fallacious than a consumptive ease; don't mistake me, it is not a consumption, though it is a consumptive disposition. His spirits are evidently better.

You will have heard, before you receive this, that the King of France and Madame Pompadour are gone into devotion. Some say, that D'Argenson, finding how much her inclinations for peace with us fell in with the monarch's humanity, (and which indeed is the only rational account one can give of their inactivity,) employed the Cardinal de la Rochefoucault and the Confessor to threaten the most Christian King with an earthquake if he did not communicate at Easter; and that his Majesty accordingly made over his mistress to his wife, by appointing the former *dame du palais*: others, who refine more, pretend that Madame Pompadour, perceiving how much the King's disposition veered to devotion, artfully took the turn of humouring it, desired to be only his soul's concubine, and actually sent to ask pardon of her husband, and to offer to return to him, from which he begged to be excused—the point in dispute is whether

¹ Walpole has specified some of his purchases from the collection of Mrs. Kennon, the virtuosa midwife, in his description of Strawberry Hill.—CUNNINGHAM.

she has or has not left off rouge. In our present hostile state we cannot arrive at any certainty on this important question; though our fate seems to depend on it!

We have had nothing in Parliament but most tedious and long debates on a West Indian regiment, to be partly composed of Swiss and Germans settled in Pennsylvania, with some Dutch officers. The opposition neither increase in numbers or eloquence; the want of the former seems to have damped the fire of the latter. The reigning fashion is expectation of an invasion; I can't say I am fashionable; nor do I expect the earthquake, though they say it is *landed* at Dover.

The most curious history that I have to tell you, is a malicious, pretty successful, and yet most clumsy plot executed by the Papists, in which number you will not be surprised at my including some Protestant divines, against the famous Bower,¹ author of the *History of the Popes*. Rumours were spread of his being discovered in correspondence with the Jesuits: some even said the correspondence was treasonable, and that he was actually in the hands of a messenger. I went to Sir George Lyttelton, his great friend, to learn the truth; he told me the story: that Sir Harry Bedingfield, whom I know for a most bigoted Papist in Norfolk, pretended to have six letters from Bower (signed A. B.) in his hands, addressed to one Father Sheldon, a Jesuit, under another name, in which A. B. affected great contrition and desires of reconciliation to that church, lamenting his living in fornication with a woman, by whom he had a child, and from whom he had got fifteen hundred pounds, which he had put into Sheldon's hands, and which he affirmed he must have again if he broke off the commerce, for that the woman insisted on having either him or her money; and offering all manner of submission to holy church, and to be sent wherever she should please; for *non mea voluntas sed tua fiat*:—the last letter grieved at not being able to get his money, and to be forced to continue in sin, and concluded with telling the Jesuit that something would happen soon which would put an end to their correspondence—this is supposed to allude to his *History*. The similitude of hands is very great—but you know how little that can weigh! I know that Mr. Conway and my Lady Ailesbury write so alike, that I never receive a letter from either of them that I am not forced to look at the name to see from which it

¹ Bower was a man of very bad character, and it is now generally believed that he intended to cheat the Jesuits out of a sum of money.—DOVER.

comes; the only difference is that she writes legibly, and he does not. These letters were shown about privately, and with injunctions of secrecy: it seems Hooke, the Roman historian, a convert to Popery, and who governs my Lord Bath and that family, is deep in this plot. At last it got to the ears of Dr. Birch, a zealous but simple man, and of Millar the bookseller, angry at Bower for not being his printer—they trumpeted the story all over the town. Lord Pulteney was one who told it me, and added, “a Popish gentleman and an English clergyman¹ are upon the scent;” he told me Sir H. Bedingfield’s name, but would not the clergyman’s. I replied, then your lordship must give me leave to say, as I don’t know his name, that I suppose our Doctor is as angry as Sir Harry at Bower for having written against the church of Rome. Sir G. Lyttelton went to Sir Harry, and demanded to see the letters, and asked for copies, which were promised. He soon observed twenty falsehoods and inconsistencies, particularly the mention of a patent for a place, which Sir George obtained for him, but never thought of asking till a year and a half after the date of this letter; to say nothing of the inconsistency of his taking a place as a Protestant, at the same time he was offering to go whithersoever the Jesuits would send him; and the still more glaring improbability of his risking himself again under their power! Sir George desired the woman might be produced—Sir Harry shuffled, and at last said he believed it was a lie of Bower. When he was beaten out of every point, he said, he would put it on this single fact, “Ask Mr. Bower if he was not reconciled to the church of Rome in the year ’44.” The whole foundation proves to be this: Bower, who is a very child in worldly matters, was weak enough, for good interest, to put fifteen hundred pounds into the hands of one Brown, a Jesuit here in London, and from that correspondence they have forged his hand; and finding the minds of men alarmed and foolish about the invasion and the earthquake, they thought the train would take like wildfire. I told Bower, that though this trusting a Jesuit did great honour to his simplicity, yet it certainly did none to his judgment. Sir George begged I would advise them what to do—they were afraid to enter into a controversy, which Hooke might manage. I told him at once that their best way would be to advertise a great reward for discovery of the forgery, and to communicate their intention to Sir H. Bedingfield. Sir George was pleased

¹ Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, an intimate friend of Lord Bath. He had detected sundry errors in Bower’s *Lives of the Popes*.—DOVER.

with the thought—and indeed it succeeded beyond expectation. Sir Harry sent word that he approved the investigation of truth, be the persons concerned of what profession they would; that he was obliged to go out of town next day for his health, but hoped at his return Sir George would give him leave to cultivate an acquaintance which this *little affair* had renewed. Sir George answered with great propriety and spirit, that he should be very proud of his acquaintance, but must beg leave to differ with him in calling a *little affair* what tended to murder a man's character, but he was glad to see that it was the best way that Rome had of answering Mr. Bower's book. You see, Sir Harry is forced to let the forgery rest on himself, rather than put a Chancellor of the Exchequer upon the scent after priests! He has even hesitated upon giving Bower copies of the letters.

Since I began my letter, we hear that France is determined to try a numerous invasion in several places in England and Ireland, *coute qui coute*, and knowing how difficult it is. We are well prepared and strong; they have given us time. If it were easy to invade us, we should not have waited for an attack till the year 1756. I hope to give you a good account both of England and your brother. Adieu!

459. TO THE HON. H. S. CONWAY.

DEAR HARRY:

Arlington Street, March 4, 1756.

I HAVE received so kind and so long a letter from you, and so kind too because so long, that I feel I shall remain much in your debt, at least for length. I won't allow that I am in your debt for warmth of friendship. I have nothing worth telling you; we are hitherto conquered only in threat: for my part, I have so little expectation of an invasion, that I have not buried a single enamel, nor bought a pane of painted glass the less: of the two panics in fashion, the French and the earthquake, I have not even made my option yet. The opposition get ground as little as either: Mr. Pitt talks by Shrewsbury clock, and is grown almost as little heard as that is at Westminster. We have had full eight days on the Pennsylvania regiment. The young Hamilton¹ has spoken and shone again; but nothing is luminous compared with Charles Townshend:—he drops

¹ Single-speech Hamilton.—CUNNINGHAM.

down dead in a fit, has a resurrection, thunders in the Capitol, confounds the Treasury-bench, laughs at his own party, is laid up the next day, and overwhelms the Duchess [of Argyll] and the good women that go to nurse him! His brother's Militia-bill does not come on till next week: in the mean time, he adorns the shutters, walls, and napkins of every tavern in Pall Mall with caricatures of the Duke¹ [of Cumberland], and Sir George Lyttelton, the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox. Your friend Legge has distinguished himself exceedingly on the supplies and taxes, and retains all the dignity of Chancellor of the Exchequer. I think I never heard so complete a scene of ignorance as yesterday on the new duties! Except Legge, you would not have thought there was a man in the House had learned troy-weight: Murray quibbled—at Hume Campbell the House groaned! Pitt and Fox were lamentable; poor Sir George never knew prices from duties, nor drawbacks from premiums! The three taxes proposed were on plate, on bricks and tiles, on cards and dice. The earthquake has made us so good, that the ministry might have burned the latter in Smithfield if they had pleased. The bricks they were forced to give up, and consented graciously to accept 70,000*l.* on ale-houses, instead of 30,000*l.* on bricks. They had nearly been forced to extend the duty on plate beyond 10*l.* carrying the restriction by a majority of only two.

An embargo is laid on the shipping, to get sailors. The young court lords were going to raise troops of light-horse, but my Lord Gower (I suppose by direction of the Duke) proposed to the King that they should rather employ their personal interest to recruit the army; which scheme takes place, and, as George Townshend said in the House, they are all turning recruiting serjeants. But notwithstanding we so much expect a storm from France, I am told that in France they think much more of their own internal storms than of us. Madame Pompadour wears devotion, whether forced or artful is not certain: the disputes between the King and the Parliament run very high, and the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Conti have set themselves at the head of the latter. Old Nugent came fuddled to the Opera last week, and jostled an ancient Lord Irwin, and then called him fool for being in his way: they were going to fight; but my Lord Talbot, professing that he did not care if they

¹ On the 12th of March, Mr. George Townshend brought in a bill for better ordering the militia. It passed the House of Commons on the 10th of May.—WRIGHT.

² Mr. George Townshend was very skilful at drawing caricatures, and published a set of twelve; to which he affixed the name of Austin.—WRIGHT

were both hanged, advised them to go back and not expose themselves. You will stare perhaps at my calling Nugent *old*: it is not merely to distinguish him from his son; but he is such a champion and such a lover, that it is impossible not to laugh at him as if he was a Methuselah! He is *en affaire réglée* with the young Lady Essex.¹ At a supper there a few nights ago of two-and-twenty people, they were talking of his going to Cashiobury to direct some alterations: Mrs. Nugent in the softest infantine voice called out, "My Lady Essex, don't let him do anything out of doors; but you will find him delightful within!"

I think I have nothing else to tell you but a *bon-mot* or two; with that sort of news I think I take care to supply you duly. I send you constantly the best that London affords. Dick Edgecumbe has said that his last child was born on *All-gamesters'-day*; Twelfth-night.

This chapter shall conclude with an epigram; the thought was George Selwyn's, who, you know, serves all the epigram-makers in town with wit. It is on Miss Chudleigh crying in the drawing-room on the death of her mother:—

"What filial piety! what mournful grace,
For a lost parent, sits on Chudleigh's face!
Fair virgin, weep no more, your anguish smother!
You in this town can never want a mother."

I have told poor Mr. Mann how kind you are to him: indeed I have been exceedingly frightened and troubled for him, and thought him in immediate danger. He is certainly much mended, though I still fear a consumption for him: he has not been able to move from Richmond this whole winter: I never fail to visit him twice or thrice a week. I heartily pity the fatigue and dulness of your life; nor can I flatter you with pretending to believe it will end soon: I hope you will not be forced to gain as much reputation in the camp as you have in the cabinet!—You see I must finish.

¹ Frances, daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.—CUNNINGHAM.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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